

High Times

March '80 \$2.50

THE MAGAZINE OF FEELING GOOD

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The Secret Drug Life of Howard Hughes

Interview: Frank Zappa on Sex and Drugs and Rock 'n' Roll

How to Roll a Marijuana Cigar

Legal Pot Will Save the American Farmer

"R." vs. the Ganja Chimp in the Great Smoke-out



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RETAILERS: Please contact Klandestine directly.

36 INTERVIEW: FRANK ZAPPA by John Swenson

The Zap is ready for the '80s. With a new haircut and a new three-LP set called *Joe's Garage* set in a society that bans music and makes everyone a criminal in the eyes of the law. Paranoid fantasy? It can't happen here? You might think twice after reading this far-ranging exclusive interview granted us by the head Mother himself. John Swenson, one of the premier rock journalists and author of books on the Beatles, the Who and Kiss, makes his first appearance on our pages and gets Frank to expound on his views of Catholic girls, Jewish princesses and middle-aged record executives. If you can't listen, you might as well read, right?



44 THE GREAT SMOKE-OUT by "R."

In which our legendary connoisseur—that savvy, urbane trend setter of ganja consciousness—takes on a dope-smoking chimp.



47 THE SUBLIMINAL SELL by Wilson Bryan Key

Every day we're assaulted by hundreds of sex and death images in advertisements that tease our libidos and manipulate our egos. Or so claims Wilson Bryan Key, the author of *Subliminal Seduction* and *Media Sexploitation*. In this excerpt from his latest book, *The Clam-Plate Orgy*, Key presents some startling demonstrations of castrated genitals in ads pushing margarine and skulls lurking in the ice cubes of liquor ads. Also some examples of how Picasso and Michelangelo hid subliminals in their art, and a host of insidious tricks used by skin magazines.

55 CENTERFOLD: DON'T BOGART THAT STOGIE by Jerry Corlew and High-Lite Productions

What this country needs is a good nickel-bag cigar. A step-by-step guide to rolling your own.



60 HIGH ENCOUNTERS WITH ECUADORIAN SHAMANS by Paul Krassner

The Zen Bastard goes to Ecuador, inspires the first tape-recorded healing ceremony, urinates on both sides of the equator at once, turns on to the "soul vine" and reaches some somber realizations about civilization. Upon his return to San Francisco, Krassner continued working on a novel, an unauthorized autobiography, and a screenplay about the Dan White murders. He is also performing at colleges in the guise of a lecturer.

66 THE ACAPULCO GOLDEN ANTHOLOGY OF STONED VERSE by John Francis Putnam

The art director of *Mad* magazine evoked the spirits of eight master poets, including T.S. Eliot, e e cummings, Geoffrey Chaucer and Dylan Thomas, and turned them on to some superb smoke. They liked it and left behind the stoniest poetry we've ever seen.

Cover photo by Joyce Faye

Ice-cube insets, from top to bottom: marijuana cigars photo by Jerry Corlew and High-Lite Productions; hemp photo by C. Bowen; Howard Hughes illustration by Stanislaw Fernandes; "R." photo by Caroline Marshall; Frank Zappa photo by Lynn Goldsmith.



69 CANNABIS AS A CASH CROP

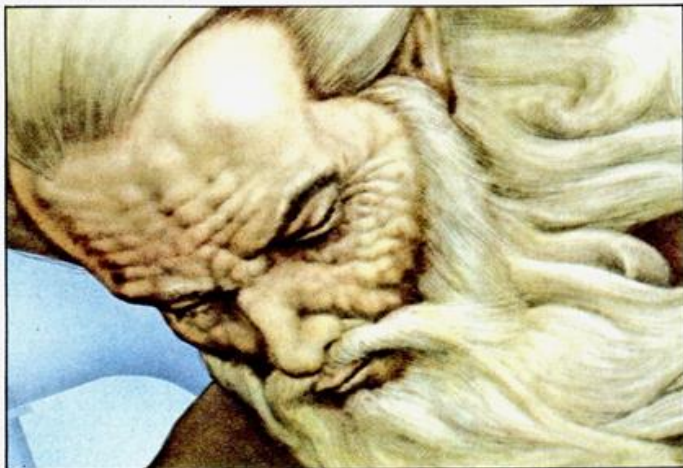
by Pamela Lloyd

Kentucky used to produce 90 percent of the nation's cannabis crop. It provided a major source of income for the Bluegrass State. But a hidden clause in the Marihuana Tax Act of 1937 wiped out the domestic hemp market. Former *High Times* editor Pamela Lloyd toured a now impoverished Kentucky and reports on how legal pot can broaden the tax base, reduce the trade deficit, save the small farmer, preserve our forests, reduce dependence on foreign oil and more.

74 THE SECRET DRUG LIFE OF HOWARD HUGHES

by Frank Browning

When billionaire Howard Hughes died he weighed just over 90 pounds, had shrunk three inches and was a Valium and codeine junkie. The major effort of his last few years had been maintaining his addiction through a complicated network of phony prescriptions, shady doctors and aliases. Frank Browning, a former editor of *Ramparts* and coauthor of *The American Way of Crime* (being published next month by G.P. Putnam's Sons), recounts the tale of an American dream gone sour.

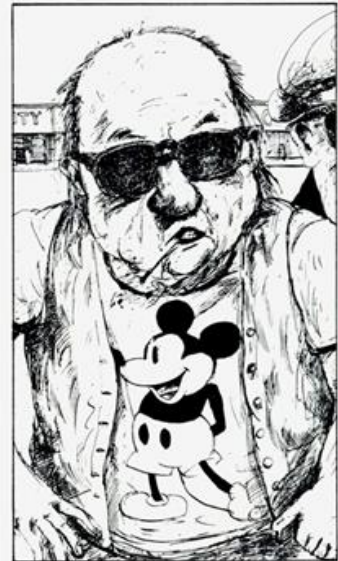


99 COMIX:

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The Zippy Campaign, Part 1
The Great Sinsemilla
Shoot-out

DEPARTMENTS

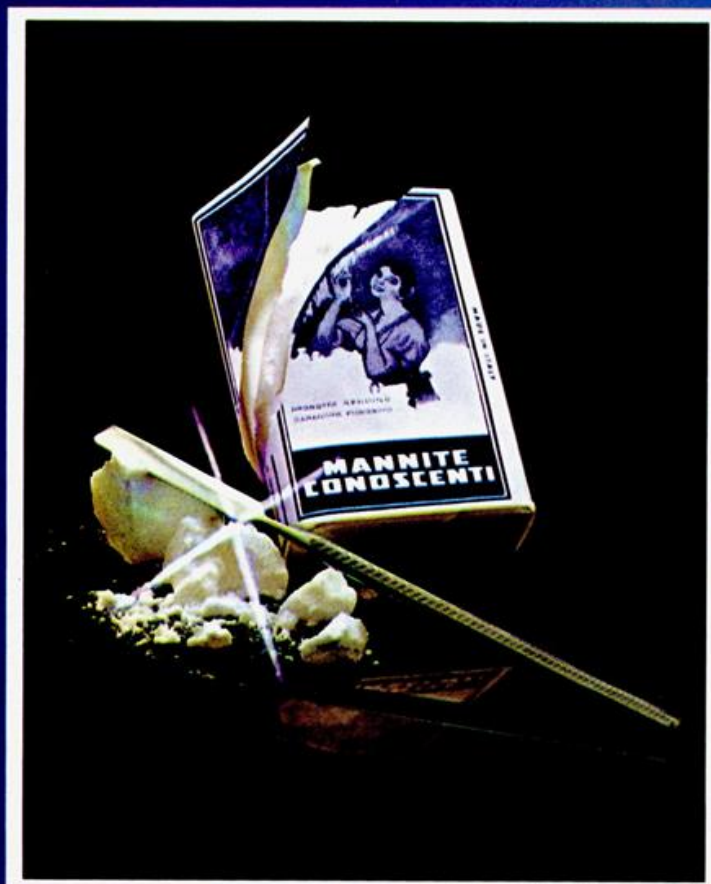
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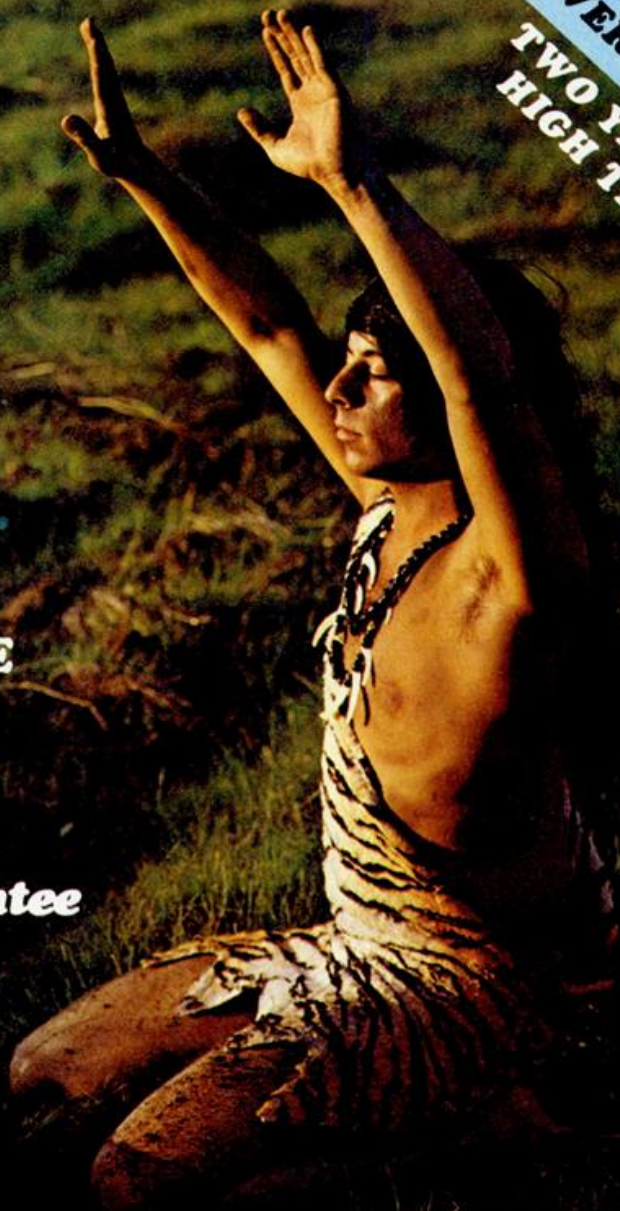
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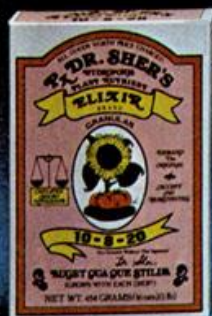
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Letters

INCHING TOWARD METRIC

In your "Opinion" column I normally expect to see your support of gay rights, marijuana legalization or opposition to nuclear energy and weaponry. But when I read "Metric-System Fascism" [*High Times*, October '79] I was stunned. Opposing a system of measurement that every other industrialized country has adopted is totally asinine! Reactionary inchworms like John Michell of the Anti-Metrication Board and Seaver Leslie of the Americans for Customary Measure seek to keep the United States stranded on a rock of standard measurement amid an ocean of metrics.

Do Messrs. Michell and Leslie easily recall the exact number of feet in a mile (5,280)? Do they realize that inches have to be broken down into fractions ($\frac{1}{2}$, $\frac{3}{4}$, $\frac{1}{8}$) that make it exceedingly difficult for a lay person to calculate them on paper (let alone on a decimal calculator)? Or do they fear a dramatic change in our language? Well, breathe easily, for when (and I do mean when) the United States goes metric, Texans will still wear ten-gallon hats, an ounce of prevention will still be worth a pound of cure, and a miss will still be as good as a mile.

Michell calls the metric system a "universal holocaust" and states that it is cold and inhuman. Well, it may seem metallic to some, but it is better that we have one system of measurement than the present jumble. Our trade with other countries stands to gain immeasurably from the conversion.

—Steven Scharff, Hillside, N.J.

HIGH TECH BEATS TAPS

Francis X. Kirby's "How to Buy a Brain for \$2,500 or Less" [*High Times*, October '79] left out an interesting aspect of the microcomputers' usefulness: their ability to handle coded messages. In minutes, I can program my TRS-80 to convert several pages of personal communications into virtually unbreakable code—totally meaningless to any human, including me. The message is further broken down into a burst of high-frequency sound, transmitted over the phone lines to a friend's computer. After I hang up, my friend's computer translates the message back into English. A year's worth of dope-traffic information can be stored on a standard tape cassette. And should I be busted, my secrets are safe. TRS-80 may spell the end of the wiretap blues!

—The Unknown Programmer,
address withheld

BB VET REMEMBERS

Your article "BB-Gun Wars" [*High Times*, "Sports," October '79] really impressed

me. It brought me back to the days of our own BB-gun battles on the outskirts of Portland. As kids we would go to a wooded hill known as Rocky Buffe to fight our wars. We never wore protective equipment, just green clothes for camouflage. Usually it started off with some kids just running off and shooting back at each other—no rules! Over a period of about nine years we never had a major injury, just an occasional BB in someone's cheek. The best guns we used were CO₂ pistols and pump rifles (you never run out of ammo with a pump). The Rocky Buffe guerrillas are scattered now and a freeway is being blasted through our former woody playground, but I'll always cherish those great days of playing army with our BB guns as the most fun times I've had.

—Sgt. Rock Garcia, Maywood Park, Ore.

HOT TO LICK CRABS

I just read "Crabs: The Joys of Pestilence" [*High Times*, "Sex," September '79] and have some additional advice to give, having suffered through a bout with the little beasties myself. The eggs hatch in ten days, so whatever treatment you use should be repeated ten days later. Leave clothes that you'd rather not wash or dry clean (like leather pants) hanging around unworn for two weeks and that'll do it.

Spraying Lysol on your bed doesn't work. You have to—get this—iron the bed. Iron on "hot," all over the mattress, both sides. It's the heat that kills crabs, as mentioned in the article, so, extrapolating, you only have to throw blankets in a dryer on "hot" for a few cycles and you'll kill the fuckers. —Trina Thompson, Rio Nido, Ca.

WELL-TRAVELED HASH

This 400-gram hunk of green Moroccan is a small portion of 30 kilos that managed to avert European narcs and military CIA



agents on its trip via Spain. It eventually found its way into the hands and heads of a number of GIs here.

—Fish, K-Town,
West Germany

HIGH RISK-HIGH PRICE

People wonder why Hawaiian buds are so expensive. As a Hawaiian grower, I wonder how many people are aware of the continuing quiet campaign that is being waged Vietnam-style by the governor's men and federal agents over here. This year they are taking each island district by district and thoroughly searching and sacking any patches they find with helicopters and ground crews. Even the most tediously hidden plantings are being discovered and looted.

Many of us are facing losses of up to 95 percent, mainly to helicopter cops and rippers. Take all this, plus the added risk of bringing it to the mainland, and you have the current prices. Please understand that when you buy Hawaiian, you are generally helping sincere, hardworking and dedicated growers who suffer much heartache, oftentimes, as a reward for their yearlong efforts.

—Name withheld, Honolulu, Hawaii

THE GREEN GREEN GRASS OF HOME

Some parts of Illinois still resemble the lush woody region that Abe Lincoln



romped around in as a wee lad. But he might not recognize some of the more esoteric crops we've been harvesting here lately. Someday Illinois homegrown will take its rightful place among the finest domestic grades.

—Name and address withheld

GO WITH THE FLOW

For two years my wife and I have lived in New Mexico and have subscribed to Arizona Highways magazine. Their roadside pictorials often include scenes of wild

Amanita muscaria, although the magazine never identifies it. Sometime back I read in *High Times* about a famous philologist named John Allegro who wrote *The Sacred Mushroom and the Cross*. I checked it out and was especially interested in a chapter that describes the ancient Siberian amanita ritual in which women would go into the mountains and menstruate upon the ground to make the mushrooms spring forth.

Well, we'd been looking for the sacred mushrooms for two years, and believe it or not we finally found some when my wife stepped out of sight into the woods for a moment to change her Tampax—she stumbled upon a patch of eight *Amanita muscaria* yellows. Later that day she changed again and found two more. They're too hard on the stomach for eating but smoke real fine. We're going hunting again next month and feel confident of success thanks to those ancient Siberians and *High Times*!

—M., address withheld

SMALL-TOWN USA

Here in the snow-drenched valleys of Tennessee we like to get *real small* on our favorite snortable. Then it's time to grab a



girl and go make out in the nearest unoccupied thimble. —Ray, Honda, Pege and Jo, address withheld

CORRECTIONS

The following corrected credits all pertain to our November '79 issue. Page 52, upper-right-hand photo of Dawn Silva, and page 55, photo of Genya Ravan: Barry Schultz/Retna. Page 119, photo of Frank Zappa: London Features International.

The by-line for the review of *Hallucinations and Shamanism* [*High Times*, "Books," December '79] was given incorrectly. Pamela Lloyd wrote the review.

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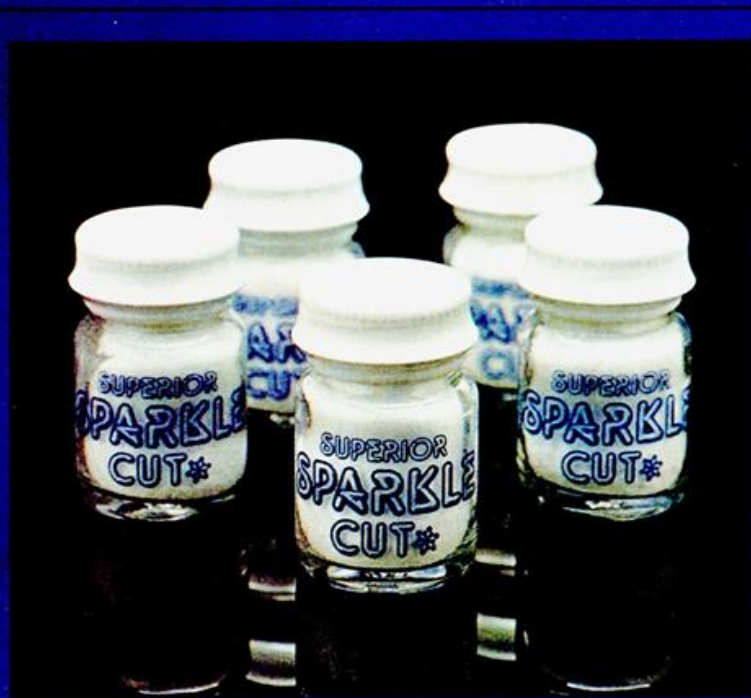
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PAKALOLO AND ASTHMA

Q: I'm an asthmatic living in beautiful Hawaii, and a regular grass toker, but I have questions about our beautiful Hawaiian weed. When I smoke regular commercial grass I have no problem, but any time I torch up any fantastic green connoisseur pakalolo, I nearly cough my insides out. If grass is supposed to be good for asthma, how come this supreme kush touches off in my lungs like a hand grenade?

—James Cook, Hilo, Hawaii

A: Unhappily, as an asthmatic, you really ought to think twice about smoking anything at all. Like tobacco, grass smoke contains substances that irritate lung tissues and



Uncured sinsemilla buds aggravate asthma.

contribute gradually, with regular toking, to a chronic constriction of lung airways by about 20 percent. UCLA docs studying non-asthmatic young men observed a uniform 20 percent airway shrinkage that develops after a week or so of regular toking; and that kind of problem you don't need if you're an asthmatic.

On the other hand, in persons not used to pot, a few sharp tokes of good grass will very dramatically widen lung air passages for up to an hour, according to another UCLA study.

The same UCLA study determined that it's definitely the THC in grass that causes this airway expansion; and the study also determined that smokers develop a tolerance to most of THC's physical effects within a month or so of regular toking. So it stands to reason that while an asthmatic might initially benefit from the airway-widening effect of grass, before long the effect will fade away, to be replaced by the decidedly unhealthy 20 percent constriction.

Should you decide for yourself to keep on toking, even with asthma, you should definitely keep clear of fresh-plucked sinsemilla buds. These things are heavily impregnated with terpenes, nonpsychoactive aromatics that give pakalolo that distinctive pine-forest aroma; they also play hob with your upper respiratory tract, which can really aggravate your asthma. But then again,

supposing you commonly smoke plain old commercial reefer, it might just be helpful to keep a stash of supercured Hawaiian on hand. Stuff the green buds in a glass jar and keep it out in the sun for a few days until it cures completely of all the terpenes, chlorophyll and so on. Then, whenever you feel an asthma attack coming on, whiff up a couple hits of this really high-THC reefer (ideally through a waterpipe), to help quell the spasms.

EMBARRASSMENT OF RICHES

A: The feds just busted my banker, of all people, for accepting jumbo amounts of cash with no questions asked. So now I've got a cellar stuffed with cardboard boxes of twenties and fifties, and more on the way—loads of it. Unfortunately, my banker was also my investments counselor, so I haven't got the foggiest idea what to do with all this bread, without getting busted or shot in the process. All I ever wanted to do was move dope, dammit. How do you get rid of money?

—Pirate Pete, Fort Lauderdale, Fla.

A: Believe it or not, we would hate to be in your shoes! You should get rid of that bread as soon as possible, before one of your less lovable distributors hears you're holding it and takes it away from you by violence. Real estate is still the classic investment: Find a broker who's selling strictly land, no buildings (they complicate the deal) and sound him out about how he'd react if you just walked in one day with a few suitcases full of orphan money to pick up some primo beachfront (easy to resell). But the feds in southern Florida are nosing around the real-estate racket too, we hear, so maybe municipal bonds in some out-of-state locality (namely, North or South Carolina) would be cooler. You can generally haul whole duffel bags stuffed with currency into municipal brokerage firms, and they just think you're "eccentric." Buy coupon bonds, though, so you can cash 'em in at will.

If you've got 20 or 30 friends you can trust, you could have them each open small individual bank accounts, and then all pool together and buy a car dealership or something. But do you want to be a goddamn car dealer for the rest of your life?

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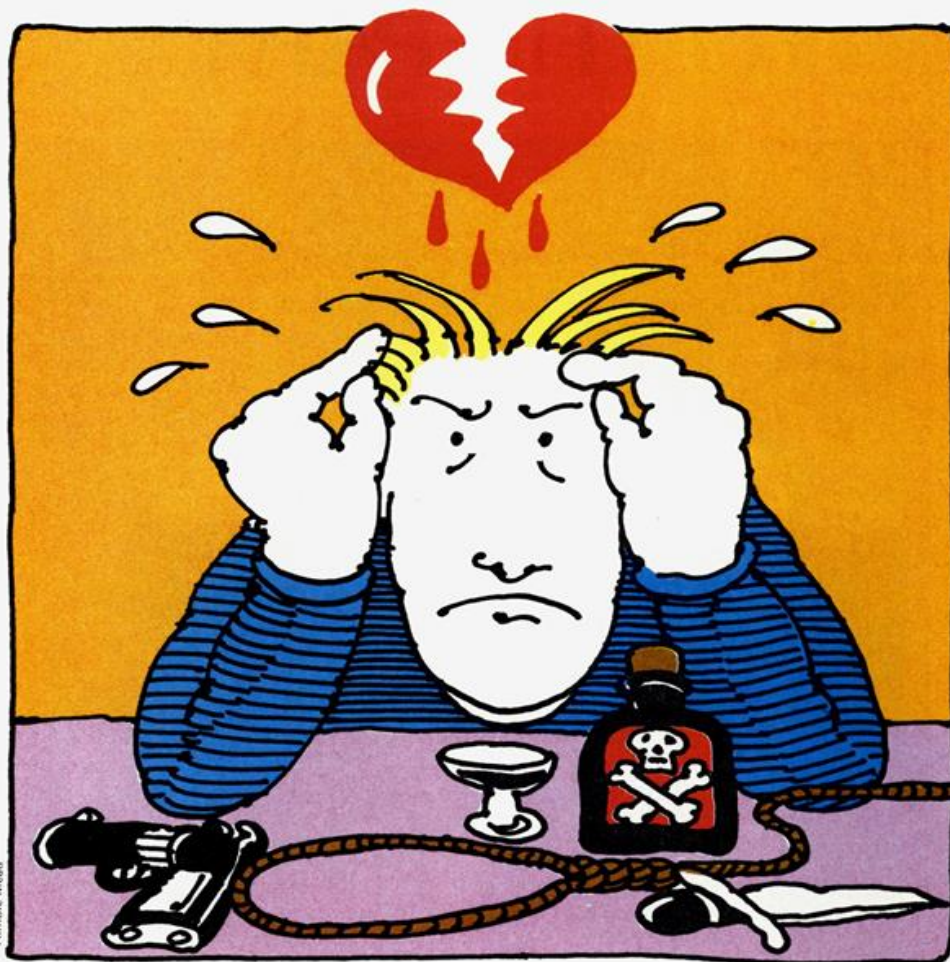
LOVE ADDICTS

by John Michell

Frustrated passion is just about the worst pain there is. It's worse than gout, which is said to be the second worst pain after childbirth; worse than being eaten by a lion, which Livingstone, who experienced a bit of the process, said was neither particularly frightening nor painful at the time; much worse than being ruined, and even worse than the bereavement of friends and family. More people commit suicide as a result of sexual jealousy and love obsession than because of the death of a spouse.

Anything may become the opium of obsessive people (artists and others whose work demands obsessiveness being the most prone to addiction). With the possible exception of certain reported mystical states beyond everyday reach, perfect sex is the highest sensation there is. Therefore, if the desires arising from great sex are projected full-force upon a particular person, they can lead to the most dangerous and deadly of all obsessions. There is plenty of good advice around for the sufferers—avoid jealousy, forswear possessiveness and so on—but these items of common sense are powerless against flowering obsession, which is a species of madness. It is better to be the lover than the beloved, concluded Plato after lengthy enquiry. Why? Because the lover is possessed by madness, eternal and of divine origin, whereas the beloved, though materially advantaged, is left behind in a state of man-made sanity. But as another authority, Germaine Greer, says, if you think you are in love with someone, you are in bad trouble.

Love obsession is a temporary mental derangement. So the jury found at the inquest into the case of poor Sir Samuel Romilly, a graceful young man, a little shy, his mother not very approving of his girl friends. As William Cobbett related in *Advice to a Lover* (1829), Sir Samuel met a girl, liked her, loved her, was loved by her, and became emotionally dependent, though he did not know it at the time. Then they broke up. It may have been his fault: Perhaps he could not stand up to Mother, or to what some aunt would have to say. He then missed her, wanted her back, asked her, pleaded with her, became abject, unattractive: the antimagnetic effect. Then he tried being aloof, like Lord Byron, but she did not notice it. Sir Samuel could not stand it for long, and particularly since he knew that she was interested in someone else, so he broke down and suffered temporary



It is better to be the lover than the beloved, concluded Plato. The lover is possessed by madness eternal and divine. But as Germaine Greer says, if you think you are in love with someone, you are in bad trouble.

mental derangement (though how temporary it really was can never be tested). In the words of the coroner's jury, "the loss made his life insupportable." He went to see the girl. It was dreadfully humiliating. Her new boyfriend was there, and Sir Samuel had to pretend he had just called on her so he could return a pair of gloves she had left in his carriage. He could only speak to her for a moment at the front door as she showed him out: "If I can't see you again, I'm going to kill myself. Oh, darling, I..." But she cut in: "I can't stand your self-pity and emotional blackmail. I'm in love with Ted and I want to give him the same love I could have given to you if only

you'd let me. Now I don't want to talk about it any more. Mother will find you a nice girl friend, and you'll be much happier with her than you could have been with me."

These words did nothing at all for Sir Samuel's temporary mental derangement. He went back home, took one of his father's 12-bores out of the gun room and blew his brains out all over the bedroom. He had left a note on the hall table addressed to the girl and leaving her all his possessions, but the family suppressed it. She married Ted, but later he, too, committed suicide. And the girl told herself that it wasn't her fault: She was cursed with a liking for weak men.

(continued)

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Cobbett cites another case of suicide through love obsession:

This unfortunate youth, whose name was Smith and was a shoemaker, was in love with a young woman, who, in spite of all his importunities and his proofs of ardent passion, refused to marry him, and even discovered her liking for another; and he, unable to support life, accompanied by the thought of her being in possession of any body but himself, put an end to his life by the means of a rope.

It was not so much the loss of his beloved that killed poor Smith: It was the jealous, grisly image of her pleasure with another body (especially since the body and the pleasure could have been his if only he had said or done something differently).

It doesn't help at all to know that jealousy is a disease, that it throws the entire mind out of balance so that the diseased person is able to conceive of no possible state of mind but his present one. Cobbett rightly says that in a case like Smith's, reason is perfectly useless. "You may, with as much chance of success, reason and remonstrate with the winds or the waves." The disease, he says, is incurable, but it may at least be mitigated by absence, new faces and new voices. But the trouble with mental diseases like love obsession is that they resist their own cure. The diseased person becomes protective towards his obsession, feels at home with it, finds comfort in the wan, injured personality it inflicts on him. And, just as he can conceive of no other state of mind but that which obsesses him, neither can he conceive of the possibility of finding satisfaction with any other lover but the lost one. Not that he is likely to find much in the way of temptation, for the victim of love obsession, like all other obsessives, exudes a kind of dull unattractiveness that makes other people turn away from him. When you are out, you are out.

When the rest of life can only be foreseen as continued frustration and torment, one obvious answer is suicide. Hitler expressed contempt for suicide ("No game is lost until the final whistle") but made an exception for suicide as a result of love. It is the most common reason people kill themselves, and there is a kind of nobility in it. But in practice, most people ruin their "love suicides" by unaesthetic conduct: threats, tears, abject notes, pestering the beloved, finding perverse pleasure in self-loathing and loathsomeness (as described in Dostoevski's *Notes from the Underground*). Then there's the suicide note, written perhaps in the hope that the beloved and the writer will read it together after she dramatically saves him from death: "Oh darling, I never thought you'd . . . that you cared so . . . oh, and you've left me everything."

An alternative to suicide, scarcely to be called preferable, is another mode of conduct, involving long, drawn-out madness and violent behavior, as exemplified by

one Woodcock Carden (so called on account of the zigzag gait he adopted to avoid the pistol shots of his Irish tenantry). This man, who flourished—or, rather, languished—in the middle of the 19th century, was a rich landowner of old family in County Tipperary, Lord Lieutenant, member of the Grand Jury, et cetera, who was generally well liked and popular with women. At the age of 43 he had yet showed no inclination to marry, and when he was asked to a party one evening he mocked the goddess of love, saying that he would only go to amuse himself by laughing at the lovers. This brought about his painful and absolute ruin. He met there a quiet, pale young lady of 18 and immediately conceived himself desperately in love with her. After many social encounters with her and her family, during which he never informed her of his obsession, he asked her mother for leave to marry her. The mother said he was being ridiculous—her daughter had never for a moment thought of him as a lover. This somehow convinced him that the girl was being influenced against him contrary to her inclinations, so he began an energetic campaign of pestering her. He followed her wherever she went, from Paris to Aberdeen, always trying to attend the same parties or theaters that she was going to. He once walked 20 miles just to see her pass in a carriage.

As the madness grew, he became convinced that the only way to secure his bride was by abduction. He furnished his yacht with all that he imagined might be attractive to a young lady, spending £10,000 on bridal accessories. His plan was to sail her to the house of a friend in Scotland where, removed from the influence of her family, she would acknowledge her hidden passion for him. It was a desperate notion; the penalty for abducting a virgin was death or banishment. Carden and his retainers tried to pull the girl out of her carriage as she returned from church with her mother, sister and governess. They fought and scratched him, helpers ran up from nearby fields and Woodcock Carden and his men were put to flight. After what was described as the most exciting chase ever known in Tipperary, he was arrested, tried, found guilty of attempted abduction and sentenced to two years' hard labor. Popular sympathy was with him, as it naturally and properly is inclined to be with mad people, and he was offered immediate release if he would undertake to pester the girl no more. However, since he was determined to continue with the pestering, this being the only object of his life, he refused the undertaking and served his full term. When he came out he continued as before, until his death, even though there were many other women who favored him as a romantic figure. The girl whom he had so confused and embarrassed by his obsessive attentions never married and died at the age of 89. ■

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NEW NOTES FROM THE UNDERGROUND

by Charlie Frick

As one underground newspaper after another succumbed to the self-indulgent '70s, the veteran alternative journalists who had spawned them in the innocence of hippiedom and nursed them through the ordeals of rising costs, spotty revenues and mass disillusionment faced a challenge: whether or not the counter-culture could create outlets for the new generation's creative, futuristic and political literature—which clearly had become almost extinct in the existing publishing world—on a new, commercially viable basis.

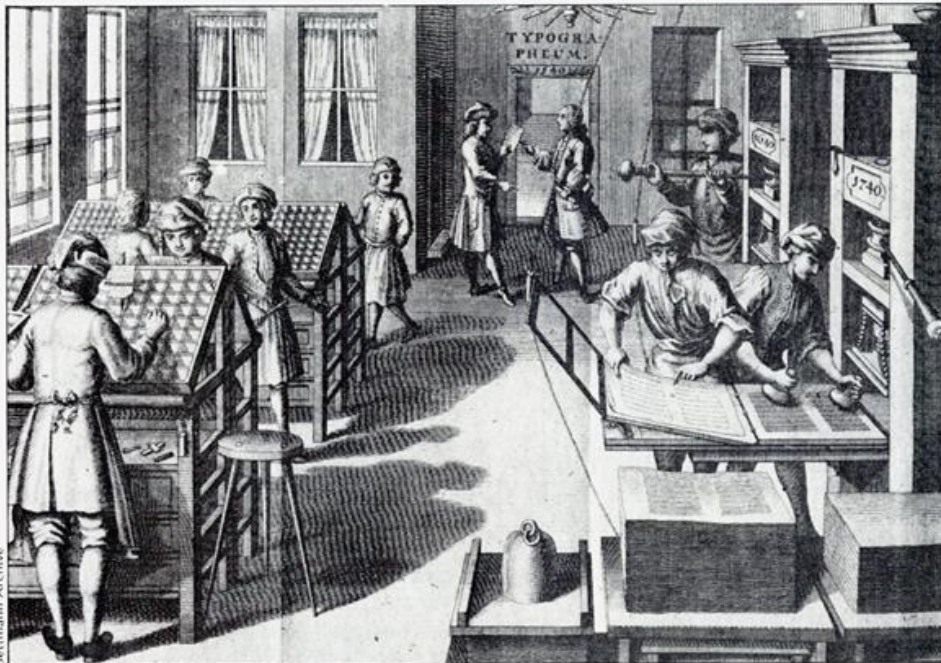
The pioneers of alternative publishing in the '60s knew their audience and they knew there were even more people out there who wanted more than the Book-of-the-Month Club was willing to send them. Thus arose a radical publishing network even bigger than the loose amalgam of bizarre tabloids that had come and gone before: alternative, independent book publishers, some of them more successful than others and most of them populated with refugees from the underground press. Bitten by the Gutenberg bug and lacking none of their old irreverence, these little book producers are turning out how-to manuals on guerrilla warfare and natural childbirth, whole-foods cookbooks and no-nuke manifestos, new meditations by old gurus and cosmic speculations by brilliant new writers like Robert Anton Wilson. And as one might expect, a number of the underground best-sellers are about drugs.

Here's a small but representative sampling of the small presses:

Unity Press, Box 1037, Santa Cruz, California 95061

Back in the halcyon days of psychedelia, the San Francisco Oracle emerged out of Haight-Ashbury's cultural mandala. Founded by, among others, Steven Levine, an exiled Greenwich Village beat, the Oracle became a psychic magnet for some of the heaviest thinking of the mid '60s with contributions by Allen Ginsberg, Tim Leary, Richard Brautigan, Alan Watts and Richard Alpert (Baba Ram Dass).

In 1969 Levine and Craig Caughlan, the former publisher of *Changes*, a short-lived culture magazine, founded Unity Press to escape the pressure of periodical deadlines. After several years Levine called on his friend Ram Dass and secured the rights to *Grist for the Mill*, which eventually sold



Alternative book publishers are turning out how-to manuals on guerrilla warfare and natural childbirth, whole-foods cookbooks and no-nuke manifestos.

80,000 copies, establishing Unity as a new-age publisher.

Today Unity's aim—shared by all the other independents—is to satisfy the information needs of the '80s. "The '60s were very explorative and explosive," comments Caughlan. "A lot of it happened through drugs and politics. In the '70s people were taking that energy and turning it inside, turning on to meditation, spiritualism and the back-to-the-land movement. But people can only take things so far inward, and now, in the '80s, they are looking outside again. With the possible exception of the economy, people are most concerned about relationships. They need something they can use to help them live in their immediate situation with their friends, family, lovers and community."

Recent Unity titles include *Witch's Garden*, an illustrated manual of hallucinogenic plants; *Your Healing Hands: The Polarity Experience*, a how-to polarity-massage manual; *World's Guide to Building a \$9000 House*; and *Mastering the Art of Beekeeping*. Their current best-selling title is Dr. Irving Oyle's *The New American Medicine Show*. Oyle, one of the recognized fathers of holistic medicine, focuses on psychosomatic healing, the power of the mind to alter the body.

Forthcoming is *Flashback LSD: What*

We've Learned and What Is Its Potential, the first serious work on acid in years. This collection of articles and essays by participants in the 1977 "LSD Now—A Generation Later" symposium (see *High Times*, February '78) includes commentary by, among others, inner-space explorers Leary, Ralph Metzner, Ram Dass and John Lilly, an introduction by Richard Schultes, and a preface by the father of LSD, Albert Hofmann.

Peace Press, 3828 Willat Avenue, Culver City, California 90230

Peace Press began by printing handouts and flyers for SDS and other antiwar groups hanging around UCLA in the mid '60s, and by creating some of the gonest psychedelic posters and concert programs of the acid-rock era. In 1973 they shifted their energies to books, beginning with three by Michael Hackleman on alternative energy: *Wind and Wind Spinners*, *Home Built Wind Generated Electricity Handbook* and *Electric Vehicles*. They remained a relatively small press until 1976 when Tim Leary, fresh from his extended vacation in federal prison, chose Peace Press to publish *Exo-Psychology*. The good doctor also obliged them with his next three manuscripts, *Neuro-Politics*, *What*

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Does Woman Want, and last year's *The Intelligence Agents*. The fifth book in Leary's series, *The Game of Life*, will be out by this spring.

Other titles for 1980 include *Doomsday Has Been Canceled*, by Dr. J. Peter Vajk, *The Solar Cook Book*, by former Arizona state senator Dan Halacy and Beth Halacy, and *Women's Health in Women's Hands*, published in conjunction with the Feminist Women's Health Center of California.

And/Or Press, P.O. Box 2246, Berkeley, California 94702

The largest and most diversified of all the independents, And/Or Press began humbly enough as the comic book-publishing brainchild of Sebastian Orfali and underground cartoonist Ron Turner at Last Gasp Funnies. Orfali eventually split with Turner, joined his brother and two friends and started And/Or. They lived communally, making the press the center of their existence. "Our lives at that time were very much influenced by the psychedelic experiences we were having," recalls Orfali. "We all belonged to a Gurdjieff splinter meditation group headed by Claudio Naranjo, the Chilean psychotherapist who was the first to use MDA in a psychotherapeutic atmosphere."

At the same time Orfali was working in San Francisco at the Fitz Hugh Ludlow Library, a treasure trove of dope literature and information. Republishing some of the library's classics of illicit pharmacology was only the first step. And/Or started with *The History of Coca*, Claude Farrere's turn-of-the-century sensation *Black Opium*, and the *Cocaine Consumer's Handbook*. Next came *Psilocybin: The Magic Mushroom Growers Guide*. For variety they published *Mind Warp Funnies* and *Young Lust Reader*. The title that pushed And/Or permanently into the black was *Marijuana Growers Guide*, written by two intrepid *High Times* stringers, Mel Frank and Ed Rosenthal. It sold an amazing 100,000 in the deluxe edition and half a million in the cheaper paperbacks. In 1980 four new dope books are scheduled for release. *Shaman Woman Mainline Ladies*, coauthored by Michael Aldrich and Michael Horowitz, is the first comprehensive history of women and drugs, ranging from Sappho to Louisa May Alcott to Alice B. Toklas and Patti Smith. The first volume of Laurence Cherniak's ongoing work, *The Great Book of Hashish—Morocco, Lebanon, Afghanistan*—is available now and the second, *Marijuana around the World*, will be out by the middle of the year. Also pending is *Marijuana Botany*, by 22-year-old Robert C. Clarke, rumored to be the most complete, unbiased, non-government-sponsored scientific study of the magic herb ever assembled.

Behind their line of dope books, And/Or has been able to expand into new areas.

As part of their health and nutrition line they recently released *The Holistic Health Handbook* and *Whole Foods*, a consumer guide to the health-food industry. Their travel line aims at those new-age gypsies who don't have the luxury of an American Express card. Along the Gringo Trail, *The Mountain Wilderness Survival Book*, *Hidden Hawaii* and *The Art and Adventure of Traveling Cheaply* are prominent among these.

And/Or also publishes books for readers whose travel itineraries include the astral plane. Among them are *Messengers of Deception*, by flying-saucer expert Jacques Vallee, and *Worlds Beyond*, a practical guide to understanding the future, edited by the New Dimensions Foundation. The latter includes material on space exploration and colonization written by veteran space cadets Tim Leary, Gerard O'Neill, Bucky Fuller and Jerry Brown, as well as moonwalkers Russell Schweickart and Edgar Mitchell.

The star of And/Or's futurism line is Robert Anton Wilson, former Playboy editor and mystical jokester, whose "Illuminatus" trilogy has attracted a vast cult following of crazies, druggies and future thinkers who all believe that Eris, the goddess of discord, calls the shots. Forthcoming is *The Illuminati Papers*, a collection of 1,000 articles, scientific papers and stories that Wilson has written over the last 20 years on subjects ranging from Crowleyan magic to psychic messages from Sirius, the dog star, to the future of psychedelic contacts with alien life forms.

The Book Publishing Company, 156 Drakes Lane, Summertown, Tennessee 38483

Around 1971 Stephen Gaskin, a visionary philosopher out of San Francisco, and a small group of followers hit the road in school buses and crisscrossed the United States until they came to rest on a chunk of land in Summertown, Tennessee. There they founded The Farm, one of the few remaining experiments in high-consciousness communal living. In the years that followed they started a book-publishing company called, appropriately, The Book Publishing Company, with offerings in the tradition and spirit of the Summer of Love. Among them: *Shut Down: Nuclear Power on Trial*, *The Big Dummy's Guide to CB Radio*, *Spiritual Midwifery* and *The Farm Vegetarian Cookbook*. This year will see the release of a soybean cookbook called *The Farm Book of Tempeh*.

Paladin Press and Sycamore Island Books, P.O. Box 1307, Boulder, Colorado 80306

In the early '60s, while most of the nation's youth were drinking sangria and listening to folk music on college campuses, Capt. Peder Lund and Pvt. Stewart Brand were waiting at Fort Dix for their orders for

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Nam to be cut. It seemed unlikely at the time that a decade later these two would be major figures in the world of alternative publishing. After they were discharged, Brand began to make the connections that would eventually lead to his publishing *The Whole Earth Catalog*. Lund wound up in Miami with Col. Bob Brown and a bunch of anti-Castro Cubans. Lund and Brown stayed in touch, eventually founding Paladin Press together. With the help of some disenchanted ex-CIA men, they began reprinting government training manuals on guerrilla warfare, behavior modification and espionage—real secret-agent stuff!—under titles like *How to Kill*, *How Terrorists Kill*, *The Black Bag Manual*, and *Quick or Dead*.

Lund uses Sycamore Island Books, another imprint, for his less inflammatory titles. Forthcoming from Sycamore are *Survival Poaching*—written by a man who claims to have lived for 20 years and spent only \$200 for meat by poaching in state parks and military bases—and *Below the Belt*, an illustrated book on rape defense.

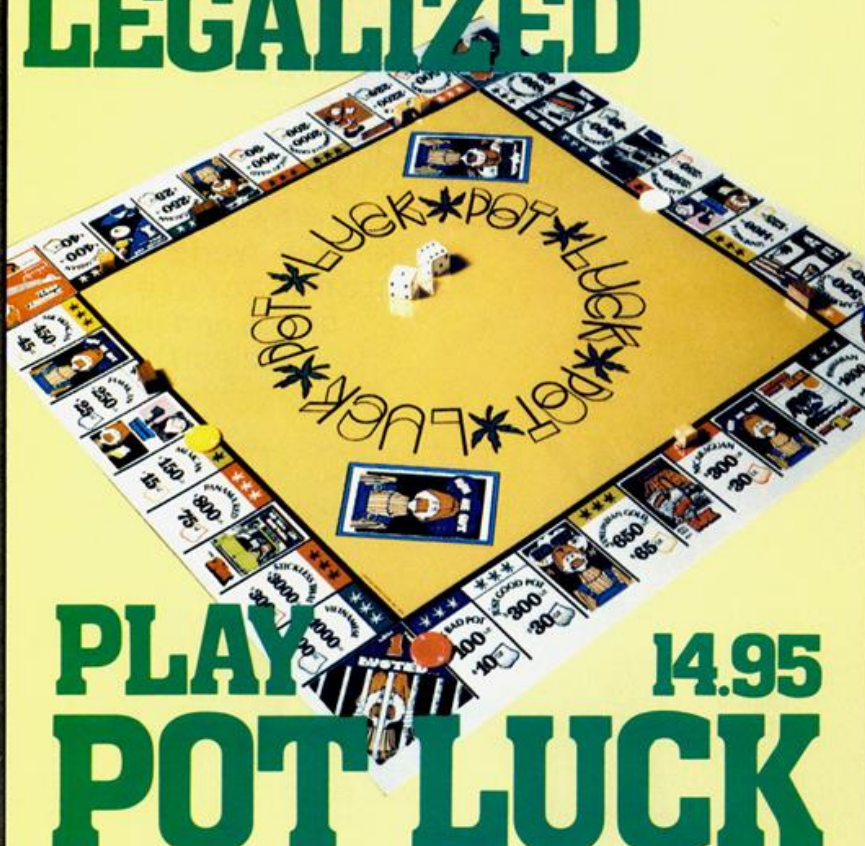
Entwhistle Books, Box 611, Glen Ellen, California 95442

One of the few independent presses presenting fiction, Entwhistle Books was founded by Paul Williams, the first publisher of *Crawdaddy*, the nation's original rock 'n' roll magazine. Williams, like his fellow new-age publishers, feels that commercial New York-based publishers are too concerned with traditional markets to be effective. "Their idea of hip," he says, "is to do a book on 'Saturday Night Live' or Bruce Springsteen. The problem is that there is a whole new audience that came of age in the '60s that has very few writers talking to it. The big houses get bigger and more conglomerate each day; they're not going to be happy doing a book that only does 10,000 or maybe 25,000. It's a space that the small independents can fill."

Though Entwhistle's output is relatively small, (about six books a year) the quality is superior. So far, they have done *Coming*, Paul Williams's own naked journals on sex and self-discovery; *Dance of the Wild Mouse*, by Daniel Panger, a novel about death and dying in the alienated environment of a modern hospital; and *Puppies*, by John Valentine, journal entries on the seduction of young men. Entwhistle has also published Hugo award-winner Philip K. Dick's first non-science-fiction novel, *Confessions of a Crap Artist*.


Many writers, editors and especially readers are looking to the independents to create a writing and publishing renaissance. It happened with rock 'n' roll in the '60s—the really creative types managed to build a short circuit direct from the artist to the audience, leaving behind the atrophied business structure that had stood in the way of the artists' freedom—and it could happen again. ■

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High Society



A marriage made in heaven: Eldridge gets the hot pastrami on the house and Moon gets some pointers on his slam dunk.

Eldridge Cleaver, who's always been in the vanguard of cultural change, is about to start a new trend: being dead-again. The former Black Panther, former high-fashion designer (his pants with a pouch for the penis flopped in Paris), former born-again Christian, now embraces the Manichaeian mumbo jumbo of that great theologian, **Rev. Sun Myung Moon**. On San Francisco TV recently plugging his new faith, Eldridge even had a few nice words to say about his old archenemy, **Richard Nixon**. "I can even overlook his past and would like to embrace him as a child of God," Cleaver gushed. Perhaps with a soul kiss?

Speaking of Moon, the millionaire reverend is now branching out from flowers and candies. His church has just opened a New York-style deli called Deli-Sun. Cleaver, huh? Although a review from our food critic is still pending, the initial word is out: Stay away from the deviled ham.

Paul Krassner is going live again. The muckraking satirist who founded and edited the *Realist* and spent a few fairly spectacular months running born-again *Hustler* magazine has traded his blue pencil for a microphone and gone back to stand-up comedy, a craft he has practiced on and mostly off for years. At New York's Village Gate, Krassner tried out some of his stream-of-consciousness ranting to a startled audience. "San Francisco is weird," he



Krassner: Is that a pen in Paul's hand or is he just happy to see us?

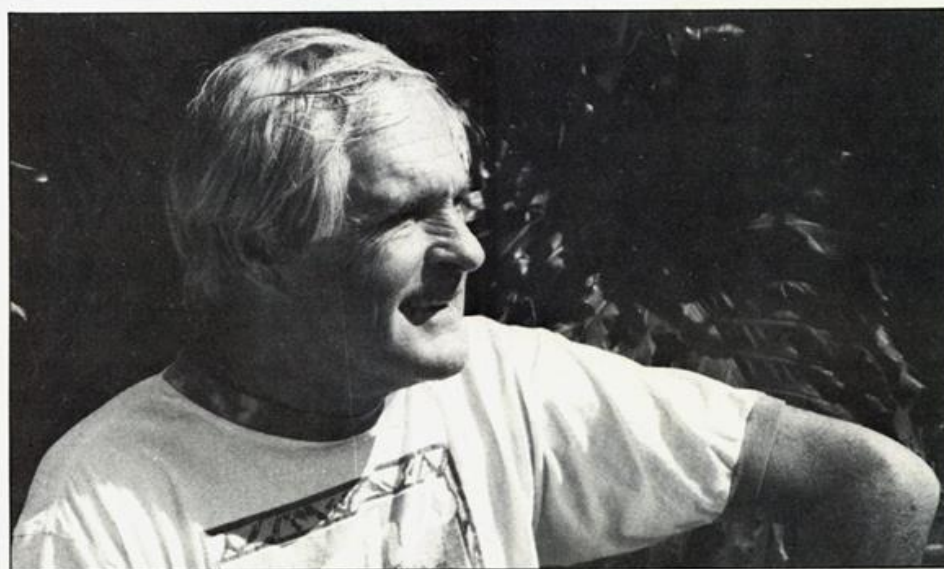
cracked. "When Harvey Milk saw Dan White approaching, he asked, 'Is that a pistol in your pocket or are you just glad to see me?'" The 47-year-old hipster also filled the audience in on some of his trade secrets. For example, Krassner rarely does TV shows without ingesting something first to make it interesting. He did acid for Carson, hash brownies for Mike Douglas and mushrooms for Tom Snyder.



Charlie Daniels is one of the most famous fiddle players in the world. In many parts of this country he'd be mobbed on the streets, but not in the Big Apple. Charlie threw a party for himself at New York's famed country-western showcase, the Lone Star Cafe, just a few weeks after winning three Country Music Association awards (single of the year, instrumentalist of the year and instrumental group of the year). But when Charlie got to the door of the Lone Star the doorman refused to believe that he was Charlie Daniels. "Look," said the doorman, "Charlie Daniels is a personal friend of mine and you're not him." Mr. Daniels got back into his limo and went home. The doorman must have been thinking of Jack Daniels. No relation.



Charlie Daniels: Nobody fiddled while Charlie burned.



Linkletter to Leary: Turn on, tune in, drop dead.

Tim Leary has launched a career in show biz. New-wave curiosity seekers and '60s sci-ons packed the Bottom Line in New York to hear Leary's staccato presentation of out-worldly art, acid humor and California consciousness. While acknowledging that he doesn't "deny permanent brain damage," Leary still steers clear of too many dope jokes, trying to shake the "LSD guru" label that has caused him so much trouble. But while appearing on a local TV show recently to plug his new act, Leary was suddenly confronted via phone hookup with none other than **Art Linkletter**, who "thought Tim Leary was dead," and then added, "I wish he was." Still, Leary continues to be a high priest for the high culture, campaigning for the governorship of California in 1982 on a promise that he will legalize the multibillion-dollar homegrown industry. ■

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Highwitness News

No. 55

March '80

Manila's Mayor Outbids Pushers

MANILA, THE PHILIPPINES—If you can't beat 'em, buy 'em, Manila mayor Ramon Bagatsing obviously believes. This year, any Manila ward leader who turns in a dope dealer will receive a reward of 5,000 pesos—but only upon conviction of the suspect.

The handsome reward is being offered, says Bagatsing, because he thinks too many large-scale dealers have resumed operations after Manila's much-touted "cleanup" two years ago; and the payment-on-conviction stipulation was added, observers hint,



Mayor Bagatsing: bounty on the dope mutiny.

because too many ward leaders have been busting dealers in order to look good and then letting them go. The reward offer apparently yielded immediate results: Within a day 11 street pushers were rounded up, mostly school kids.

GSA Warehouse Loses Pure Opium Cache

WEST POINT—An undetermined amount of brown powdered opium has been nipped from a federal national-emergency facility here that stores everything from dope to diamonds to foul-weather gear. The discrepancy in the O stocks came to light during an internal audit of the storehouse by the federal General Services Administration (GSA). The audit of all GSA national-emergency supply depots across the nation was undertaken over the resistance of Roy Markon, commissioner of the Federal Property Resources Service, which supervises the secret GSA treasure troves. At one point Property Resources personnel physically blocked inspectors' access



Canadians can't be busted for possessing a natural psilocybin source such as *Amanita muscaria* (above).

Psychedelic 'Shrooms Legal in Canada

QUEEN CHARLOTTE CITY, BRITISH COLUMBIA—Mushrooms are mushrooms, a judge here ruled last spring, and cannot sensibly be outlawed even if they happen to contain psilocybin, a psychoactive compound greatly enjoyed by heads everywhere. The synthesis of psilo-

cybin in a lab from precursor chemicals may be against the law, ruled the court, but since the 'shrooms themselves don't voluntarily make dope, then the 'shrooms can't reasonably be condemned for containing it and are, therefore, perfectly legal substances.

Of course the government immediately appealed the ruling and a federal court decision is still pending.

to a supply dump in Denver until the audit crew threatened to have them locked up.

Drug Enforcement Administration narcs have supposedly been told by "an underworld figure" that the West Point opium was purloined bit by bit from the storehouse with the aid of persons who had official access to it. People in soft-drug circles around New York City have advised *High Times* that brown powdered O is occasionally available there for a stiff price; most of it is converted by unscrupulous underworld figures into heroin, even though it might well be more profitable to sell the raw O on the recreational coke-and-reefer market.

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Dial-a-Dope Lets Your Fingers Do the Scoring in Big Apple

by Michael Chance

NEW YORK—Potheads here no longer have to brave cops, muggers and fly-by-night dealers when they want a little weed. Now they can let their fingers do the walking—by calling up Billy Bud's Pot Deli and Catering Service. In the time it would take to get a pizza, there is a knock at the door and a courteous delivery worker hands over an ounce—for \$55 and maybe a tip.

Billy Bud got the idea for a pot-delivery service after watching the owner of a Greek restaurant near his home. After canvassing the neighborhood offices and businesses with menus, the restaurateur would sit by the phone most of the day taking orders and dispatching underlings with bags full of falafel, tahini and beer.

"It hit me that people would rather have something brought to them than go and get it themselves. It's like the thrill of receiving a mail-order package over going to a store and picking out the same item. And with pot, of course, it's much safer."

Druggist Narc Describes 'Script Busts

FORT WAYNE, INDIANA—City narco agent Chuck Byroade, 31, is also a licensed druggist at the Jefferson Pharmacy here, and finds the combination highly productive. Not long ago, for example, Byroade was called to a Fort Wayne drugstore for a fake prescription collar: A man on crutches had submitted a Quaalude prescription, but the pharmacist spotted the doctor's signature as an obvious forgery. Byroade busted the man on the minor 'script count, but then did a couple weeks' footwork and determined that the forger had pulled the same crutch stunt at a dozen other local pharmacies.

Byroade collected all the man's fake 'scripts and confronted him with them. He gave the alleged forger a choice between becoming an active dope snitch and being prosecuted on all 13 'script counts: "I just told him, 'Listen, you're going to serve some time otherwise,'" says Byroade, "and now he's the best informant we have."

A 1971 graduate of Purdue University Pharmacy School, Byroade spent four years filling 'scripts at Lutheran Hospital in Fort Wayne before getting bored and taking a 16-week cop course at the Police Academy. He subsequently took a 2-week course in undercover narkery through the Drug Enforcement Administration. (He wants to work as a special narc with that organization.) After that, he made pharmacy irregularities his specialty.

"A pharmacist can usually tell a forgery by the signature," he warns. "But you also get prescriptions written for a large quantity. For example, most doctors prescribe 30 Quaaludes at a time. You get one for 100 and you know it's bad."

Bud's basic clientele are people he has been dealing to for years. But when traffic to his loft became too heavy and his business hours began to infringe on his free time, he decided to start up his delivery service. "I printed up cards for all my regulars and I told them they could give the card to one other person. Each card has a number. If I get a call from somebody I don't recognize, I ask for the number. Then I check with the guy I issued the card to, and if he doesn't say that's the guy he gave the card to, I cut them all off on that card. I don't give these things out on the streets."

Bud claims his system is foolproof. The telephone number on the card is hooked up to a "cheesebox"—a telephone placed in an empty apartment that, when called, relays the call to yet another apartment, the safehouse, where Bud or one of his companions mans the phone. The cheesebox apartment is rigged with a burglar alarm so that if cops or ripoffs should trace the number on the card and invade the apartment they will find nothing but a phone, while the burglar alarm tips off those in the safehouse that it's time to split. The whole system requires only the two apartments, two phones and electronic gear worth about \$200.

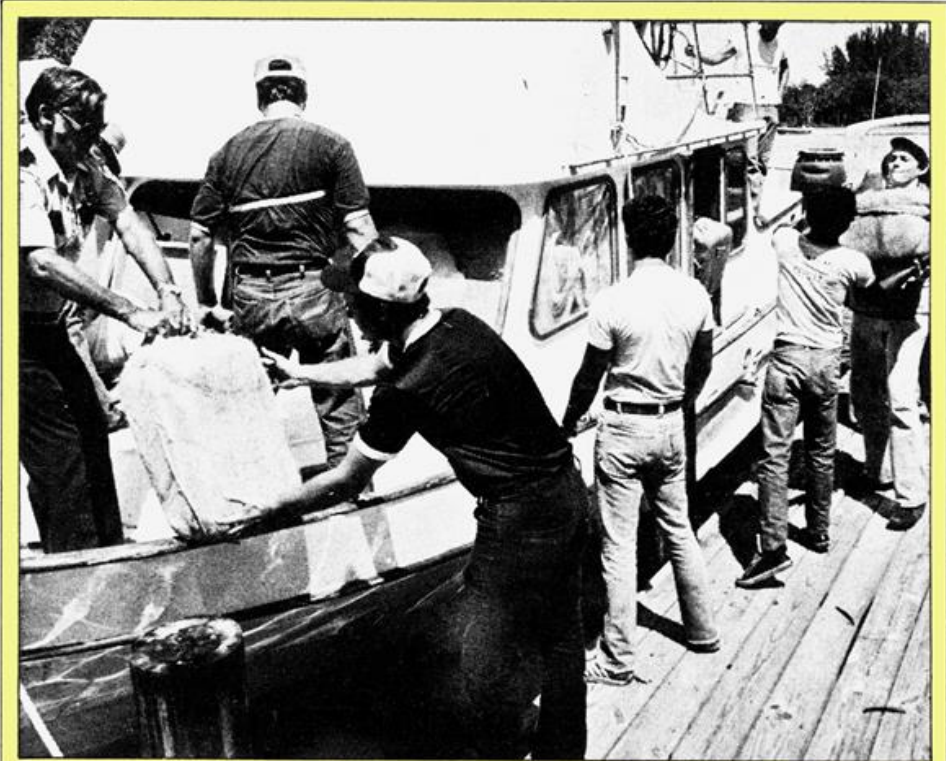
The Pot Deli and Catering Service usually has between 350 and 500 active customers, says Bud. He employs a small fleet of youthful helpers who make the deliveries for \$10 a trip plus whatever they can make in tips. "We tell the customers that tipping is not required, but a lot of them will pay to get it in a

hurry, say for a party or something," Bud said. For the most part, deliveries are made on bicycles and mopeds.

Customers who call for an ounce are offered several grades to choose from. Prices range up to \$75, but \$55 is the basic price for a weighed ounce. Quarter pounds run between \$160 and \$185, depending on quality. "I buy from Miami, Atlanta, Long Island—wherever there's the best," Billy Bud claims. "People expect it at these prices." Bud acknowledges that this summer it was difficult to find top-notch Colombian and that many customers wouldn't pay \$55 for commercial. "But for them we've got Hawaiian, Thai sticks and usually some hash. It costs more, but if they want it, they can get it."

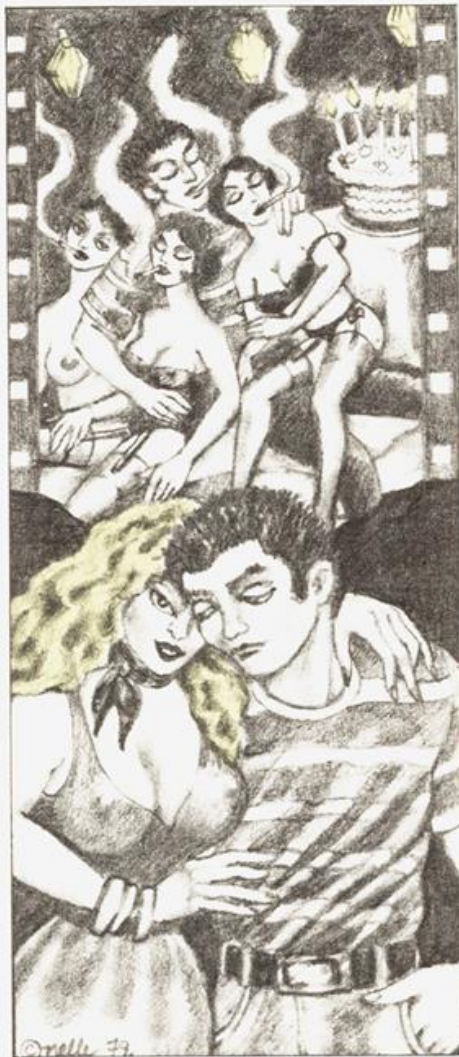
Bud's main worry isn't cops as much as ripoffs. "The worst I'm going to get busted for is a quarter pound, because that's all I'll sell or allow to be delivered. That's nothing in Manhattan. And I don't touch any other dope, or allow any of my people to make side deals." Moreover, Bud says, every precaution has been taken to assure that his delivery people are not being set up for a ripoff. When a new reference calls, Bud usually makes the first delivery himself to get acquainted. There are several areas where the catering service will not deliver.

And, of course, there are deadbeats. "People call here, say they'll take such and such a pot at \$55, then when my guy gets there they'll tell him, 'Sorry, I only got \$40—can I owe you the rest.' My guy just brings the pot back. After all, this is a serious business."



Baling out bales of boo: When Naples, Florida, cops busted a smuggling operation in the works on Marco Island, the trawler-type yacht Celia was found abandoned offshore, containing 276 bales (averaging 50 pounds each) in her hold. 'Twas part of a 21-ton cache nipped in the raid.

Snitch Offers Orgy for One Pound of Pot



BELLINGHAM, WASHINGTON—According to the Everett, Washington, Herald, a woman who local cops say brought them six petty dope cases last year as a paid snitch has been accused by one bustee of entrapment for allegedly telling him he'd "score" if she did. The 27-year-old defendant, an old high-school friend of state's witness Linda Suchy, claims she begged, pestered and sex-teased him into arranging the one-ounce grass deal for which he was charged. And his complaint against his informant is corroborated by the woman's husband, who voluntarily took the stand on behalf of the defendant.

According to the accused "dealer," Mrs. Suchy phoned him one day out of the blue to renew their acquaintance. Afterward, he said, she visited him frequently, repeatedly asking if he knew where she could score some grass. He said she claimed to be on welfare, desperate for money, and promised him "an orgy" if he'd bring a pound of smoke to an all-female birthday party. He says he later told her where she could score a lid, but that's as far as he would go.

The man's friends testified that he did not have a reputation as a dealer, and Suchy's husband told the defense attorney, Matt Peach, that she would frequently come home at three or four in the morning, "really getting frustrated because she couldn't seem to get this guy squeezed." The husband said his wife told him that the accused "didn't seem to know anything about cocaine or pot and didn't want to sell her any." Detectives testified that she had visited the man at his apartment several times without their supervision.

The defendant claimed he never saw the money or the marijuana when he finally acquiesced and arranged for Suchy to buy an ounce by calling someone to whom she later went to make the deal. He was subsequently convicted on the one-ounce charge.

Cabbie's Bummers Busts Up Pusan-to-Tokyo Crank Run

TOKYO—A freaked-out cabdriver was highly influential in prompting the first-ever bid by the National Police Agency for a linkup with South Korean authorities to break up the burgeoning Japanese speed trade. According

Hash Mules Finger Diplomats

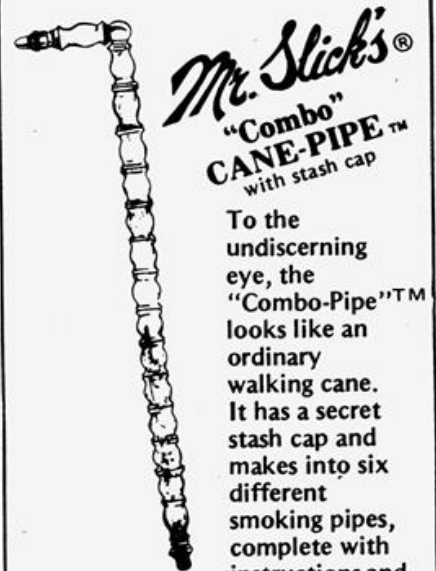
NEW DELHI—Three Nepalese citizens and two Indians popped in a large hash move here agreed to revenue agents' request that they inform on their higher-ups in exchange for immunity—and promptly ratted on several foreign diplomats. Not named because they enjoy diplomatic immunity, the emissaries evidently split consignments of Nepalese among themselves and flew the stuff out in privileged courier planes.

Officials would only say that "several Danes" are involved, including one Copenhagen man who's being watched closely by cops on his own turf.

to the cops, the cabbie got so strung out on crank one night that he picked up a police telephone in Shizuoka prefecture, two hours from here, and shrieked, "I am seeing things. Please do something to make me get better."

With the schized-out cabbie babbling away in custody, Shizuoka cops picked up leads that led to the busts of about 200 people, mostly reputed members of the Yamaguchi-gumi, Inagawki and Sumiyoshi-rengo crime syndicates. Eleven different police prefectures here and in Hokkaido eventually zeroed in on a major speed lab in Pusan, South Korea, which was supposedly exporting about 250 kilos of crystal meth into Japan per year via organized crime. The consumers, it seems, were mainly Tokyo night people—hookers, cabbies and even armed security guards.

Bolstered with documented ties between the Japanese mobs and the Pusan lab, representatives from all 11 prefectures flew to Pusan in force. There they requested—none too politely, we hear—the cooperation of top Korean narcs in stifling the speed racket.



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Majority of Country's \$20, \$100 Bills End Up in Florida

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Over half of all the \$20 and \$100 bills that were released into circulation in the United States during 1978 wound up in Florida banks, a joint study by the U.S. Treasury Department and the Drug Enforcement Administration has revealed. Of the 36 districts in the entire Federal Reserve system, those in Miami and Jacksonville accounted for 77 percent of the national cash surplus in that year; by contrast, Reserve offices in New York City, Chicago and Detroit paid out \$6 billion more than they took in last year. Cash deposits to Florida banks in 1978 actually accounted for more than 75 percent of all the surplus cash in the whole country.

"It's our general impression," speculated Rick Sorenson, manager of the Miami branch of the Federal Reserve Bank, "that the influx is due to drug traffic. Whether you can pin it down or trace it through the banks, I don't know."

No details were released correlating the raw statistics of how many different bank accounts all that cash—an estimated \$5 billion—moved through, but the feds suggested that many bankers are overlooking rules governing the registration and record-keeping of large cash deposits. Dope dealers have been known to keep bank tellers counting out cash deposits of twenties and hundreds for hours on end, yet the obligatory paperwork sometimes gets "lost" in the shuffle.

Treasury public affairs officer Al Hattal believes new and stricter registration policies should be instituted at local banks: "The relation to crime is our concern and we want to create a paper trail."

Treasury would like, for example, to require local banks to report cash deposits in excess of \$10,000 within 15 days, rather than the 45 days now mandated. People who make large deposits, say the feds, should be made to fill out extremely detailed identification forms. Most of all, they say bankers should be allowed less individual discretion over personally handling the accounts and investments of big depositors.



Getting the feel of the smuggling biz: DEA chief Peter Bensinger (second from right) displays \$3.5 million in confiscated dealing profits for members of the Senate investigations subcommittee. For a bigger thrill they should have sniffed the seat belts on board confiscated smuggling planes.



Amishman Grows Pot for Horses

LANCASTER, PENNSYLVANIA—Local Amish farmers here dined on one of their coparishioners recently, tipping off state cops to two marijuana plants growing in his orchard. When the cops confiscated the plants, they also found 410 grams in a feed bag in the 40-year-old man's hayloft. He was charged with intent to sell but was allowed to cop down to simple possession.

"I am surprised and shocked to see you here," Judge William Bucher told the Amishman. The Pennsylvania Amish—a devout coalition of Mennonites, Brethren, Pikers and Dunkards collectively called Plain People—pride themselves at maintaining the technological level, as well as the clothes, beards and hairdos of the first Amish, who emigrated here in the 17th century. So when

the busted farmer said he'd been growing hemp strictly to improve the appetites of his horses, following an 1805 almanac's recommendation, the Amish community was unsympathetic: Grass wasn't a veterinary treatment in 17th-century Europe.

It didn't clear him with magistrate Bucher either, who explained solemnly that possession of grass for any reason at all is "illegal, period." The farmer got four months' probation and a \$200 fine, plus court costs. His attorney explained to Judge Bucher that no court sentence could possibly be as tough as the discipline the Plain People may impose on his client. The hemp-growing Amishman may be officially "shunned," after which no church member—including his wife and children—will even speak to him.

Canada's Longest Soft-Dope Term:

"Forklift" Hash Mover Pulls 18 Years

TORONTO—The purported mastermind of the infamous 1978 "forklift" hash bust, which involved moving 625 pounds of Charas hash from India to Canada, has been sentenced to 18 years in the pen—the longest sentence ever handed out here for a soft-drug offense. The dope, which had been stuffed into 100 tires for forklift trucks, had been spotted by U.S. narcs somewhere between the Panama Canal and the Gulf of St. Lawrence; they tipped off the Mounties, who intrepidly

tracked down the shipment's recipient, a 37-year-old man. He and four alleged cohorts were arrested.

After the month-long trial, Judge Ian Cartwright unloaded wrath on the five defendants: "This crime was not one of chance circumstance. It was a slick and sophisticated crime executed with military precision in a cold, calculated design to reap enormous profit for these criminals at the expense of future misery of their fellow human beings."

Israeli Superspy Command Covers up Hash Trade

TEL AVIV—The trans-Israel hash trade came glaringly to light last fall, when it was revealed that civilian narcs here had nailed two career army officers red-handed with hash and opium in their Kiryat Ono flat. Under interrogation, one of the soldiers, both of whom were attached to the Mossad defense-intelligence networks, turned over and dined on a top military officer and several civilians allegedly involved in the long-standing hash route that moves through Israel from Lebanon to Egypt and other Arab countries. The soldiers admitted that besides guarding truckloads of Leb and O to Egypt and Jordan, they and certain others—including a captain and a major in AMAN, the top spy unit in Mossad—allegedly made regular deals with dope movers inside Israel.

This last admission apparently prompted Mossad's censors to clap a supertight news lid on the whole affair. The Tel Aviv bust came down in May 1978, but the details weren't revealed for a year and a half; even then it was Israeli muckraker Yigal Laviv who leaked the story in the Paris monthly Israel and Palestine. Laviv's credibility is well established—two of his previous disclosures have jailed the former president of the Bank of Israel for corruption and torpedoed a quiet bid by Miami hood Meyer Lansky to move to Israel under the law of return. Rumor has it that the hash-scandal cover-up was leaked to Laviv by pissed-off Tel Aviv narcs when the military took no action against either the busted officers or the main figures they dined on.

According to the Paris report, the city narcs had been searching the home of a major fingered by the two bustees when a call from erstwhile Mossad intelligence coordinator Gen. Yekutiel Adam himself ordered them off the case. The military, he said, would clean its own house of dope movers.

However, eight months passed before Gen. Yehoshua Saguy, new chief of military intelligence, sacked any of the officers implicated in the May confessions. The two busted soldiers themselves, however, remained in AMAN, which evidently incensed the narcs who'd nailed them.

Laviv's "exposure" of the trans-Israel dope route was nothing particularly new, though left-wing European radicals have, predictably, cited it as "evidence" that the Israeli government has been conniving to corrupt and weaken Arab workers through "drug abuse." Individuals conversant with the Lebanon-to-Egypt smuggling route, though, have firmly assured *High Times* that the trade mainly serves as a kind of clandestine diplomacy among the countries involved. The trade was necessarily suspended for nearly a month because of the 1973 Yom Kippur war, for example, and its resumption was reportedly the first physical peace overture from Tel Aviv to Cairo.

Most Israelis recognize Mossad's need to raise secret funds for ultraclandestine activities, but the idea that the military may be dealing dope inside Israel has disturbed many here.

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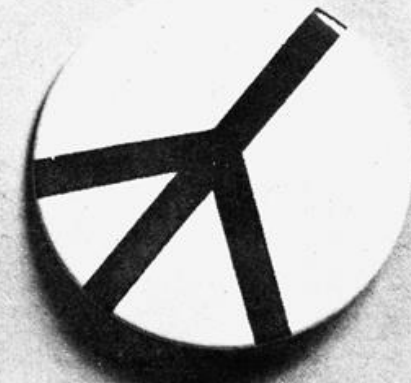
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NATIONAL WEED

Cops to Michigan Grower:

"Thou Shalt Make unto Thee No Grassen Images"



"And God said, Behold, I have given you every herb bearing seed, which is upon the face of all the earth," saith the Book of Genesis, chapter one, verse 29, "to you it shall be for meat." So a person in Big Rapids, Michigan, last spring went forth into the field and did even strew a plot of marijuana seeds forming the name "Jesus Christ" in ten-foot-long characters upon the face of the land. And yea, it came to pass that when the weed had sprung and flourished unto about four cubits tall (six feet, in goyish), the police did even espy and look upon this garden from an high place, and did read the legend thereon emblazoned greenly, "Jesus Christ," and waxed wroth, and cast down and slew all the offending plants, so that there was none living in that place. And they did also bust the alleged cultivator, who opened his mouth and spake, "I'm growing the plants in the name of Jesus Christ."

He might've checked out Genesis, chapter three, verses 17 and 18, when after the Fall the Deity tells Adam: "Cursed is the ground for thy sake; in sorrow shalt thou eat of it all the days of thy life; thorns also and thistles shall it bring forth to thee...."

• Dr. Ray Birdwhistell, who specializes in nonverbal communication at the University of Pennsylvania's Annenberg Center of Communications, has discovered that the happiest married couples in the world spend less than a half hour per week in conversation. Dr.

Birdwhistell bugged the homes of 100 self-described "happily married" couples (with their permission) for two weeks, and discovered that the median amount of time they spent in interpersonal rapping was 27.5 minutes per week.

• The townsfolk of Sedona, New Mexico, recently held a pie sale to help Allen Hunter, a local man who pied Madalyn Murray O'Hair at an Albuquerque atheists' meeting, raise his defense fees. It seems O'Hair, unamused, laid assault charges against Hunter, so the Sedona folks got up a jumbo charity baking contest for him. "We're just trying to make sure Mrs. O'Hair gets her just desserts," cracked organizer Joe Everett.

• While only slightly more than half of all college students smoke dope nowadays, says a Boston Medical Foundation survey, nearly all of them drink booze. Of 7,000 students polled, 95 percent owned up to doing lush occasionally, while only 59 percent did grass. Of the lush heads, one in every five men found getting drunk "important" to them, as did one in ten women. Meanwhile, a poll at four Florida universities showed that 30 percent of the students there miss classes once in a while because of alcohol hangovers.

In due consideration of these appalling figures, the U.S. Brewers Association is publishing a newsletter, On Campus Review, and distributing it to college administrators to keep them hip to the latest booze stats.

Pounds of Pot Fly through the Air in Madison

MADISON, WISCONSIN—Some 5,000 stoned revelers turned out for the University of Wisconsin's harvest festival smoke-in, an event sponsored

narcotics police, the best outdoor growing zones are in the south, with Devonshire and Cornwall providing excellent sun and soil for first-generation plants raised from Jamaican and Colombian seeds. Last year narcs harvested nearly 9,000 standing plants

from rustic Cornish pastures and freely admitted it was undoubtedly less than a tithe of the home-grown that found its way successfully into British alveoli in 1979.

Dyno weed has also been cultivated in heath and moorland as far north as Hammersmith, though most folks up toward the Humber and over in soggy Wales stick to window boxes producing strictly home-stash quantities. Last year's growing weather—

damp from June to September, and then blessedly hot for a month—brought in a handsome crop of eight-footers, says Det. Constable Peter Dawes of the Plymouth Drugs Squad, yielding up to a couple pounds (avoir-dupois) per bush. Professional growers have been circulating copies of a report issued by the Home Office itself a couple years ago in which a respected University of London botanist speculated that Great Britain could handily produce high-THC strains of hemp, climate be damned. As it turns out, he was absolutely correct.

London's Legalise Cannabis Committee cautions that large-scale pot-growing cases are often tried in crown court, where they can bring 14 years. Small-crop cases commonly go to local magistrates' courts, with no more than one-year raps.

Jovial Madison, Wisconsin, smoke-in demonstrators (top) cut capers behind the backs of bemused local dowagers; meanwhile, under more private circumstances, the fall Madison crop (above) reaches maturity and is ready for harvest.

sored by the Wisconsin Student Association (WSA). Spending a good portion of their \$70,000 annual budget, the student government sprung for bands, speakers, fire-eaters and, most impressively, the scores of ounces of pot that were thrown to the screaming crowd.

Madison, home of the university, has a long history of smoke-ins dating back to 1970. Some of the early gatherings were routed by cops. Now, police amble back and forth to their headquarters through the foggy throng assembled on the lawn of the state capitol, turning down joints and chasing after loose dogs. There is a city ordinance slapping a \$5 fine on anyone caught smoking dope in public, but now that's overlooked by heads and cops alike.

Despite Madison's long reputation as a hip, liberal city where welfare pays for water beds and the city council gets stoned during recess, this year's WSA smoke-in shocked some of the town's citizens. "To think," snorted 67-year-old Vern Johnson in a tavern across the street from the cheering crowd, "that I can't even buy a bottle of beer with food stamps, and they're throwing that marijuana out by the handfuls. Maybe I should go back to school."

• The denizens of Great Britain, traditionally stuck with overpriced hashish of questionable composition, have discovered that top-notch grass can be grown abundantly on their foggy isle. According to Her Majesty's



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Dagga Enters Global Weed Market:

Cape Town Cops Bust Half Ton of Transkei Weed

CAPE TOWN—Federal cops landed a half ton of dagga, incredibly potent Bantu marijuana, in a raid on an exclusive home here in the Bishopscourt area. The identities of the 12 British citizens involved have been suppressed—the house is just around the corner from the British Embassy—but are known to include a 17-year-old boy and a 52-year-old woman.

Dagga is grown extensively by Bantu tribespeople in both the Transvaal, to the north of here, and in Transkei, just across the Drakensburg Mountains to the northeast. Police aren't saying where the Bishopscourt stash came from, but since they tracked it to Cape Town through the two most-used Drakensburg approaches—Toit's Kloof and Sir Lowry's Pass—it's almost certain to be Transkei weed.

The likelihood that Transkei is producing weed for export has intriguing ramifications for the international market. Transkei last year was officially pronounced to be an "independent republic," ruled by its own democratic parliament, currently headed by Prime Minister George Matanzima. While Matanzima himself is universally regarded as a puppet of the white racist Republic of South Africa (RSA) regime in Pretoria, he faces a tough and lively opposition in the Transkei parliament at Umtata.

Shortly after "independence," one opposition leader in Umtata, Chief Nkoswayne, seriously proposed the legalization of dagga for export from Transkei, which has no other significant exportable resource. "Unless we cultivate dagga and export it," said Nkoswayne,

"our people will always be starving." As a nominally independent nation, Transkei is not required to uphold RSA narcotics laws. And since it's not recognized by the United Nations, Transkei is not prohibited by the U.N. Single Treaty Convention on Narcotics from growing and exporting marijuana.

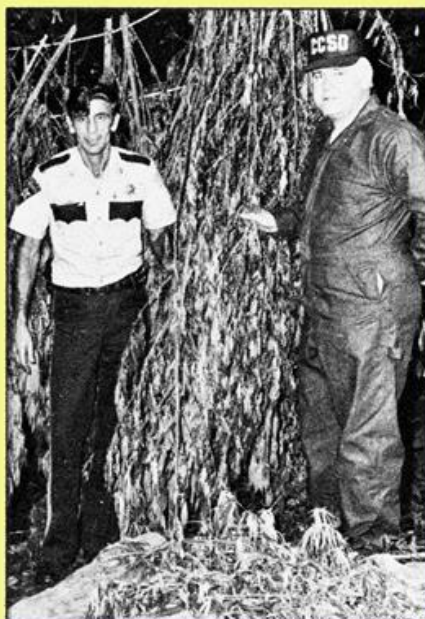
And, Transkei dagga is valuable weed: The Britishers in the half-ton bust, cops say, were expecting to make over \$600, wholesale, per compressed pound of it back in Britain. While shipping it out through the RSA is obviously risky, Transkei enjoys 150 miles of Indian Ocean seafloor, with several splendid mother-ship anchorages, and will soon complete construction of one deepwater port. If Transkeians were to start making millions every year from dagga export, many observers believe, no international narco agency would be very eager to disrupt the trade and thereby eliminate the tiny Bantu nation's only chance of achieving economic independence from the RSA, a nation condemned by nearly all political factions in the world community.



Ontario police inspectors proudly tally equipment from a busted speed lab that netted three men, 21 pounds of pure speed and enough chemicals to produce 124 pounds of methamphetamines with a total street value of nearly \$33 million.

• Key West citizens tipped off Florida Customs to two major grass moves in one week-end, accounting for 26.5 tons of Colombian and 14 Miami Cubans. An anonymous woman first called in news of some "suspicious characters" parked at Crawl Key. Customs snoops staked out the car and followed it after dark to a bayside dock where a 45-foot crawfish boat, the *Miss Bobbie*, was lading 20,000 pounds; a helicopter was called in, and three men were busted. An auxiliary Cigarette boat was trailed to a Long Key hotel and found to contain seeds and stems, so the two men with it were nailed.

Next day, working on another phone tip, Customs raided the Sombrero Light area on the Atlantic side of the Keys in Marine Patrol boats: Six Cubans and two 42-foot crawfishers, the *Wolf* and the *Tony Jr.*, lading 15,000 and 18,000 pounds apiece, were chased down. A further search turned up the *Don Jose* off Bahia Honda with one bale and three men aboard.



This Cocke County, Tennessee, grass hung for curing is sure to get the torch, thanks to local cops pictured here. Estimated value of the boo: \$50,000.

Pushy Street Vendors Blow \$1M Blow Racket

A loose association of Washington, D.C., street vendors allegedly peddled a million bucks' worth of snort last year along with their regular wares until the blow bazaar was brought down through simple bad manners. D.C. cops began putting the eight young men and women hawkers under close surveillance, they say, when other sidewalk trinket vendors complained of their unsociable, monopolistic behavior. "If a vendor in another group would come over and try to take one of the cocaine dealers' spots," says Sgt. Patrick Lanigan, "the cocaine vendors would topple over their stands. There was a lot of rough-housing."

Business was evidently brisk while it lasted—a little more than a year—at tables along Washington, Connecticut and Wisconsin avenues. Office workers by the hundreds would pass by the stands daily, attracted by suggestive handwritten signs such as, "Our prices are lower so you can get higher," and such unsubtle offers as, "Hey, you want to get ripped?"

A lot of the coke, say cops, was peddled inside standard head-stash gimmicks like Buzz-Bee frisbees and fake lipstick cases. Regular customers, though, were allegedly referred to a certain phone number (the first four numbers conveniently reading SCUM), through which they could get orders for larger amounts of sneeze. After the order was placed, the cus-

tomers allegedly could pick up the prepaid consignment at one of the sidewalk tables.

The mutual connection of the eight defendants—all in their early 20s—was not busted, though cops spent three months making setup buys and trying to track down the SCUM number's location.

• "No one has stepped forward and claimed the cocaine," cracked Miami Customs officer Jim Dingfelder, after 20 pounds of pure turned up on the bow of a Colombian refrigerated freighter moored to a Miami dock. The

dope had been stashed in an area of general access to the whole crew, so a fingerprint inspection turned up zilch and nobody could be busted. "We'll just pack it in," smiled Dingfelder, "and sit back with our 20 pounds."

• Miami Airport Customs snoops turned up two major coke stashes in the same day, with the busts of a New York City man and a Nevada woman. They nabbed 6.4 pounds in a wine bottle the man was carrying, and 5.1 pounds in the woman's two suitcases.

• Eight people—from New York City, Pasadena, Indiana, Washington, Los Angeles, Coral Gables and Louisiana—were in the alleged possession of 12 pounds of cocaine, seven ounces of heroin, two pounds of methaqualone and 50 pounds of marijuana when Miami city narcotics policemen arrested them "at various locations" around town.



These 329 pounds of cocaine nipped in the breakup of an airborne smuggling operation in Fort Lauderdale broke the previous U.S. record of 207 pounds set back in 1971. But records are made to be broken: Three days after this photo was taken, feds at Tampa Airport seized 400 pounds to set the new all-time high.

Mark Wenzel

HIT PARADE

In like a lion, out like a lamb: That's March. And in for a zee, in for a ki is how the narcs are working it nowadays, according to word from the suppliers' end of the country's evidence bins. It seems a lot of narcs aren't satisfied anymore with being credited with measly gram busts of coke or pound busts of reefer, so to make a handsomer weigh-out in court they've taken to padding the stash with whatever happens to be lying around the cop shop—mannitol, parsley, spare tires and so on. So when you see those impressive five-figure poundages here, you might take it all with a grain of salt. Or with a whole pile of horseshit, even better.

- 56,000 lbs Santa Marta gold seized by Coast Guard on scallop fisher *Ellen Louise* at Cape May, New Jersey; 12 busted.
- 10,000 lbs of hashish nailed aboard British yacht *Algora*, berthed in Las Palmas, Canary Islands; Spanish narc collar, no reported busts.
- 8,500 lbs of commercial smoke in a house trailer near Greenville, North Carolina; DEA, county and state cops busted 8.

- 3,858 lbs standing *pakalolo* seized at various locations around Hawaii by county cops and National Guard from 'copters; no busts.
- 1,500 lbs of Colombian busted in Toronto by RCMP; 8 locals busted.
- 1,160 lbs of weed nabbed in Six Mile, South Carolina, by county cops; 2 busts.
- 1,700 eight-foot greenhouse plants nipped from Breton, Alberta, home by local cops; married couple busted.

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THE HIGH & MIGHTY

California Appeals Judge Popped for 323 Grass Seedlings

Oakland narcs had to use a pair of binoculars to get a bead on some 323 pot seedlings they claimed were "in plain view" on the balcony of California Court of Appeals judge Paul Halvonik's Oakland home. Ironically, the seedling bust of the eminent magistrate (the entire evidence cache totaled less than one ounce, net weight) came down less than a week before the appeals bench itself, with Judge Halvonik necessarily absent, ruled that warrantless police binocular surveillance is as illegal as warrantless electronic bugging (see *High Times*, "Law," December '79).

The Oakland narcs staked out the judge's house after his wife, attorney **Deborah Halvonik**, had called in to report a burglary in which a portable TV and a Betamax had been nipped from the premises. The patrolman who investigated the ripoff says he spotted some seedlings in pots on the balcony and tipped the narc squad. Oakland narc chief Larry Rodrique then undertook the 'noc-spot, got a search warrant on the basis of seeing the sprouts and sent in an eight-man scoop squad.

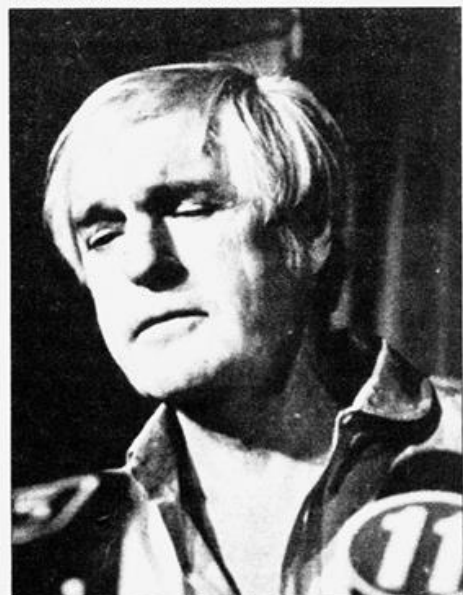
Besides the seedlings, the cops say they turned up two one-zee bags of sinsemilla and about 0.03 grams of cocaine. Judge Halvonik was accordingly charged with cultivation and possession for sale of grass, and his wife was hit with coke possession.

Halvonik, a former civil-rights lawyer, has been called a pothead before. When Gov. Jerry Brown appointed him to the California appeals bench in 1978, the selection was opposed by Atty. Gen. Evelle Younger. It seems that in 1974, a San Quentin guard had allegedly discovered a joint of grass inside a pack of cigarettes in Halvonik's possession while the latter was waiting to interview an incarcerated client. Younger's opposition to Halvonik's 1978 appointment was overridden, though, by California's Chief Justice Rose Bird and Wakefield Taylor, presiding justice of the California First District Court of Appeals.

Both Halvoniks have defended marijuana cases in the past, and at the time of the bust, Mrs. Halvonik, 37, had been mounting a technical "species defense" for one of her grass clients. Judge Halvonik, 40, is a former jazz pianist.

• Ketamine, the PCP cogener that was used as a battlefield anesthetic for wounded GIs during the Vietnam War, was the "dangerous drug" allegedly found in the possession of Dr. Timothy Leary and his wife, **Barbara**, in their recent L.A. bust. Cops raided the Leary domicile in Beverly Hills when a neighbor reported hearing a woman screaming inside. Some say it was a marital squabble, Leary says it was just good sex, but Barbara was admitted for a suspected OD at Cedars-Sinai Medical Center. After the "dangerous drug" bust—a relatively minor infraction—Leary went back to doing stand-up schtick at Budd Friedman's Improvisation Club, where he's been talking about launching some network competition for the "too timid, too kindergartenish" "Saturday Night Live." Says the venerable

guru, "Network scouts, bookers, executives have been coming to the Improv to see me, and we've talked about the show."



Take his wife, please: "Good sex" led to a ketamine OD for Barbara Leary.

• **Joe Califano, Jr.**, whose Department of Health, Education and Welfare came within a hair's breadth of controlling the whole legal-drug industry before his pressured resignation last summer, has a new job. Now a struggling author, with a mere \$100,000 to compose the memoirs of his life in government, Califano is running a lecture tour "to help earn money while I write the book." It may be a pretty hefty book: The ex-sec's signed to address various outfits for \$10,000 a rap.



Forgotten but not quite gone: Califano threatens to write his memoirs.

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Trans-High Market Quotations

Prices have skyrocketed over the past few months on all imported pot as the prolonged Colombian, Mexican and exotics drought continues. Fortunately, America's home-grown and sinsemilla farmers have more than picked up the slack, producing such bountiful harvests that for the first time since sinsemilla appeared on the commercial market in the fall of 1975 the prices have dropped; sinsemilla that last year cost \$175 an ounce and up can this year be copped for \$140 an ounce and up. (Note: The State of California officially estimates that marijuana will be the number one cash crop in the state this year. That's number one in the number one agrarian state in the number one agricultural country on the planet. Now *that's* number one. Let's hear it for the California pot farmers, a group outstanding in their fields!) Cocaine has edged up to where \$125 will soon be the going price for anything not street caliber, with top-notch toot pushing \$150. Acid sales are so strong that in some areas in the East, franchised brands are engaging in price wars much like the gas wars of the '50s—unlimited mileage for two bucks a hit.

AUSTRALIA			
Domestic grass	quality varies	oz	30-40
		lb	350-550
Mullumbimby madness	rare but there	oz	55-75
		lb	550-850
Colombian pot	mostly 'mersh	oz	75-225
		lb	800-1200
Thai sticks	super but sparse	one	15-20
		oz	175-240
Pseudo sticks	useless	one	8-13
		oz	100-120
		oz	75
New Zealand homegrown	growing	lb	600-750
Domestic hash	truly shit	oz	50-100
		lb	300-500
Putty hash	adulterated Lebanese	oz	210-250
		lb	2800-3000
Nepalese fingers	slabs too, top-notch	oz	250-400
		lb	3000-4500
Indian hash oil	at times primo	gm	20-45
		oz	420-620
Mushrooms	ubiquitous	oz	50-75
LSD	tiles, blots	one	4-6
		100	300-500
Mandrax	rare but there	one	2-3.50
		100	100-200
Cocaine	A1 for these parts	gm	140-175
		oz	3000-3200

CANADA

Commercial	a trickle	oz	65-80
Colombian		lb	600-800
Gold and red	zilch	oz	80-100
Colombian		lb	750-1000
Hawaiian buds	Vancouver and	oz	250-350
	west coast	lb	2500-7200
Jamaican	in the cities,	oz	75-125
pot	but rare	lb	800-1200
Mexican tops	yo-yo market	oz	60-100
		lb	600-800
California	good stuff	oz	200-275
sinsemilla		lb	2200-3000
Homegrown	decent,	oz	25-35
pot	considering	lb	100-250
Hash	lots of Leb	oz	90-135
		lb	1200-1500
LSD	4-way and	one	4-10
	strawberry blots	100	200-450
MDA	all PCP	one	3-5

COLOMBIA			
Santa Marta	season heating	oz	5-10
golds, reds	up	lb	50-80
Commercial	megatons	oz	2-4
domestic		lb	50-80
Colombian	still trying	oz	10-30
hash		lb	100-250
Hash oil	a laser,	oz	150-200
	surprisingly	lb	1500-2000
Mushrooms	coming to U.S.	oz	40-75
	soon		
Cocaine	bull market,	oz	175-225
	a top year	lb	2500-3000

ENGLAND			
African grass	some ho-hum sticks	oz lb	120-150 1250-1300
Colombian grass	on blue moons only	oz lb	120 1000
Kashmir twist sticks	small but good	one	6
Thai sticks	great	one	25
Homegrown	good year	oz lb	free to 50 100-350
Jamaican pot	seedy, super	oz lb	90-120 900-1200
Black Kashmir hash	knockout, scarce	oz lb	180-225
Moroccan hash	average, strong supply	oz lb	90-100 950-1000
Paki black hash	black slabs	oz lb	120 1450-1500
Hash oil	in milligram units too	gm oz	25-30 480-540

LSD	embargoed	one	4.50-7.50
	by cops	100	300
Cocaine	drought	gm	135-180
		oz	270
Opium	vintage year	oz	180-300
		lb	1800-2100
Mandrax	limey 'ludes	one	1-1.50

JAPAN			
Colombian	scarce	oz	120
pot		lb	1200-1600
Philippine	plentiful but	oz	90-120
pot	shitty	oz	900-1200
Homegrown	around, not bad	oz	90-120
		lb	900-1200
Thai sticks	taste-test first	ea	30-40
		oz	300-600
Buddha sticks	rarity, superb	ea	40-60
Philippine	not bad for	gr	25
hash	firsts	oz	300-350
LSD	much blotter,	ea	4-12

MEXICO			
Oaxacan tops	bigger than your head	oz	5-10
		lb	50-90
Mexican sinsemilla	much pollinated	oz	5-10
		lb	50-80
Acapulco gold	Aztec treasure	oz	10-20
		lb	50-100
Guerrero gold	paralyzing	oz	6-10
		lb	50-100
Emerald hash	sold mostly to L.A.	oz	35-75
		lb	400-500
Cocaine	sucker's buy	gm	30-50
		oz	400-700
Opium	searching for a market	oz	50-100
		lb	400-600

NEW ZEALAND			
Buddha sticks	chewed looking but great	one	12-15
Homegrown "heads"	ace pot	oz	50-65
Afghani hash	impotent	gm	20
		oz	120-175
Hash oil	good stuff	cap	15-20
		oz	80
Psychedelic cactus	local varieties	oz	30-50
LSD	less than impressive	one	4-6

NORWAY			
Moroccan hash	like white bread	gm	5-10
Lebanese hash	pungent and potent	kilo	3000-5000
Chitral hash	smoke of Vikings	gm	10-17
Cocaine	badly cut	kilo	3000-6000
		gm	15-20
		kilo	5000-8000
		gm	100-150
		oz	3000-5000

PERU			
Brown buds	swamp weed	oz	4-5
		lb	55-75
Gold buds	highland treat	oz	10
		lb	70-80
Lechuga	"lettuce" pot	lb	35
grass	from the coast		
Coca leaves	more fun than	kilo	2-3

Coca paste	head salve	gm	1.50-2
		kilo	1100
Cocaine	90 percent pure,	gm	5-10
	world's best	kilo	8500
Quaaludes	local boots,	one	.20
	real losers		

		USA	
Contiguous			
Top-grade	erratic	oz	40-75
Mexican		lb	450-650

Mexican	quality-control	oz	50-65
sinsemilla	problems	lb	500-600
Quality	rising tide	oz	40-60
Jamaican		lb	475-550
Jamaican	taking country	oz	75-125
sinsemilla	by storm	lb	800-1250
Commercial	drought	oz	30-45
Colombian	conditions	lb	450-500
Connoisseur	astorishingly hard	lb	75-100
Colombian	to find	lb	550-850
Colombian	infested with	oz	20
shake	seeds	lb	200-275
Colombian	take your chances	lb	25
seeds			
Pseudo Thai	go home	oz	75-125
sticks		lb	750-1250
Thai sticks	caveat emptor	one	15-20
		oz	150-175
Loose Thai	fluffy, trippy	oz	150-200
		lb	1000-1100
California	record harvest	lb	175-225
sinsemilla		oz	1200-2000
Hawaiian	top dollar	oz	200-300
		lb	2000-3200

Moroccan hash	a good last resort	oz	75-100
Lebanese hash	hello old friend	lb	675-900
		oz	85-120
Black Afghani hash	costly but boss	lb	1000-1400
		oz	150-200
Nepalese hash	pressed balls	lb	1500-1800
	and fingers	oz	100-150
Paki hash	suitcase stashes	lb	1000-1250
		oz	100
		lb	1350
Indian hash	from the old masters	oz	125-160
		lb	1000-1350
Hash oil	strong in drought months	gm	30-60
		oz	500-1000
Psilocybin mushrooms	healthy cottage industry	oz	25-45
		lb	100-250
Peyote	strong supply	oz	15-25

LSD	101 varieties	lb	125-400
		one	1.50-3
		100	100-200
Cocaine	sniff around	gm	60-100
	for buys	oz	900-1800
Qualudes	endangered	one	3-5
	species	100	250-350
MDA	truly wondrous	gm	35-60
	if real		
Crystal meth	here and there	gm	40-75
		oz	750-900
PCP	the pits	gm	60-75

Alaska			
Commercial	grabbed up	oz	65-90
Colombian	fast	lb	525-650
Connoisseur	scarce as seal	oz	90-125
Colombian	feathers	lb	650-900
Domestic	good AM smoke	oz	25-40
weed		lb	100-200
Mexican	an oddity	oz	50-75
weed		lb	550-750
Hawaiian	demand exceeds	oz	275-375
Puna buds	supply	lb	3000-3800
Hawaiian	worth the	oz	175-200
shake	money	lb	500-1000
Lebanese	standard issue	gm	15-20
hash		oz	130-200
Hash oil	sleazy too often	gm	50-75
Cocaine	like snowflakes	gm	100-150
	in hell	oz	2000-3000
Qualuludes	many bogus	one	6-15
White cross	mainland boots	one	.50
		100	20-35

Hawaii		
Puna buds	potent stuff	oz 175-250 lb 1800-2500
Kona gold	forever amber	oz 150-225 lb 1500-2500
Mauna Loa	Wet with resin	oz 150-225 lb 1500-2500
Maui wowie	Rolls-Royce of marijuanas	oz 175-275 lb 2000-3000
Oahu shake	pounds like pillows	oz 50-100 lb 500-900
Leaf sticks	fluffy, clean	one 7-15
Mountain seeds	like Ping-Pong balls	four .25
LSD	dots and blots	one 2-4
Mushrooms	for cheap	free
Cocaine	taste for	gm 75-125 oz 1500-2000
Amphetamines	every nose crosses, black beauts	one 2

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Interview:

FRANK ZAPPA

America's weirdest rock star comes clean

by John Swenson

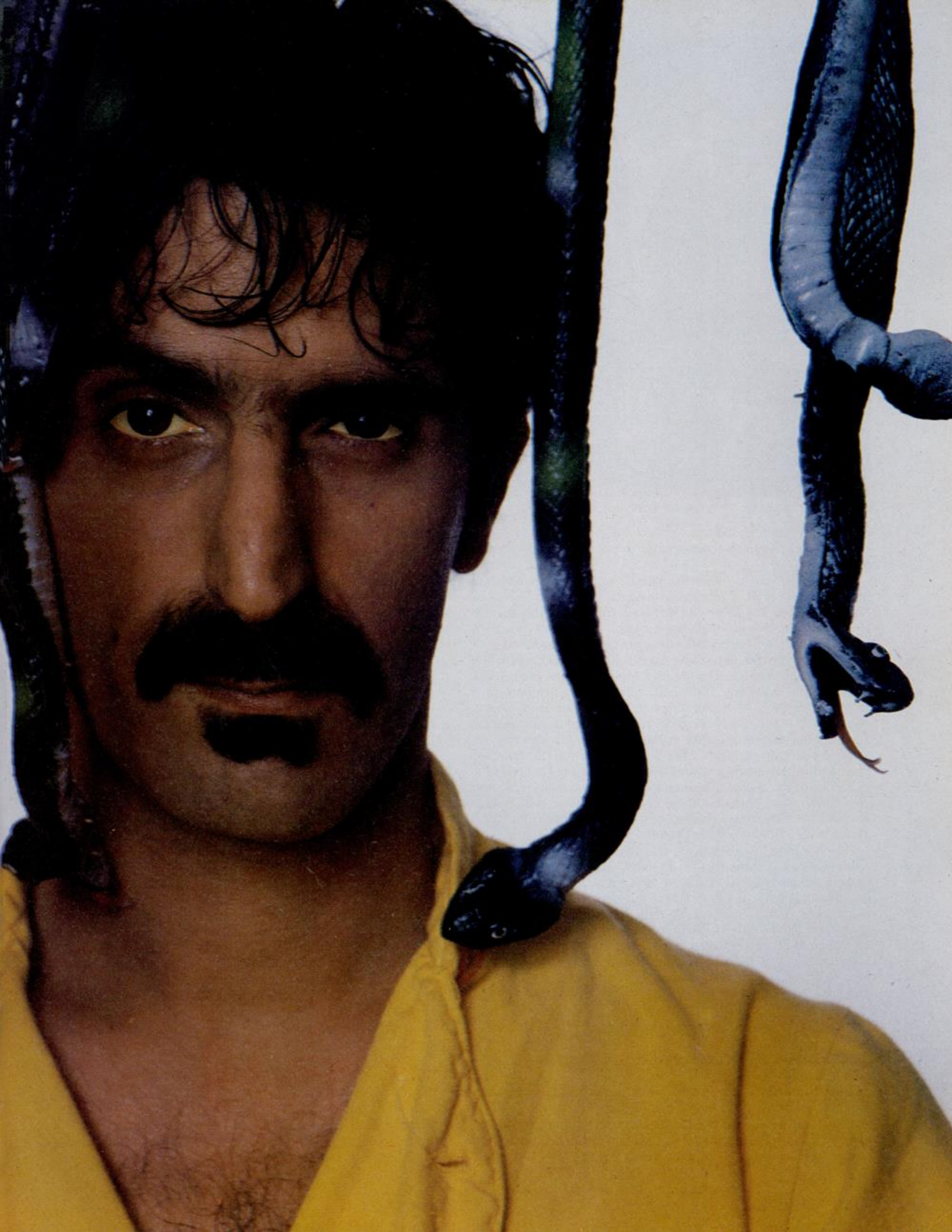
Frank Zappa is probably the most misunderstood man in the history of popular music. A brilliant composer, arranger, satirist and critic, Zappa is nevertheless better known as an eccentric crank who writes funny and controversial songs. His battles with critics and record companies are legendary, but are seen by some as a sour-grapes reaction on his part instead of a sincere attempt to be accurate and efficient in the pursuit of his musical goals. Over the past two decades, Zappa's string of bands has included some of the finest musicians of the time and continually offered the most creative approach to rock instrumentation.

Three years before the Moody Blues' much heralded combination of a conventional rock lineup with the London Symphony Orchestra, Zappa and his charter group, the Mothers of Invention, released *Freak Out*, a much more challenging synthesis of classical, avant-garde, jazz and a view of pop that encompassed every element from rhythm-and-blues vocal groups to '60s rock. Zappa's use of elaborate horn arrangements on that record inspired later, more commercial efforts by Chicago and Blood, Sweat and Tears.

Freak Out and the albums that followed, *Absolutely Free* and *We're Only In It for the Money*—sociopolitical observations on late '60s California lifestyles—amused many listeners but created plenty of resentment among the targets of Zappa's scorn. Zappa became so identified with this satiric material that the ambitious music that followed was all too frequently regarded as just another joke. But *Lumpy Gravy*, *Cruising with Ruben and the Jets*, *Uncle Meat*, *Hot Rats*, *Burnt Weenie Sandwich* and *Weasels Ripped My Flesh* proved that Zappa had few musical peers and earned him the respect of even the most skeptical

Lynn Goodwin







Frank meets his public. (The sleeping Mexican has been airbrushed out.)

critics. Jazz listeners, trained to listen before jumping to conclusions, lauded Zappa as the most interesting rock composer and arranger.

Zappa went on to make the classic underground film *200 Motels* and a series of albums with Mark Volman and Howard Kaylan, the two vocalists who had been the core of the Turtles. He toured with that group during the early '70s before forming a band that included keyboardist George Duke and produced such classics as *Over-Nite Sensation*, *Apostrophe (')* and *One Size Fits All*. Despite such musical triumphs, Zappa continued to run afoul of his record company and finally left Warner Brothers in a flurry of litigation. After planning to release a four-record set to be called "Lather" on Phonogram records three years ago, his legal entanglements resulted in that project's disassembly. Instead Zappa came up with *Sheik Yerbouti*, a record that pushed his notoriety beyond its previous bounds. "Dancing Fool," a hilarious poke at the swinging singles scene, became a disco hit, and "Jewish Princess," another in the long line of satiric cameos dating back to "Suzy Creamcheese," outraged everyone from Dinah Shore to the Anti-Defamation League.

Zappa's latest project, *Joe's Garage*, is his most ambitious work in years, a three-record, six-sided concept album about a world in which music is outlawed. And a new film, *Baby Snakes*, about people who "do stuff that is not normal" promises to be much more commercially viable than *200 Motels*.

Zappa talked at great length in the basement-turned-recording-studio of his Los Angeles home. His compulsive work habits keep him occupied there most of the time he's home. For someone with as wild a reputation as Zappa, he is a very straightforward and sober personality.

High Times: Do you actually police your bands for drug use?

Zappa: Yeah. Absolutely.

High Times: Because you thought that would interfere with their ability to play?

Zappa: It interferes on several levels. First of all, if guys are totally ripped they can't play. They just can't do it, you know. If you rehearse a band for two months to go on the road, they have to learn a show like clockwork so they can perform it under any circumstances. If something goes wrong onstage, they keep play-

ing. It's like commando-warfare training. You go through the rehearsals and by the time you come out of it, you know that show backward and forward. That's the idea. That's what they're being paid to do, so that when you go in front of an audience that demands to be entertained, you can deliver and give it your best shot. Now if you go out there wrecked out of your mind, you're not going to be able to remember your sequence of events. You're going to make instrumental mistakes that are going to throw off the balance of everything else. The whole thing falls down like a stack of dominoes.

The other problem is that when you're doing a tour in Europe—and we spend half the touring season in Europe—every day you're in a different country. Every day a new set of laws, every day new customs regulations and things that you don't know about. You're just going along for the ride there, as one of the guys in the band, and if you've got drugs on you, you don't know what can happen to you. They can take you away and lock you up and away you go and that's good-bye. Meanwhile, the rest of the band has to work even harder to fill up the hole that you left when you got taken away.

High Times: That never happened, did it?

Zappa: Let's just say that there were a couple of wise guys that

"We even had an offer to play for the pope. He wanted to attract the youth of the world to a speech he wanted to make and they were going to get all these rock groups to play. Popestock."

made some mistakes in Europe. They didn't get locked up, but there were some people who did some stupid things over there, so I'm very adamant about it. I don't give a fuck whether they want to come home. Once they're in their own house or off the front line of what's going on, they may still be collecting salaries but, if they're not doing a live show and they're not recording, what they do with their own bodies is their own business. But once they're on the tour or in rehearsal or in recording, they have to be on top of it. Otherwise... Do you know how many people send me letters and résumés wanting to be in the band? I've got a file of people waiting for their jobs. The format of the band has been "If you don't like the job and you don't want to do it, 'bye," because there are plenty of other people who want to do it.

High Times: Does the ban include alcohol?

Zappa: Not really, because there have been only one or two heavy whiskey drinkers—but not to the point where they would be a country-western embarrassment to anybody. If they want to have a beer or drink wine—most of them don't have a taste for whiskey—that's okay because that's legal. If you're traveling around with a band that says in their lyrics some of the things that I say, it would be best if you didn't give a government agency the opportunity to take you away for potential infringement of some peculiar regulation.

High Times: Have you ever been harassed by local authorities? Have the police ever tried to bust you?

Zappa: Well, there was one case where they did that in South Carolina, but here in Los Angeles, no. I mean, my phone's tapped periodically, I can tell that, but other than that I don't have cops hovering around my house or anything like that.

High Times: When you were busted on the pornography rap before you started the Mothers, that certainly was harassment.

Zappa: I would say so, yeah. Actually, what it amounted to was illegal entrapment.

High Times: Why did they come after you?

Zappa: I lived in Cucamonga and I had a building that was painted turquoise blue and avocado green and a sign that said "Record Your Band—\$13.50 an Hour." Cucamonga existed at the intersection of Archibald Avenue and Route 66. Studio Z didn't fit the small-town mentality. The guy who busted me was a de-

ective named Willis and when I finally went to a lawyer about this thing he said, "How could you let yourself get busted by this guy? Everybody knows Willis. He spends his days in public toilets waiting to arrest queers." This is San Bernardino County vice activity circa 1962.

High Times: Have you ever thought of trying for a government grant to record some of your orchestral work?

Zappa: People ask me that all the time. How would you like to owe the government for something like this? I wouldn't. I'd rather leave it in the closet than get a government grant. That's like committee art—having a bunch of people in a government office someplace certify you as artistically viable.

High Times: Think you'll ever play in the Soviet Union?

Zappa: We've had chances to do some dates there but I didn't want to go.

High Times: They asked you?

Zappa: At one point we were asked to spend six weeks in the Soviet Union in exchange for a children's theater group. I like potatoes but a person can eat only so many potatoes, and I respect cockroaches, because they've been around longer than people and I think they must know something that keeps them on top, but I don't want to spend six weeks surrounded by potatoes and cockroaches.

High Times: Doing "Who Are the Brain Police?"

High Times: Yes. We also had a request to go to South Africa and play at an outdoor festival. I said that if they would make it a mixed event with blacks and whites together, I'd consider it, but they wouldn't do it so we didn't go. We even had an offer to play for the pope.

High Times: The pope?

Zappa: You don't believe me. Pope Paul VI. This is an offer that came into our office. The pope wanted to attract the youth of the world to a speech he wanted to make, and they were going to get all these rock groups to play. Popestock.

High Times: He wouldn't have asked if he'd heard "Catholic Girls."

Zappa: Well, not necessarily. You heard about his sex manual, didn't you? There was a news item that said that this particular pope, 20 years ago, wrote a sex-education manual. Somebody found out about it and, through some cardinals in New York, they made a deal and got the rights to the manuscript. They took it to a publisher and figured, "Now we're going to clean up. A sex manual by the pope—what a big seller!" There was only one problem. It was biologically inaccurate. Now I don't think I'm going to offend a pope who writes biologically inaccurate sex manuals with a song like "Catholic Girls."

High Times: It does require a little sophistication.

Zappa: Besides that, I think the guy's got a sense of humor. I could be wrong. I thought a lot of people had a sense of humor before. I used to think that Jewish people had a sense of humor before I got that letter from the ADL [Anti-Defamation League].

High Times: But that doesn't represent all Jewish people.

Zappa: They like to make you think it does. Now isn't that disgusting—the idea of any ethnic group supporting an agency that has as its purpose the dispensation of homogenized image information about the ethnic group. I happen to know that the ADL gets on the case of Jews that don't come up to the expectation of this image that they're putting out. Let's face it, there's all different kinds of Jews, there's all different kinds of Italians, there's all different kinds of everything. And it's a good thing that there are. Otherwise it's like those potatoes. The concept itself is doomed to failure. You're never going to convince everybody that your particular ethnic group is exactly conforming to all these stereotypes that you want to advertise. Let's face it, there were Mexicans at one time who did wear sombreros and sleep against the cactus—as much as those organizations would like you to believe that such a stereotype could never exist. I personally know people of the Negro persuasion who eat watermelons and pork chops. As we all know, there are Jewish people who jerk off and there are Jewish people who grow their nails out weird and have their zits blasted off. These are facts. Let's face the facts. This is the real world.

(continued)

"There are Jewish people who jerk off and there are Jewish people who grow their nails weird and have their zits blasted off. Let's face the facts. This is the real world."





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High Times: Do you calculate the effect of songs like "Jewish Princess" and "Catholic Girls" on your audience? Do you look for a certain negative reaction?

Zappa: Like at the time I write a song like "Jewish Princess," do I presume that the ADL's going to come screaming after me?

High Times: Maybe not necessarily, but to some extent? You know it's going to really fry some sensibilities.

Zappa: Well, the way I look at it, the right kind of a person singing "Ave Maria" could fry people's sensibilities. If Johnny Rotten were to record "Ave Maria," which is a fairly innocuous number, some people would get upset just because of the juxtaposition of the artist and the song. In the case of the public image that I have, there's a good chance that somebody's going to be offended by anything that I do. So what's the difference?

High Times: Okay, that's the negative aspect. Now take it from the other end. Kids get a real kick out of hearing some of these funny songs. Maybe that's why they don't listen to the music—because the words are so overwhelming.

Zappa: But the point is that as long as there's an attitude that you can't have good music with funny words, people presume that if something's funny then the music has to be inconsequential.

High Times: Were you raised Catholic?

Zappa: Yeah.

High Times: At what point did you decide that it was a lot of baloney?

Zappa: When I was about 18.

High Times: Are you concerned with the way your mother might react to some of your material?

Zappa: I know how she reacts. She sticks her fingers in her ears. But I'm not doing what I'm doing in order to gain parental approval.

High Times: Did you ever think that you had committed a mortal sin?

Zappa: I don't remember what the classification of a mortal sin was.

High Times: You could remember if you thought you had done it.

Zappa: Mortal sins. The black dot. They don't come off your soul. Yeah, well.

High Times: Remember the Baltimore catechism?

Zappa: The Baltimore catechism is one of the most absurd things in my recollection. It's so vivid. That little blue and white cover and the stuff that was in there. I used to have to go to catechism class and the nuns would show you charts of hell. They would flip the page back and show you the fire and monsters and shit in there that can happen to you if you do all this stuff. I'm going, "Hey, this is something. This is really exciting." But you know, I've seen worse monsters in some of the audiences we've played for, and they were probably suffering more than the ones in that fake fire on the poster.

High Times: I take it that you don't buy the observation that the use of certain words,



The present-day composer refuses to die but will fly.

**"More people have heard my
have seen me sitting on a
the music or have**

like fuck, is self-defeating.

Zappa: It's a matter of conscience with me. I refuse to believe in the superstitions about these words that infect the media.

High Times: But what if it hurts your cause?

Zappa: The fact of the matter is that if I put out an album that didn't have one single fuck on it, it could still be subject to the same neglect as something that was censored. I remember going to a radio station in San Francisco. I was doing the interview there and they wanted to play some of my records, but they didn't have very many of them there. I said, "You don't have very many of my records," and he said, "Oh yeah, we've got most of them. Most of them are here." They had this box of things that said Don't Play. One of the things they had in the box was the Grand Wazoo album, which is mainly instrumental. So what are you gonna do? People at the stations see a record with my name on it and automatically stick it in that box.

Look, there's nothing fun or cute about me and the whole broadcasting syndrome is based on things that are fun and cute. I may say some things that'll make ya laugh but they ain't much fun, are they? And there's nothing cute about it. I mean fun in the AM sense of the word. "Hi, guys and gals" type of fun. "Everything's okay, we'll just cruise on through life here."

High Times: Mindless fun.

Zappa: The stuff that I do has a very low mindless-fun quotient, which is important to all forms of mass entertainment. Unless you can do the dishes to it, unless you can talk over it, then it's drawing too much of your attention. For the broadest base of American pop-music consumption, the



Michael R. Marks

name or have seen my face or toilet than have ever heard any idea what I do."

mindless-fun quotient is very important. You buy a record because it reinforces your lifestyle. Not necessarily to listen to it, but just to have it with you, just to be in the atmosphere of your life so you can groove along with your peer group with this thing supporting your aesthetic. You're upwardly mobile, you're a groovy guy, kinda modern, so you have fusion music. You're a laid-back, romantic person, you have the Eagles and Linda Ronstadt. These are artifacts that support your lifestyle. Now what kind of a person buys one of my records? Obviously people who don't necessarily conform to the standard configuration. But they need to be entertained just as much as the other people. Everybody is entitled to listen to the kind of music or see the kind of film or whatever entertainment that makes them feel good. That's what entertainment is for—to make you feel good. And theoretically, there must be people out there who use the records that I make to reinforce their lifestyles or whatever image they have of themselves or whatever image they have of the way they live. The easiest way to figure it is that there are lyrics on the record that say things you agree with. People who listen to my records are cynical. Nobody wants the feeling that they're totally alone.

I think when Joe's Garage comes out there are gonna be a lot of people listening to the music for the first time. More people have heard my name or have seen my face or have seen me sitting on a toilet than have ever heard the music or have any idea what I do. I've come into popular folklore as an example of something negative and have been constantly used as that.

Most people haven't even heard my music. They've just known about my name. And I think that this album may change that. They'll hear the music and they'll go back and check out some of the other things.

High Times: Isn't that because the gross-out potential of the lyrics in your songs is so strong that it overwhelms people's perceptions?

Zappa: Well, let's be serious about this. What do you make of a society that is so primitive that it clings to the belief that certain words in its language are so powerful that they could corrupt you the moment you hear them? That's what it's down to with people worrying about magic words that conjure up incredible visions of smut and depravity as soon as they're uttered up into the air.

High Times: They like them though.

Zappa: Oh yeah, but is this civilized? I think all words are useful in order to get ideas across, but the way certain segments of the population feel about the legendary four-letter words—which we're so fortunate to have in our language, 'cause they're so expeditious—the way people fear these words and the length that they go to in order to keep these words out of broadcasts is preposterous. It's really stupid.

When I went on "Saturday Night Live," we were doing a song called "The Meek Shall Inherit Nothing." There was a line in the song that says, "It's your ass that's on the line." They told me that if I didn't change that one word, they would bleep it out in California. And they were serious. When you have a lieutenant governor [Mike Curb] that used to be the president of MGM records...

High Times: He's the guy that supposedly cut everybody on the label for obscenity and promoting drug use, after the same groups had all sued MGM for theft.

Zappa: It was just a joke.

High Times: How the hell did he...

Zappa: How do any of these assholes get in there? Take a look at this—every time Brown goes out of town, Mike Curb steps in. When the governor goes away, the lieutenant governor is supposed to take charge. Brown steps across the state line for two seconds, Mike Curb appoints somebody. Brown comes back, they argue about it. It's preposterous.

High Times: What you're saying makes the premise of Joe's Garage very plausible—that the state could ban music or at least whatever music it wanted to ban. Curb, who you've worked with, is a lot more scary than Ayatollah Khomeini, who banned Western music from Iran, which is removed enough from our everyday life.

Zappa: Oh, is it?

High Times: Does the nostalgia of Joe's Garage mean that you have some feeling of loss for the original days of the Mothers?

Zappa: Not at all. Because quite contrary to popular belief, they were waiting to



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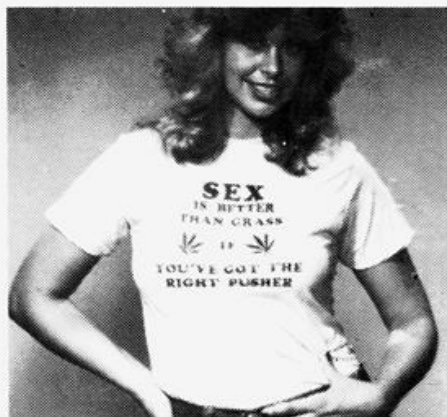


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pick up the paychecks just like everybody else. That's a popular fantasy that the original Mothers was this dedicated band of crazed buffoons who would just travel around doing all these insane things. It wasn't that way at all. They had noooooo desire to do those things and usually had to be flogged into it.

In the case of Roy Estrada and Jimmy Carl Black, they knew unless their hair grew out they couldn't work in Hollywood, right? But they lived in Orange County. Orange County is a place that's down there, where there are a lot of people just like Mike Curb. They take it real serious and it's very right-wing weird down there, very weird. So while they're growing their hair out and dressing peculiarly so they can have a job in Hollywood, they would still have to drive back down to Orange County to their tract homes. They would have to tuck their hair inside their collar and pull it up so that nobody saw them driving down the street. They weren't just flagrant weirdos.

I still had the responsibility of paying the paychecks, but there was less income coming in for me to disperse. When the original Mothers broke up, I had stopped paying myself a weekly salary. At that point, the band owed me about \$10,000. I just couldn't do it anymore and they all hated me because I broke the band up, you know. Like I was supposed to extract money from thin air and keep everybody going. To me that's an extension of the American welfare-state kind of idea. Once you get employed by somebody, you presume that if anything happens to terminate that employment, the employer has shirked his responsibility to keep your life-style going.

High Times: Did you feel that you guys were going to become as big as, say, the Rolling Stones?

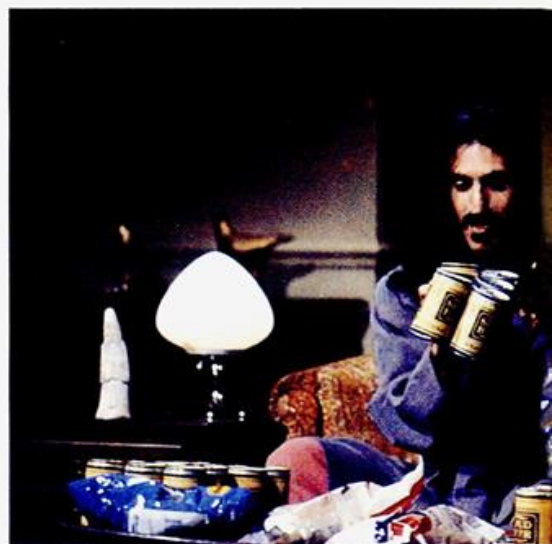
Zappa: I didn't think we'd be as big as the Rolling Stones because I knew too much about what the market was. The market was for people who were cute. Always has been and always will be. There is nothing cute about us. But there was a market for people who bought monster magazines and things like that, and I assumed that people who went for ugly would go for us. We had a potential constituency—people who liked ugly things. This is not as large a market as people who liked cute things.

High Times: Do you find that the people that you work with appreciate the attention to detail and sense of doing something out of the ordinary?

Zappa: I think that most of them care only for their paycheck, and that is the way it has always been and that's the way it'll always be.

High Times: Then why do they choose to work with you?

Zappa: Well, there's a good reason why people will come to work for me. When they stop working for me, they have in-



Zappa enjoying some mindless fun while reaching vast

**"The market was for people
a market for people who bought
assumed that people who were**

stantaneous recognition of working in a band that has a reputation for being one of the most difficult, which gives them a certain amount of professional esteem. Plus, any time they want to say something bad about me, they have a friendly ear from any journalist who thinks it's a good story. They always say that I'm an asshole. I don't give a fuck. The basic point is that I'm an employer. I'm the guy who has to sign paychecks for these people. When was the last time you heard of any human being who liked his boss? I'm the boss. You can't like the boss. This is wrong, it's against human nature. Not only do I have to sign their paychecks, I have to make sure that I have earned enough money to make those checks not bounce. That's the thing that they don't realize. Whatever they're being paid they have to figure out that. I pay my guys on a yearly guarantee whether they're working or not. No contracts. It's a handshake deal. If I say you're hired, from the day that I hire you, you get paid every week, whether you're working or not, for a whole year, even if I fire you before the year is up. If I say I'm going to pay you for a year, you've got it. There have been times when I went without food or any of the materials that I need to work with so I could make good on those checks. I don't fuck around, and they don't appreciate that.

I would say that a musician who goes to work for me gets quite a good deal. First of all, it's the best education that you can get. It's like on-the-job training for doing things that you would never learn or be asked to do in any other kind of a band. I think that most of the people who have been in the band for a while—even if they totally hated what they were doing while they were in it—did learn something. So when



quantities of potential consumers.

**who were cute. But there was
ght monster magazines and I
nt for ugly would go for us."**

you see things in print about what it's like to work for Zappa, you have to wonder whether or not the person who's making the comments has any idea what it's like to employ a band.

There was a time in the late '60s when to sign me to a record company in order to build its image was like saying, "Yes, we have everything from this over here to Zappa, ha, ha, ha—from all the good stuff way over there to this shit over here." I'm pretty sure that's one of the reasons I got signed.

High Times: It's funny, because you seem to cooperate. You tour a lot and release albums all the time.

Zappa: I do even better than that. I plan advertising campaigns. I personally supervise the artwork. I take care of all the actual production stuff on a record up to the point it's delivered to them. I go through the mastering process, everything. *I do the work.* The guy that signs me to a contract, all he has to do is just send me the check and the work is done and it just arrives in the mail. Because I like to do the work. I like to take as much responsibility for the project as possible, because I know that the record companies don't care as much about the music as I do. There's no way for anybody to know how much time I spend writing or recording, or how much product is completed or what type of product it is or anything. They have no idea what kind of work I do, and the only impressions that remain in their mind were things that they read in the '60s. So in their imaginations, perhaps, I'm a person who's frozen into the tail end of the Vietnam War or something. What sort of a person would imagine that I would be harder to work with than somebody who has just gotten his first punk band together?

High Times: One thing that could be said to be noncooperation on your part is that your stuff isn't always programmable on AOR [album-oriented radio] stations.

Zappa: Yeah, but neither is most new wave. They were handing out immense contracts to the grubbiest little new-wave bands, knowing full well that these bands are not going to get any AOR play, for the same reason that I got signed to Warner Brothers in the '60s—prestige. Every major record company had to have some new-wave acts. So out come the bucks and here comes the new wave. After they get them on there, then maybe the company producers would get together with these acts and try to convince them to make singles. It all got molded and shaped into these neat little packages that took all the edges off their music. The record company was happy because finally they've got something they could send to a radio station. Don't get me wrong, I happen to like a lot of the new-wave things—much more than the stuff that came under the classification of punk, which sounded in many instances unmusical. But some of the new-wave bands are doing stuff that's interesting.

High Times: What have you heard that impresses you?

Zappa: Well, there's nothing that I like 100 percent. I heard a few songs by the Stranglers that I liked and I saw the B-52's playing in New York several times and I really liked them.

High Times: The new-wave bands are the recent bar bands that have come along. That's why they're being signed. They're the new talent.

Zappa: I don't think you can really call them bar bands. In New York they might be bar bands, but that's not generally accepted all across America. A bar band is still a bar band. They play the hits or they don't play in the bar.

High Times: Yeah, but that's been taken over by discos now. Clubs where bands used to play Chicago songs or whatever now have prerecorded disco music. It's groovy and it costs less.

Zappa: It doesn't smell. It doesn't need a dressing room. It doesn't get arrested. It doesn't show up late for work. It doesn't need to buy band uniforms.

High Times: I've often seen it written that you chose rock 'n' roll just because it was something that was in the public eye.

Zappa: No, that's not true. I mean I've always liked rhythm-and-blues music and I'm a big collector of it. There's lots of things in the public eye that I don't wish to be a part of. I write music and I think the taste of the people who consume music in the United States has been in some ways grossly underrated. I think that the American listening public could probably respond positively to more different types of music than they have been exposed to by radio. That doesn't mean they'll all evoke the same uniform pleasurable response.

(continued on page 96)

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"R." vs. t i The Great

by "R."

Already people are comparing it to the great heavyweight bouts of all time: Dempsey-Tunney; Ali-Liston. The Great Smoke-out between "R." and the chimp will rank with them as one of the great head-to-head championship encounters ever staged.

For weeks and months before the bout, savvy figures in the dope-growing world could speak of little else. Heavy loads of bud were bet; entire harvests were said to be riding on the outcome.

I'd tried to avoid the challenge. I don't go looking for trouble. But when your honor's on the line a man gotta do what a man gotta do.

You see, when you get a reputation as a dope connoisseur it's like having a rep as the fastest gun in the West. Guys are always looking to challenge you.

There was the time when "The Haze Brothers" rode into town from out of the West to take on "R." The Haze brothers were three sinsemilla farmers from California who were determined to prove that "R." was wrong to put down their state's pod. They proceeded to hand "R." joint after joint to smoke, trying to fry his brains into changing his mind. It didn't work. "R." retained his objectivity.

But this new challenge was different: not from another state or region, not from another smoker or grower, but from another species.

The legend of the dope-smoking chimp had been growing like wildfire. Not only, it was said, could the super simian smoke, he could also go out into the fields and harvest grass, manicure the buds, roll a joint and light it up himself. "Not only that," said the awestruck witnesses to the mighty monkey's feats, "he can smoke any human under the table in no time at all."

And so when word reached the chimp's island home that "R." was making an inspection tour of dope paradise, cries went up for a dope-smoking contest. "R." found

he Chimp n Smoke-out

A chimpanzee is the central figure, sitting at a wicker table on a wooden porch. The chimp is holding a cigarette in its mouth, and a plume of white smoke is visible. The background shows a house with white columns and a window. The overall tone is humorous and anthropomorphic.

himself defending not only his personal honor but the honor of the human race itself.

Before we get into the heat of the battle let me point out that the whole notion of this particular challenge—"He can smoke any man under the table"—is alien to all the dope connoisseur believes in about the pleasures of grass. It's a relic of alcoholic consciousness, where "holding your liquor" is so important. Holding your liquor means being able to consume as much as possible with as little effect; the ideal in smoking good dope is to get as high as possible from as little dope—one-toke dope being an ultimate compliment. The ideal in alcoholic culture is to maintain a dim dumb numb consciousness as your buddies are lapsing into unconsciousness and sliding under the table, while the ideal with marijuana is to alter consciousness the most, to raise it to its highest and most intense level. The idea in marijuana smoking is not to "hold" but to release.

Still, the primitive power of the chimp's challenge could not be denied, and, against his better, wiser instincts, the connoisseur allowed himself to be drawn into accepting. It was not just "R.," it was the honor of human consciousness being challenged. And so, muttering to himself that he could do anything better than any chimp, the connoisseur headed for the confrontation.

I thought I was ready when I arrived at the site of the match the day before the battle, but it was clear I was not prepared for the elaborate psych-out schemes of the dope-smoking chimp nor for his amazing secret weapon.

The psych-out effort began about 30 seconds after the chimp and I were first introduced. He was in his cage—about the size of a small U-Haul van—eating a loaf of bread when I walked over to be introduced by his owner-trainer. I didn't

think I put on any airs—even though I had no doubt he was the challenger. I was a humble champion, always attributing my powers to the collective unconscious of the millions of American dope smokers who are my readers.

And so when the proud owner brought me over to the bars to shake hands with the chimp, I was polite. I stuck out my hand first. He bit it. That's right—the *furry little bastard bit my hand*. And this was no polite little nip; he chomped down on my first and second fingers puncturing the skin and drawing blood, and were it not for the fact that years of smoking good marijuana have sharpened my psychomotor skills to a fine edge enabling me to slip my hand out of his mouth, he might have bitten them off for all I knew.

It happened in a flash while the owner was looking away, undoubtedly putting more raw meat in his feeding trough, and by the time my yelp drew his attention the chimp was grinning his most cute and innocent "I'm-a-lovable-chimp" grin and the owner found it hard to believe me when I told him why my hand was streaming with blood.

"He's never bitten anyone before," the owner told me. "I'm real surprised; it's not like him."

The fact that it was out of character did not ease the pain, nor the sense of shock at the vicious psycho competitiveness of the challenger. Apparently the match meant a lot to the chimp. Plus he had the emotion of a hometown crowd going for him. I began to worry about the psychic effects on my consciousness, which had until then been serenely confident. I mean, during the match when I started smoking joint after joint of powerful Hawaiian, how would I handle the not-so-paranoid fantasy that a rabid, cannabis-crazed chimp was going to leap over and sever my jugular?

Nor was I reassured when I had a talk with the owner about the psychology of chimps.

"Even though you raise them, sooner or later you know he's gonna go for you," the owner confessed. "It's the way they behave with a dominant male around—they'll obey as long as they think you have the upper hand, but they're always looking for the day when they'll have an advantage and then they'll go for you and you just gotta be ready to smash them down."

Great, I thought to myself. Now he's telling me that this chimp is a frustrated killer competitor.

The owner had tried to convince me that the fierce bite had been some misunderstanding, that the chimp maybe thought I had some food for him in my hand. But I knew better. It was no accident that he'd bitten me on my right hand; that's the hand I used to hold dope in between puffs. The treachery of the chimp weighed so heavily on my mind the next day, the day of the match, that I never

dreamed of the secret weapon he unleashed in the first round.

Remember the "magic punch," the invisible fist, the secret weapon that Ali unleashed twice on Sonny Liston for knockouts? I'd compare what the chimp did to me to that.

Here's the setting. The chimp and I are seated facing each other across a table. The table is on a balcony. Below us are gathered a select invitation-only audience of a hundred knowledgeable people, smoking, wagering, electric tension flickering throughout the conversational hum as the moment approaches for the test.

The chimp is wearing a striped shirt-and-shorts outfit. I'm wearing a brown paper bag over my head to conceal my identity (to protect my sources and

**The chimp was
toying with me.
It was like Ali
with the rope-a-dope.
But then he got
down to business.**

because, as with restaurant critics, anonymity is sometimes necessary for objectivity).

On the table the contest sponsors have laid out two rows of joints with labels attached, one row for the chimp, one for me.

At last the signal was given: "Gentlemen, light up your joints." I thought it was stretching it in a couple of ways to call the chimp a gentleman. Especially since he couldn't understand English and had to have his joint lit by a real human anyway. This is getting catty, I know, but you'll understand when I explain the sources of my bitterness.

At first it was monkey see, monkey do. The first joint was some stickless Thai and the chimp started out by just imitating everything I'd do: I'd take a puff, hold it, blow the smoke out my mouth. He'd take a puff, hold it, blow the smoke out his mouth. He was toying with me. It was like Ali with the rope-a-dope. But then he got down to business.

After two imitative puffs he just stuck the joint in his mouth, took a puff—but instead of blowing it out he kept his mouth closed, took another puff, then another, then another, till he'd smoked the entire joint down to a tiny ash without once stopping for breath. Then he topped it off by blowing the accumulated smoke out his ears.

I coughed and choked on the smoke in my lungs. I was floored. No one had prepared me for this. Before I had time to react he had picked up another joint from the lineup, this one marked "Maui Wowie Purple," got it lit, put it in his mouth and

blew it out his ears again. Only this time he didn't blow it all out at once, he let it out his ears in short triumphant bursts.

Suddenly I started giggling as well as coughing. I was pretty high now and I have to admit the whole situation was weird. I mean, did man evolve from the slime and develop a sophisticated civilization for this: for me to sit with a paper bag on my head across from a dope-smoking chimp who was puffing smoke out his ears like a fucking steam engine.

And then it struck me: Yes, a steam engine. I had looked at this contest from the wrong perspective. It wasn't a contest of man and a lower primate—it was more like John Henry versus the steam engine.

I was pondering this in the stunned stoned silence when I noticed that with his head start, the chimp had ceased steaming ahead and was, in fact, now sitting there ridiculing me by imitating my postures and movement. First he imitated my spaced-out joint-in-hand breath-holding look, then he imitated with a satirical edge my furious exhale-and-rush-to-puff-again. Then he went off into some improvisational imitation of humans smoking and getting stoned that Cheech and Chong would have been proud of. You should have seen the solemn way he "bogarted" a joint from his chimp mouth. He was clearly riffing away now, knowing that there was no contest.

By that time I was laughing so much at the silliness of the whole situation and the funniness of the chimp caricatures and I was so stoned that I literally rolled off my chair and started pounding on the floor. This disappointed backers who had bet on me, since to some it might seem that the chimp actually had *smoked me under the table*.

Of course I didn't look at the outcome that way. To me it was only to the superficial viewer looking upon my recumbent form and the swaggering chimp blowing smoke rings over me that I suffered a defeat. Yes the chimp could smoke more dope faster than me, or probably any human, but *I could get more high*. I was more sensitive. I had the better perspective on it all.

In fairness to the chimp owners, I have to admit that they claim their pet *did* get high. After the smoke-out was over and the audience had dispersed, the chimp engaged in what the owner says is his very favorite thing to do stoned. He took the owner's baby beagle pet under his arm and carried it with great dignity and tenderness as he climbed up a tall tree and walked out on a branch. He set the hapless beagle down and squatted next to it on the branch, petting it and smiling down at the humans. I guess you could say that chimp did get high.

The moral of the story, of course, is that people who get lured into treating good herb like alcohol and try to win smoke-outs just make monkeys out of themselves. ☐

Waiter, what's that skull doing in my ice cube?



Sean Daly

by Wilson Bryan Key

Over the past seven years an alarming number of seemingly normal citizens have been spotted leering strangely at advertisements in buses and subways, peering intently at magazine pages held upside down and sideways, and mumbling angrily to whoever will listen that they are seeing the most extraordinary things there: words like "sex" and "fuck" etched lightly into the pretty girl's face in a cigarette ad, the command "U-Buy" scribbled in the background of a junk-food ad, skulls lurking in the ice cubes of a scotch ad, cocks and cunts airbrushed into ads selling everything from blue jeans to toothpaste to children's toys. People exhibiting this odd behavior are not in the advanced stages of delusional psychosis, nor victims of mass hysteria; they have, undoubtedly, merely been reading the books of Wilson Bryan Key.

Since the publication of *Subliminal Seduction*, his first book, in 1973, Wilson Key has been at the center of a controversy that could blow the lid off our consumer society. He has been both praised as one of

the most outstanding and outspoken critics of American mass media, and ridiculed as a "paranoid" and "lunatic" for alleging that advertisements are chock-full of subliminally suggestive graphics that are invis-

One day during a class lecture Key happened to glance at an upside down copy of Esquire and noticed an unmistakable phallus popping out of an advertisement.

ible to anyone who is not looking for them but are extremely effective sales tools. In addition to scores of simple "sex," "fuck" and "U-Buy" embeds, Key has compiled a massive collection of highly complex and sophisticated subliminal artworks, some of which, selected from his latest book, *The*

Clam-Plate Orgy, are presented on the following pages. While his argument may initially strike those unfamiliar with Key's crusade as off-the-wall to say the least, a careful look at a few of his choice examples has been sufficient to convince thousands of skeptics that there is more to advertising than meets the eye.

Wilson Key at 55 is hardly the raving fanatic his opponents portray. He has worked in the media and advertising for 30 years first as a writer, radio and television producer, director and announcer; later, as the director of an international market-research group based in Puerto Rico whose clients included General Foods, Schlitz, Volkswagen, Eastern Airlines, Seagrams, Del Monte, Nabisco and Gillette. In Puerto Rico, Key was impressed by the incredible amount of money invested by advertisers in research to determine why people consumed their products (Schlitz, for example, spends \$10 million annually investigating human behavior and beer consumption), and by the cloak-and-dagger atmosphere

of secrecy surrounding this research.

Notes Key: "I've done studies for General Motors where they sent two guys over to my office who supervised the destruction of all the overlays, stencils and working papers that went into the study. Finally, five numbered copies, the only five numbered copies, were given to the board of directors in New York, and later kept in a vault." To confuse competitors, other companies instructed Key to deliberately leak false information about his projects.

No question about it, these advertising boys were playing hardball, but Key didn't suspect the more sinister aspects of the game until 1971. By this time he was regarded as a "trained expert" on mass media and human perception, and had returned to North America to teach a course in advertising techniques at the University of Western Ontario (UWO). One day during a class lecture Key happened to glance at an upside down copy of Esquire and noticed an unmistakable phallus popping out of an advertisement. He shrugged it off as artistic whimsy—until he and his students discovered an array of similar ads. "After 100, I began to take it seriously," he says.

From these files, Key assembled several

Dissecting The Exorcist frame by frame, Key demonstrated that it was loaded with subliminal death masks, rotting skulls and contorted, screaming faces.

academic articles all of which were rejected by editors of scholarly journals with comments like "Nonsense!" and "This simply couldn't be going on." Typical was the response of the journalism department chairman at UWO who, without bothering to look at his examples, dismissed Key from his office shouting, "You're making up all this filth. You are destroying young people's confidence in the press. You should be locked up as a public menace!" His situation was somewhat reminiscent of Sigmund Freud's, whose turn-of-the-century views on neurosis and sexual repression were dismissed as not only wrong but criminal. At a congress of German neurologists and psychiatrists, the sense of revulsion was summed up by one professor who, at the mention of Freud's theories, banged his fist on the table and screamed: "This is not a topic for a scientific meeting; it is a matter for the police!"

Like Freud, Key's response to criticism was simply to assemble more evidence: Not all the response was negative, however; Key attracted the notice of Marshall McLuhan, who wrote an insightful, supportive introduction to *Subliminal Seduction*, launching Key's campaign.

Responses of admen to Key's first book were predictable: The senior vice-president and executive creative director of Foote, Cone and Belding (the world's fifth largest ad agency) labeled it "a total crock"; the vice-president account supervisor of Doyle, Dane, Bernbach noted, "Mr. Key's dissection of the 1971 Calvert Extra ad [in *Subliminal Seduction*] may epitomize the delusions of a disturbed personality."

As it turns out, scientists have known about the effect of subs on behavior since 1917, when the Russian psychologist Otto Potzl laid the groundwork in a lecture with a long title: "The Relationship Between Experimentally Induced Dream Images and Indirect Vision." Potzl, like most early experimenters, used a tachistoscope projector or with a high shutter speed, which can project images invisible at a conscious level but perceived at the unconscious level. Potzl, in his breakthrough research, demonstrated that subliminal images would surface in subjects' dreams days, weeks, even months after they had "seen" them.

Thirty years of quiet research followed before the tachistoscope made its American debut in 1957, in a much publicized experiment in which over a six-week period the messages "Hungry? Eat popcorn" and "Drink Coca-Cola" were flashed to patrons at an East Coast movie house. Results: A 57.7 percent jump in popcorn consumption, an 18.1 percent increase in Coca-Cola sales. News coverage of this experiment was followed shortly by publication of Vance Packard's *The Hidden Persuaders*, exposing American industry's research into the use of unconsciously perceived information for marketing objectives. The public outcry after this double event was so vehement that most Americans are under the impression that the use of subliminals in advertising was outlawed. It was not, as Wilson Key is quick to point out. While a great many laws were introduced, with a great deal of attendant hoopla, between 1957 and 1958, none were ever enacted into law! Today, responsibility for overseeing such practices is juggled precariously (and ineffectually) between the Federal Trade Commission and the Federal Communications Commission; neither regulatory agency seems eager to press the issue.

Meanwhile, experimental evidence of the effectiveness of subliminals has mounted. In 1971, N.F. Dixon, a psychologist at University College, London, published his monumental *Subliminal Perception: The Nature of a Controversy*. Dixon linked subliminal stimulation to changes in heart rate, blood pressure and sweating, and demonstrated that subs affected subjects' judgments of weights and size, as well as their emotional response to perceptually neutral stimuli. (An expressionless face will be seen as "happy" or "angry" depending on which word is flashed with a tachistoscope.)

Past Grand Master



Michelangelo



Holbein

According to Wilson Key, advertising artists are grand masters of the art of subliminals. But where did they learn it from? In *The Clam-Plate Orgy*, he points to some past grand masters as the source of the secret technique: Michelangelo, Holbein, Titian, Dürer and Picasso.

Critics have long regarded the embedded death heads and sexual symbols in the 14th-, 15th-, and 16th-century paintings as "artistic curiosities." To Key, however, their intent is consciously serious. While there are no SEXes embedded in the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, Michelangelo was able to convey an uncommonly radical statement about the subject without Pope Julius II and his Holy Inquisition ever suspecting what he was up to. "What," Key asks, "was Eve doing one minute before she turned to receive the apple from the snake? . . . The discovery of a fellatio scene on the Vatican ceiling is somewhat unsettling."

Equally unsettling is the fact that the snake, the seducer, is female (note the breast protruding just below its left shoulder).

s of Subliminal Art



Picasso

der). Adam, apparently, just couldn't get it up and is beckoning the snake to liven up the party. Meanwhile, embedded in the rock on the right is the face of the one other being present in Eden—God—laughing at the confusion he has created.

Another outstanding example of classical subliminal art is Hans Holbein's 16th-century painting, *The Ambassadors*. If it is viewed from the side the indistinguishable blob at the feet of the men is clearly a skull—a devastating political statement.

More recently, Picasso revealed the same sort of tricks in *Woman Asleep: The Dream*. Critics have devoted pages of doggerel to explaining the hidden meanings of Picasso's creation. Key's explanation is simple. What is the woman dreaming of? Once you notice the obviously deliberate phallic shape that composes the right side of her head, the answer is obvious. And why does she have six fingers on each hand? Perhaps, Key suggests, because they are moving, massaging her genital area.

Dixon also indicated that taboo stimuli (words and images involving sex and death) were most likely to go undetected while still modifying fantasy behavior—especially in individuals with strong, rigid, moralistic preoccupations.

Dixon also linked subliminal perception with hypnosis. In a hypnotic trance, subjects are able to read messages written upside down and sideways; likewise with similarly presented subliminal material. Worried Dixon: "It may be impossible to resist instructions which are not consciously experienced. There would seem to be a close parallel between these phenomena and those associated with posthypnotic suggestion and neurotic compulsive response."

While Dixon's book was almost unknown among the academics he first approached, Key comments somewhat ominously, "One U.S. advertising agency president told me, 'Dixon's book is basic reading for our creative department. We think of it almost as an operational bible.'"

More recently, Hal C. Becker, a specialist in clinical behavior engineering at Tulane University has launched a highly effective weight reduction program using

Portraying the heads of two penises on a knife blade could suggest male castration—quite possibly an unconscious motivation for the highly insecure American housewife.

subliminal messages embedded in video tapes. Becker has also developed, and patented, an anti-theft program currently in use in several U.S. and Canadian retail stores. It features an authoritative repeating voice embedded in background music instructing shoppers "I am honest. I won't steal. Stealing is dishonest." It sounds like Huxley's "brave new world," but it sure is effective—in six stores tested over a nine-month period, thefts dropped a whopping 37.5 percent.

"We do not know about subliminal phenomena," says Key, "because we individuals in general do not want to know.... The U.S. has a built-in need to disbelieve hypotheses that contradict the popular notions of 'free-will,' America's fundamental mythology."

Subliminal Seduction—in which he illustrated the use of subs in cigarette and liquor advertising, and in men's and women's magazines—was virtually blacked out by the media. Only an exhausting tour of small-town radio and television talk shows turned it from a flop into a Canadian best-seller and made Wilson Key something of a celebrity. Today he still spends much of the year traveling or lecturing. Though far

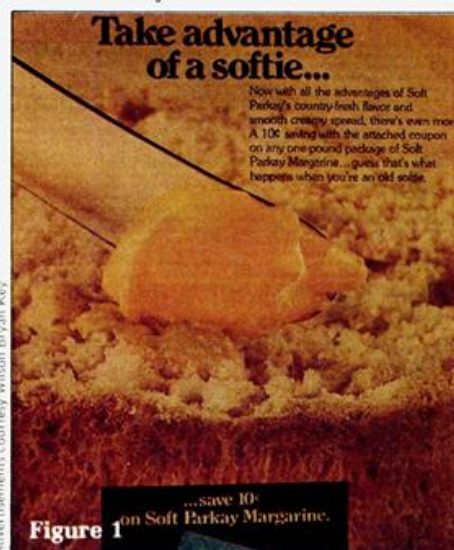
from universally accepted in academic circles, Key's work is taken seriously: *Subliminal Seduction* is even included in the advertising and psychology curricula of many colleges throughout North America. (Privately Key worries that his books are inspiring a new breed of admen to new heights of unreason.)

His second book, *Media Sexploitation*, continued his investigation of advertising, and extended it into the fields of popular entertainment. Key dissected *The Exorcist* frame by frame to demonstrate that it was loaded with subliminal death masks, rotting skulls, contorted screaming faces, all designed to maximize the film's emotional impact. This technique of "kick-tripping" the movie audience—also used in *The Texas Chain-Saw Massacre*—Key discovered was well known in Hollywood.

The following excerpt from Key's latest book, *The Clam-Plate Orgy* (Prentice-Hall, 1980), an account of his life in subs, offers a veritable treasure trove of subliminal art that may have some readers pondering the Marshall McLuhan maxim, "1984 really happened around 1930, but we didn't notice."

How "An Old Softie" Takes Advantage

There is no such thing as an inert (motiveless) communication. The entire question of conscious and unconscious motivation is an integral aspect of any human communication system. Media cannot be meaningfully discussed unless the question of who is doing what to whom for which reasons is first carefully considered. This makes



commercially motivated media a delight to study. The motive is simple and always known—to sell, to sell, to sell....

For many decades, the gigantic corporation Kraft Inc. has supplied, at substantial profit, processed foods to American homes. The Kraft Soft Parkay Margarine ad (Figure 1) was published in Family Circle magazine's November 1973 issue, as

well as in virtually all the women's home magazines and many newspapers. Over several years, millions of dollars were invested in purchasing media space for this single piece of advertising. Family Circle—a multimillion-circulation magazine usually sold in supermarkets—is a bastion of middle-class morality. Nothing more controversial than how many egg whites should be used in an angel food cake ever intrudes upon the ads. Housewives are portrayed as clever, attractive, independent, righteous members of an affluent, food-oriented society (in which, the National Institute of Health tells us, 60 percent of adults are overweight). On the surface, Family Circle is pretty dull stuff—unless you are turned on by endless articles and pictures of food, which is apparently the case for many women (and men) across the nation.

The Soft Parkay ad is banality itself. When we observed people aimlessly thumbing through the pages of Family Circle, no one appeared to pay much attention to this sizable investment in art. Average exposure, or reading time, for this particular page was one to two seconds. About 1 in 15 readers used three to four additional seconds to read the brief paragraph of copy. Had a Kraft stockholder watched the Family Circle readers, he might have angrily protested the waste of money on an ad that readers ignored. Indeed, in the Parkay ad, there is really nothing to see: A glob of greasy Parkay, on the end of a knife blade, is about to be spread on a muffin—pretty unexciting, at either the emotional or intellectual level!

In the Eyes of the Beholder

Most readers agreed the ad presented a “wholesome,” “nourishing,” “desirable” “food product.” But, in any serious study of media, it is vital to accept nothing at face value. In human perception, the content of the unimportant (or background) often becomes of greatest significance. The apparently important is often mere decoration—like icing on a cake.

The first line firmly advises the housewife to “Take Advantage of a Softie...”

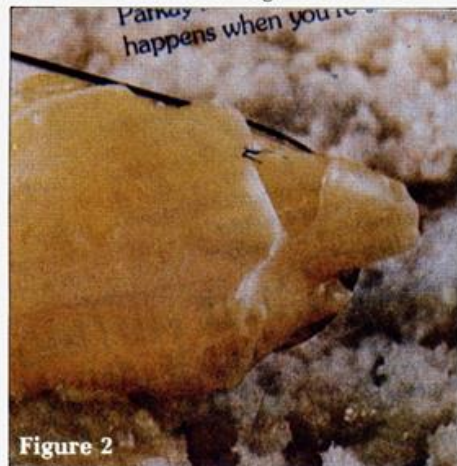


Figure 2

and warns “that’s what happens when you’re an old softie.” The Soft Parkay copy is generally undistinguished as literary metaphor. That, of course, is precisely how it is intended to be perceived—as pure banality. The word *softie*, however, through free association could vaguely relate to the flaccid male genital.

The Fantasy Improves on Reality

In a media-dominated society, reality seeking becomes increasingly difficult. Americans are trained by the media to be unable to differentiate between fantasy and reality (assuming that reality can be represented in a simple photographic reproduction). Fantasies are intended to seem more real, more desirable and rewarding, more stimulating than reality could ever become. And indeed the Parkay, knife and muffin are not photographic representations, but cleverly airbrushed paintings executed by a skilled, highly paid artist.

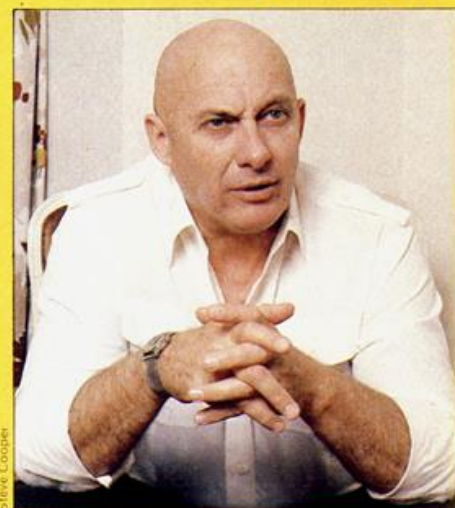
Sophisticated devices can help determine whether a picture is a photographic representation of reality or an artist’s fantasy; these include the linen tester (a microscopic device for studying dot structures in an engraving), computer-enhancement spectrographic analysis techniques, and ultraviolet photography. But one simple test for exposing fantasy characteristics is to check with the real thing. For example, does the ad Parkay look like actual Parkay in a similar situation? Several students and I tried to scrape off, on a knife blade, a glob of Parkay that resembled the one in the ad. In several hundred tries, we never even came close.

At this point, many readers will accuse the writer of exaggeration or projection—having a dirty mind or a wild imagination. Such accusations are difficult to defend against—at least until you find the “Softie” in the Parkay painting. A quite identifiable glans (head of the penis) is peeping out from the patty on the right side (Figure 2). Another quite identifiable glans also has been worked into the Parkay design. Notice the coronal ridge that extends down the left side of the Parkay patty. As any medical text on genital anatomy will demonstrate, the coronal ridge at the base of the glans is fairly standard physiological equipment.

Media presents symbolic *illusions* via words, pictures and sounds that are perceived on at least two levels, conscious (or cognitive) and unconscious (or subliminal). At the unconscious level, the male and female imagery of Soft Parkay being spread with a phallic knife inside a muffin would most certainly be communicated. Portraying the heads of two penises on a knife blade could also suggest male castration—quite possibly an unconscious motivation for the highly insecure American housewife. If she

(continued on page 52)

A Conversation with Wilson Bryan Key



Who is most susceptible to subs?

People who are the most perceptually rigid, older people. Kids up to about age eight are extremely flexible. Kids will find these implants where I won’t see them. But around the age of eight, the culturization process, or whatever you want to call it, starts to take effect, and it acts as a blinder. What is in the accustomed wisdom will be perceived, what is not will be rejected, ignored or repressed. And the more you reject, ignore and repress subliminal information, the more effective it will be.

As your evidence about subs piled up, how did it make you feel?

Oh God! I started going to a shrink. I felt like an adult who had continued his childhood up to middle age suddenly being told there was no Santa Claus. It was very disillusioning. I had been working in mass communications for years and suddenly, here was this thing.

In your books, you’ve related the often hostile reactions of people, intelligent people, to your arguments. How do you account for their response?

I think Henry Ellenberger, a professor at the University of Montreal, said it best in a book called *The History of the Unconscious*. Throughout history, he wrote, everybody who got mixed up with the unconscious had enormous trouble. Freud, for example, was kicked out of the Vienna medical association. I sometimes wonder, could this be man’s Achilles’ heel? His inability to deal with what he’s really doing? He bullshits himself with a lot of fancy words and symbolic camouflage; underneath it’s pretty dirty stuff.

One time at a faculty party—I may have had too many martinis or something—but I remember saying, “Man came out of a pussy and spends the rest of his life trying to convince everybody that it was something else that happened.” Some people

were ready to take a swing at me. It was weird, they saw me as a sort of moral and intellectual leper. And I'm a fairly conventional guy—at least I was before I got mixed up with this thing.

Since you started exposing subliminals in advertising, has any serious thought been given to eliminating them?

The United Nations did a study in 1974, a report on technological invasions of privacy. They said—and there's a good bit of experimental evidence to back it up—that one of the effects of subliminals in media is that it has the potential of eliminating, modifying or creating a culture. In other words, you can change the basis for relationships between people and people and people and things. They asked in this report that all member nations pass immediate legislation banning the use of subliminals in electronic media. News of that report, as far as I can find out, was published in only two or three small newspapers in America, but was widely circulated in Europe and the underdeveloped countries. There were even accusations abroad that the United States had been using subliminals in their satellite broadcasts.

In my opinion subliminals are already having an effect on culture. I've found thousands of embeds of the word sex in advertising, and I'm beginning to see it as a very dangerous word. We are talking about reproductive behavior, your most basic drive—what we have done is make a gigantic industry that's based on the management, manipulation and control of human reproductive behavior in the interests of corporate profit. Meanwhile, sexual dysfunction appears to be growing by leaps and bounds. There's a lot of talk about sexual liberation, but what I'm perceiving is that this is the most sexually hung-up, maladjusted, confused society that's ever existed, and I think the use of sex subliminals has something to do with it. If these things served to deepen the basis for more intimate, affectionate, meaningful relationships between people I'd be all for it, but the evidence I'm reading suggests just the opposite is happening.

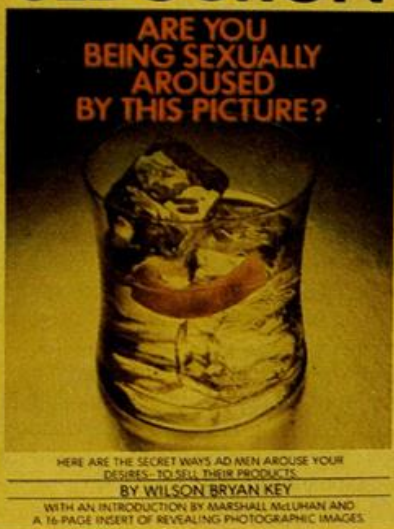
The destruction of traditional value systems, the banalization of sex could be stopped if the media would become a communications medium instead of a merchandising medium. Unfortunately, profit is the name of the game.

What does the use of subs in advertising and the media say about the American Dream?

I think that it's very rapidly growing into one gigantic nightmare. Especially among young people I see this inability to achieve some kind of self-identity. It's like so many youngsters now think of themselves as losers because they're never going to be as pretty as the people in Playboy, the people in the elite world.

I was once invited to spend a day at the Playboy offices in Chicago. I had breakfast

SUBLIMINAL SEDUCTION



“The men’s magazines play little games like putting a man’s neck on a woman’s head, disguising sexual traits, reversing gender roles.”

with the senior editorial staff, I talked to photographers. At the end of the day I was sitting in the office of the executive editor of *Oui*. I said, “Since I got here this morning the only thing we’ve been talking about is jacking off. Do you guys talk about this all the time?” He said, “Yeah, incessantly.” These magazines have nothing to do with women; they’re producing masturbatory fantasies. These women don’t exist; there’ve never been women like that. They’re fantasies created by art directors and photographers. One photographer told me that most of the centerfold models are five feet tall and under—some of them are quite a bit under. If you saw them on the street you would never guess. They’re cute and small and they have very narrow waists which make them appear to have large mammas.

The men’s magazines also play little games like putting a man’s neck on a woman’s head, mixing up anatomy, disguising sexual traits, reversing gender roles. I’m sure it sells the magazine, which sells the ads, which sell the products, which makes everyone rich and happy; but I’m wondering what happens to the poor little bastard who’s masturbating to what he *thinks* is a woman, but which his unconscious knows quite clearly is a man dressed up to look

like a woman. The young man, if he sees these women, these images as the real thing, is going to be very lonely; he’s going to walk the earth for 2,000 years and never find anybody like that. Real women have veins in their legs, bad breath, some of them even have warts—all kinds of things these fantasies don’t have. So reality becomes a pale, insipid, almost undesirable, unappetizing thing.

In your new book, *The Clam-Plate Orgy*, you mention the use of a subliminal embed of the Lord’s Prayer on a record, “How Are You” by Cheap Trick. Have you heard of any similar cases in the record industry?

While I was living in California I made friends with a successful record producer who’d read my books and wanted to try this stuff. So he hired two actors, a man and a woman, and got them to reproduce sexual sounds, embedded these into an orchestral arrangement, and brought it over one night. I told him, from what I knew, the idea was intriguing but it probably wouldn’t work because the unconscious portion of the brain seems to be particularly sensitive: It will spot falsity and illogic almost instantly. I suggested he try the real thing, so he set up a tape recorder and he and his wife recorded their orgasmic sounds. Not the kinds of sounds you’d expect—they were using larynx microphones and the larynx makes some extremely strange sounds—sounds I’d never heard before but which I found strangely exciting, as if my unconscious was comprehending them clearly.

He worked them into a more or less average orchestration and took it to a record company. He said he had never seen people get so excited. But then he began to feel guilty, because he thought he’d conned them. He went back, told them what he had done, and they threw him out. So he took it to another record company and they were also instantly excited and this time he kept his mouth shut. I think the record is out now. If you do this sort of thing, one of the rules of the game is to keep your mouth shut. The minute you tell someone about what you are doing you destroy the effect.

I’m sure subs are widely used in the record business, but perhaps more interesting (and frightening) is the case of a recording engineer in San Francisco. A couple of years ago he made some audio tapes for the San Francisco Police Department. Under the music, he told me, he put a very low decibel voice track saying, “Confess. Get it off your chest. Tell everything you know. Always tell the truth, you’ll feel better,” and so forth. He was convinced that these damn tapes were in use all over the country. I’m wondering how many people—because these things tend to work like hypnosis—how many people confessed to crimes they didn’t have anything to do with, simply because it seemed like a proper, wise and congenial thing to do under the circumstances. —Charlie Frick

can fatten up her husband, he may, at least theoretically, become less vulnerable to the attractions of a younger woman—a fear exploited by the ad agencies.

Moreover, the rich, golden, nourishing goodness portrayed in the Parkay patty is ultimately intended to be put in the mouth. Some very respectable psychoanalytic theory would explain the ad's effectiveness in terms of unconscious oral regression. It is not at all difficult to envision millions of housewives salivating over their Family Circles—without the slightest suspicion of what was really turning them on.

Repression of the Forbidden

The Kanon men's cologne ad (Figure 3) appeared in many of the so-called "crotch" magazines. An estimated half million dollars were invested in the rather innocuous photograph of a hand holding a bottle of Kanon. There is certainly little that could be considered threatening.

We videotaped readers thumbing through a magazine in which the ad appeared, and observed that virtually no one spent more than a second or two with the Kanon ad. However, perception is instantaneous. Most print advertising is designed for a perceptual exposure time of less than one second. If the ad is to justify its investment, any information capable of motivating a purchase must enter the reader's brain in this instant, even if the actual purchase situation may not arise until days, weeks, or even months later. So how does the Kanon ad do its job? Compare your own left hand with the hand in the Kanon ad. Are they similar?

Vaguely similar, perhaps, but several things are distinctly different. Did you notice the thumbnail—and its relationship to the thumb knuckle? Though the entire knuckle does not appear in the picture, there's no way you can get your thumb and thumbnail into the position shown in the



Figure 3

picture. The thumb, bottle, thumbnail, hand and knife were first photographed separately, then all pasted together for the layout. (As proof, note that no fingers show through the supposedly transparent bottle.) Several artists estimated the complex composite picture involved an art fee between \$5,000 and \$10,000. There is no way such a perspective between the two hands and bottle could be achieved in a straight photograph—even with a special camera lens.

Now look at the palm where the thumb joins the hand. Compare the picture with your own left hand. Are they similar? The vertical hollow dividing the wrist and palm bisects two rather bulbous areas that strangely resemble testicles—or could this be merely your imagination? The rigid thumb, of course, becomes the semierect penis. It may take you a few seconds before the repressed genital registers in consciousness.

Tests on the Kanon ad were done with subjects who were—as far as could be determined—unfamiliar with the subliminal issue. Roughly 20 percent of the women instantly recognized the erect penis—though some were reluctant to admit it for fear of being accused of having "dirty minds." Only about 2 percent of the male subjects spotted the erect genital.

An erect penis is certainly a taboo image when published in a "man's magazine" advertising a man's product to be sold to men. The symbolism would inevitably be repressed by the magazine's macho readers. Much psychoanalytic theory suggests that a macho self-image is a camouflage for a more ambiguous covert sexuality and that the erect-penis image appeals to latent homosexual tendencies—which all men presumably share in one measure or another. Another theory of the ad's subliminal significance might be the implication that Kanon will help readers achieve a large erect penis. The hand-genital symbolism may also unconsciously allude to masturbation.

At first glance, the ad appears merely to show a hand holding the product. But a mere hand and a bottle would not communicate anywhere near the feeling of strength, desirability and imperative use that transmits from the picture. Conscious perception is strengthened and emotionalized although the subliminal information does not surface.

A Rocky Sell

To my personal knowledge, there is no evidence that would prove beyond any doubt that subliminals actually modify human behavior. In a mass-communication situa-

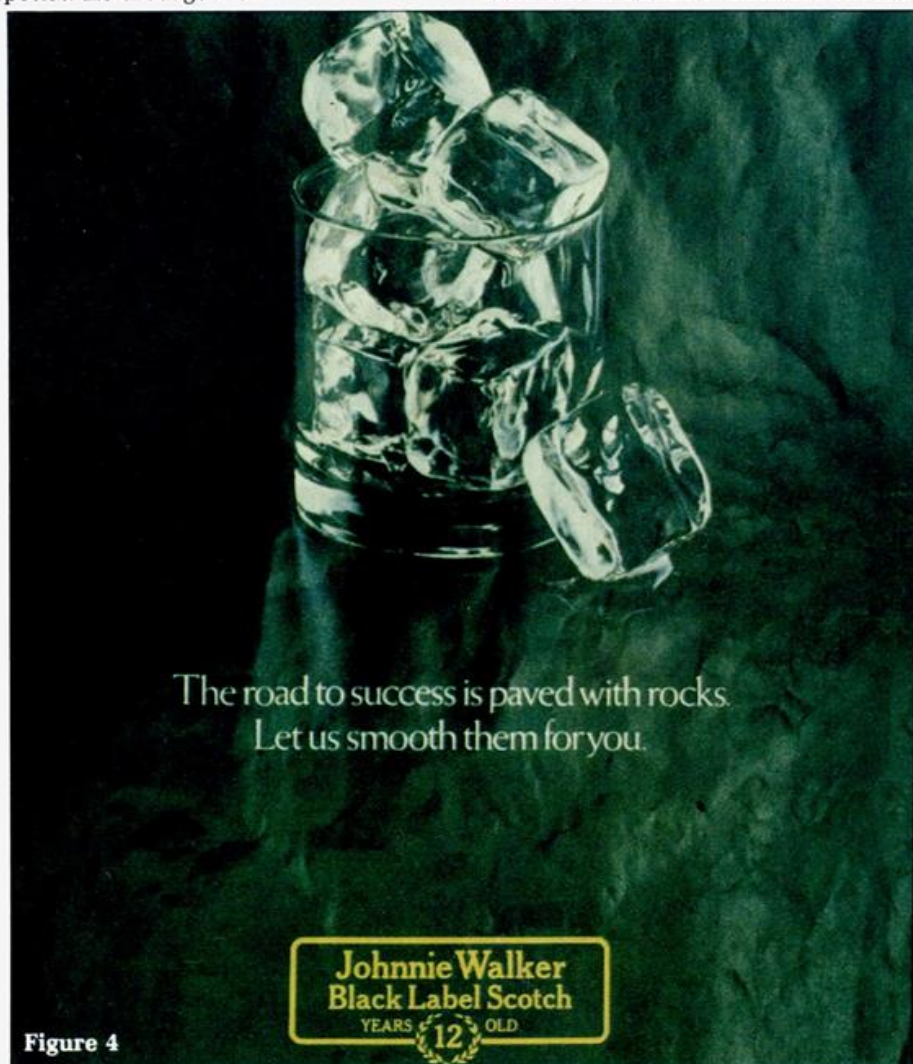


Figure 4

tion, the variables involved are complex and impossible to measure with any investigative techniques I am aware of. We won't know for certain until someone unravels the extraordinarily complex systems within the human brain—an event that may, quite conceivably, never occur.

To me, the most persuasive evidence is the billions of dollars annually invested by advertisers and media industries. I find it difficult to argue with an industry that invests more than \$43 billion a year in advertising, year after year, a large portion of which is allocated to subliminal selling. Businessmen are not omniscient, of course; their assumptions and conclusions are wrong as often as anyone else's. But in U.S. capitalistic enterprises there is a ruthless, basic decision-making premise: If it does not work (i.e., make money), investment cannot be justified.

The Johnny Walker Black Label scotch ad (Figure 4) appeared in virtually every major U.S. national magazine, including *Playboy*, *Time*, *Newsweek*, and *The New Yorker*. Over a three-year period, an estimated \$2 million was invested in magazine space in which to display this single ad—which must have been extremely successful in selling scotch (upwards of \$50 million worth) to have justified the prodigious investment.

On the ice cube's surface is painted a screaming, agonized, terrified face. The face is surrealistic—hardly the sort of thing you'd expect to find in a scotch ad.

Admittedly, it is difficult to believe that six ice cubes in an empty glass on a black background could be responsible for a \$50-million scotch-whisky transaction. Yet the economics of advertising are relatively simple—as they are in most business transactions—in spite of ad executives' frequent public statements that "advertising really doesn't work." Were they to repeat such nonsense in front of their clients, they would be instantly unemployed. Advertising does indeed work, and it works best when the consumer believes it doesn't.

Considering the literary talent available in the English-speaking world, it is bizarre to consider the Johnny Walker ad's two lines of copy: "The road to success is paved with rocks. Let us smooth them for you." Could this assemblage of verbiage have anything to do with \$50 million in scotch sales? The glass and ice cubes are even more banal. Logically, a half inch or so of golden scotch might have been poured into the glass to demonstrate the product. Since the ad appeared in *Playboy*, a lipstick stain could have been placed on the

edge of the glass to add a touch of romance. But no, only an empty glass with six ice cubes—waiting to be filled with scotch.

Were you an executive at Somerset Importers, Ltd., which imports Johnny Walker scotch into the United States, how might you react to this ad? Your ad agency has seriously proposed that you invest \$2 million of your hard-earned capital to purchase display space within every major magazine in the United States for this clumsily executed photograph. By the inexorable, simplistic logic taught in business-management university courses, you might justifiably fire the account executive who had proposed this apparently irresponsible investment. As anyone can clearly see, the photographer was careless. He allowed one ice cube to fall out on the table. For all that money, you might think they could find a photographer who could get all six ice cubes in the glass where they belonged. Audience reading time on this ad was designed to be no more than a second or two—which makes it even more difficult to explain.

The Happy Scotch Drinkers

The copy mentions "rocks," presumably the ice cubes that appear to be the ad's primary subject. Johnny Walker scotch is mentioned only in the logo at the bottom of the page. So, let's carefully examine the "rocks" (Figure 5).

Observe the right one-third of the ice cube that has fallen from the glass. On the cube's surface is painted an inexplicable, screaming, agonized, terrified face (Figure 6). The face is surrealistic, certainly not representational—hardly the sort of thing you'd expect to find in a scotch ad. Turn the cube upside down. Next to the screaming face appear a man's feet and legs dangling or floating in midair (Figure 7). On the cube's left (viewed upside down) appears another face in agony, this one melting away in a white heat, the tongue hanging limply from the open mouth (Figure 8).

The Johnny Walker ice cubes and glass are not photographs of the real thing. Because of their heavy advertising budgets, the alcoholic-beverage industry can hire the best creative talent available. The entire Johnny Walker ad is an artist's fantasy—a sophisticated airbrush painting, executed by a master craftsman. One slip of his brush and some of this imagery might have surfaced in the reader's conscious awareness, and this would mean big trouble for the advertiser. For painted into the ice cubes are 12 clearly definable images.

On the far right surface of the cube at the bottom right in the glass appears a skull (Figure 9). Turn the ad on its right side and a monster with encircling arms appears on the left surface of the bottom right cube (Figure 10). Turn this same cube



Figure 5



Figure 6



Figure 7



Figure 8



Figure 9



Figure 10

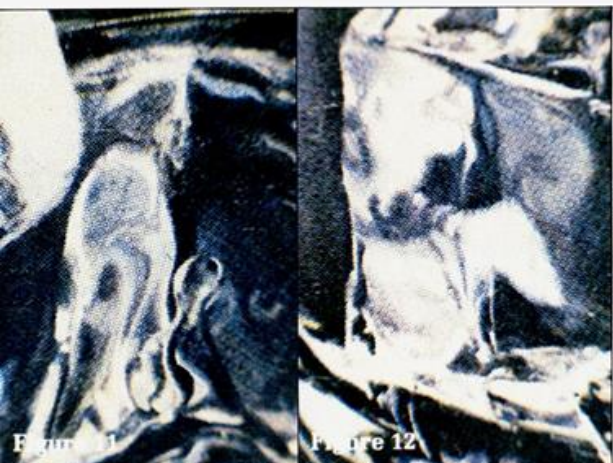


Figure 11



Figure 12



Figure 13



Figure 14



Figure 15



Figure 16



Figure 17

upside down, and you see a snake charmer with a turban and skull face sitting in a lotus position with a cobra (Figure 11). The left bottom ice cube includes a teddy-bear monster with smiling mouth and flipper—a rather cute animal, but not one of this world (Figure 12). Turning the ad upside down, another twisted, agonizing face appears in the topmost ice cube (Figure 13).

On the right surface of the cube at top right appears the pained face of an old man, his tongue protruding from his lips (Figure 14), perhaps another satisfied Johnny Walker drinker. On the right surface of the center cube, turned on its right side, is a standing figure, wearing a grotesque mask reminiscent of the Japanese ceremonial devil's mask. The figure's torso is in a posture of torment, pubic hair is apparent, and the left arm seems to end in a stump. Objects, perhaps spirits, swirl about the masked head (Figure 15).

Recovered alcoholics relate the ice-cube imagery to withdrawal hallucinations. Legs and feet floating in midair is a common hallucination among alcoholics.

On the left surface of the center cube, turned on its right side, appears a bird—the body, eye and beak easily recognizable (Figure 16). My first thought was a raven—an archetypal symbol of death, hardly the kind of bird one might logically select to sell scotch whisky. The object below the raven's beak, however, is even more curious. Turning the ad on its left edge (Figure 17), the object under the beak appears to have two orifices at the bottom and a head-like appendage at the top. A physiology text confirmed that the object is a quite accurate representation of a castrated penis. In cross section, the penis displays two symmetrical chambers such as those illustrated in the ice cube. There are actually three chambers in the penis, two filled with spongy tissue that expands when blood pumps in under pressure; the third, much smaller, surrounds the urethra. As readers can perceive for themselves, this is a very special castrated penis as a most somber human skull appears behind it.

We don't know how the brain can perceive images presented upside down and in various conflicting perspectives. We do know it can perceive such images during hypnotic trance; many subjects read quite fluently textual material presented upside down and in mirror image, an impossible task for most people while awake. The brain appears to be able to perceive certain kinds of distorted information at the unconscious level; the discovery of this fact must have opened up vast new areas of ma-

nipulation potential for Madison Avenue.

Adding up the Johnny Walker ice-cube symbology, we seem to be dealing with nightmare imagery that involves self-destruction. You are unlikely to find an explanation for such unusual imagery in any textbook of which I am aware in the field of advertising or communication studies. For us, as for the advertiser, the only question is whether such bizarre imagery can sell scotch whisky.

The Alcoholic's Nightmare

I demonstrated the Johnny Walker ice-cube imagery at several Alcoholics Anonymous meetings. Numerous recovered alcoholics related the ice-cube imagery to their withdrawal hallucinations. The legs and feet floating in midair is apparently a common hallucination among alcoholics and other drug users. So is the melting face; during withdrawal hallucinations, various portions of the body often appear to be melting or burning. One AA member commented that the Johnny Walker ice-cube imagery could have been researched at an AA meeting simply by listening to testimonials of hallucination experiences.

The Johnny Walker ad is only one of several hundred alcohol ads collected that utilize subliminal death and self-destruction imagery. On March 8, 1976, I demonstrated the Johnny Walker ice cubes in testimony before the Senate Committee on Labor and Public Welfare in subcommittee hearings on alcoholism and narcotics. Sen. Harrison A. Williams of New Jersey, committee chairman, mentioned he was considering the introduction of a bill that would require a warning label, similar to that used on cigarette packages, on every alcoholic beverage container. We briefly discussed the distinct possibility that self-destructive impulses could be an important factor in sustaining alcoholic consumption.

The "rocks" are loaded with nightmarish images of self-destruction, hallucinations, self-immolation, et cetera—which Johnny Walker Scotch will presumably help the drinker overcome or, if the death-wish theories have any merit, perhaps achieve. One theory, of course, is the old notion—going back at least to British philosopher Thomas Hobbes (1588-1679)—that self-destruction is an inherent human motivation or instinct. Freud discussed suicidal urges (Thanatos) as a powerful human compulsion, present in all individuals in one degree or another. Such modern psychoanalysts as Karl Menninger utilize the notion of life and death instincts.

Actually, what appears as self-destructive behavior may be a very normal part of the maturation or puberty process. Young people today risk their lives with motorcycles, hang gliders and parachuting. But

(continued on page 80)

Don't Bogart That Stogie

A guide to hand-rolling a marijuana cigar

TEXT AND PHOTOS BY JERRY CORLEW AND
HIGH-LITE PRODUCTIONS
ILLUSTRATIONS BY SCOTT GORSLINE

Hang on to your heads, gang, here's the biggest revolution in smoking since Fidel first parked his Havana-grown stogies in the Cuban presidential palace. Just as fashionably tapered joints helped us enjoy the swinging '60s and fat, conical spliffs were a hallmark of the self-centered '70s, 100 percent ganja cigars are the long-lasting, hard-pulling, mind-marauding smoke for the '80s! Now that's what we call progress!

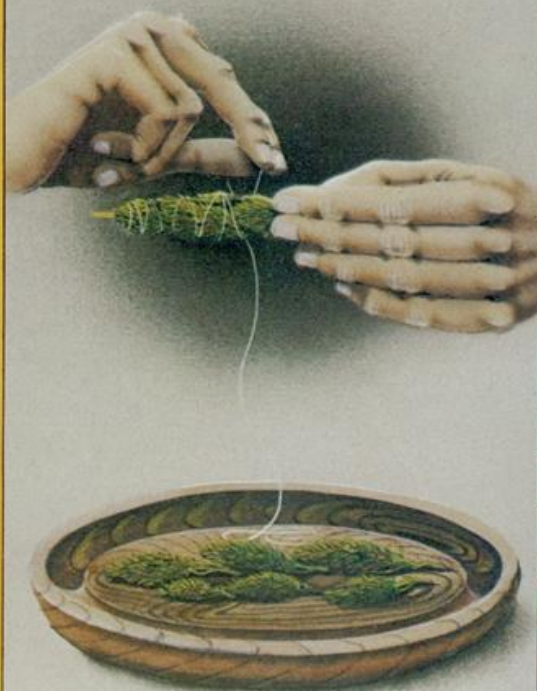
Anyone can master the skill of making this epicurean treat. You begin by tying small, sticky leaf tops or mature flowers, still wet, onto a thin five- or six-inch stick in the fashion our Thai friends have made so famous. Work an inch at a time up the stick, holding the buds or tops in place while securing them to the stick with a fine piece of twine. When completed, allow the stick to dry in sun or shade until it is just sticky to the touch. Remove the

twine carefully and you have the beginnings of a cigar.

To wrap a cigar, you will need 20 or so large "hands" (leaves) with six- or seven-inch "fingers" on each. If the hands are very resinous, they will adhere naturally as you wrap the cigar. Otherwise a little hash oil (thinned with a few drops of pure grain alcohol if necessary) or rice paste, applied with a thin brush, will serve as a binding agent. Cigars can be made without the bud-and-top stuffing: Simply begin wrapping the leaves directly onto the bare stick, starting with step 2 on the following page.

Dope stogies are fun to make and even more fun to smoke. One man we met in Hawaii saved his cigars until he had a full box. A year later his wife gave birth and he gave out the big green delights in place of traditional cigars. We're still urging him to have another kid.

1. Carefully remove twine from "tie" stick of buds and tops.



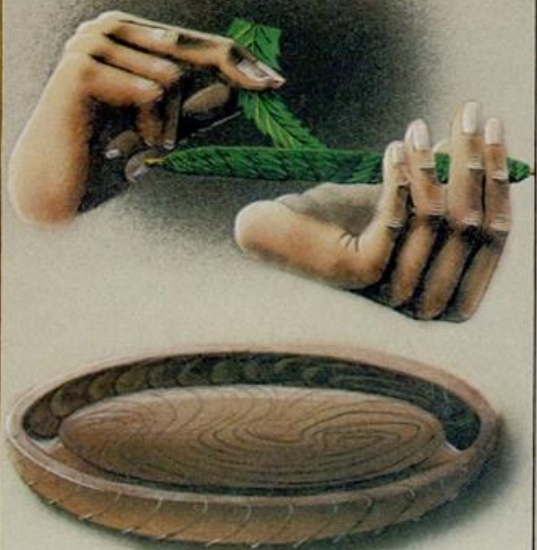
2. Assemble wrapping materials: leaves, scissors, hash oil, paintbrush.



3. Separate all leaf fingers and cut away brittle bottom quarter of each.



7. Coat with oil. Alternating directions, wrap six to ten layers, coating each layer.



8. Wrap cigar securely with piece of thread—be careful not to puncture layers.



9. Lightly apply oil to exposed leaf edges for more uniform seal.



4. Coat the stick with thin layer of hash oil or rice paste.



5. Begin tightly but gently wrapping one end of stick with tip of large finger.



6. Continue to overlap leaves until stick is evenly covered. Don't let it unroll.



10. Leaving stick in place, snip both ends of cigar, one end smaller to draw from.



11. Let dry for four to ten days. Slide stick out, leaving narrow smoking chamber.




12. Remove twine, admire your work, and prepare for a unique smoking experience.









Some patients decide that only the proper herb can heal while others put childlike faith in the power of the pill; still others insist that salvation can be achieved by mastering a particular yoga position or by repeating a mantra. Whatever you put your trust in can be the precipitating agent for your cure. —Dr. Irving Oyle

Laughter is one of the strongest medicines on the planet. If it's strong enough to kill an orgasm, surely it's strong enough to kill cancer. —Lotus Weinstock

When I first woke up at the age of six, I realized something I didn't yet have the vocabulary to express; that if the universe is infinite then there is also an infinite variety of paths to connect with the universe.

In 1971, while coediting with Ken Kesey *The Last Supplement to the Whole Earth Catalog*, our managing editor, Equipment Hasler, finally gave a proper name to my way of life. He called me a Zen Bastard.

In keeping with that title, last summer I signed up with South American Wilderness Adventures, a unique travel service in Berkeley, for a three-week expedition focusing on the shamans and healers of Ecuador.

My fellow explorers included six males (two trip leaders, a physician, a harmonica player and a pair of psychiatrists) and five females (a poet, a cook, a therapist, a printer studying to be an anthropologist and my 15-year-old daughter, Holly).

Our journey would climax with a group ingestion of ayahuasca, a hallucinogenic vine used by shamans throughout the Amazon basin to have visions and communicate with jungle spirits during their healing ceremonies.

In Ecuador they jest about how the ancient power of the water-spirit people was invoked to flood the land when it was seized by the colonists. In more recent years, oil exploration resulted in this bittersweet joke among the Indians: "Maybe we will be like the gringos and have canned sardines flown in from the coast."

In fact, one shaman had taped to his wall the wrappers from sardines and Lux soap.

The Unholy Trinity consists of the missionaries, the military and the oil companies. The international oil folks first invaded Ecuador in the late '60s. Within a few years, what had once been a subsistence economy was injected with a strong dose of technological dependence.

On September 15, 1972, then-president Guillermo Lara flew to Shell Airport with a bunch of captains and colonels, each the head of a national agency. The flight, which took 20 minutes from Quito, was timed to correspond with sunrise. The plane, *La Cucaracha*, touched down at 6 A.M. Paratroopers wearing red berets, who had been trained in Panama for commando warfare, flaunted their Czech-made automatic rifles at buses and cars. Fixed bayonets lined the route.

The Aucas—there are only an estimated 500 left of this tribe who survive in unpopulated areas of the jungle—once killed several employees of Texaco. There are crossed wooden swords on any path leading to an Aucan village; they are symbolic warning to keep away. We shall not be visiting them.

But gasoline still costs as little as 15 cents a gallon and the Shell military camp carries on.

Now, however, while we were there, the military government was preparing to transfer power to the newly elected Jaime Roldos, a liberal somewhere between George McGovern and Salvador Allende. He had beaten one opponent who had gotten a million dollars from the oil people for his campaign. There were full-page ads: "Vote Against Roldos If You're Catholic. . . ."

The president-elect announced: "I want to show that democracy can be imposed in an orderly manner and that social justice

High Encounters with Ecuadorian Shamans

Or, take two ayahuasca and call me
in the morning



Automation teams up with jungle magic as Cayapa shaman tapes his incantations.

by Paul Krassner

can be achieved. This might sound Utopian and may even be a source of amusement to some, but if we ignore the possibility of achieving social change through the institutional framework of the country, it's the same as saying that democracy isn't the most just and perfect form of government."

Quito, the capital city of Ecuador, is known as the Shrine of America. It is 9,000 feet above sea level, and in one day you can go through the weather of all four seasons. The culture is a strange blend of tradition and technology.

In Quito, I acquire an advertising poster—they call it *propaganda*—featuring a man wearing an apron and holding up a bottle of cleansing powder called *El Macho*. An automobile horn honked out the first five notes of "Strangers in the Night."

We visit Leaves of Grass, a vegetarian restaurant that posts a customary bulletin board. "Free room and board for one female—dig this experiment in international living." To a poster offering courses in acupuncture, the *I Ching* and midwifery has been added, "Hashish for sale." In the bathroom, a graffito promises, "Legalize pot and cure the world!"

I was told that possession of marijuana can result in six months' imprisonment and \$50,000 worth of legalized shake-downs in the form of fines, lawyer's fees and judge's bribes.

I was able to verify a few details of one horror case in which an individual was arrested because he was accused of having used cocaine. It was Christmas and his wife was seven and a half months pregnant. He has seen her only once and hasn't even met their baby. He was put in a clinic that charged him \$600 a month, plus he had to pay for his own armed guard. He was fingered by a hippie who had been busted in the States and was then brought to Ecuador to work illegally as an informer for the DEA.

There are, of course, legal drugs. Coca-Cola is everywhere. So are cigarettes, coffee, booze. And Ataka, claims a TV commercial during the Miss America competition, "eliminates all pain."

The most popular song goes, "Let's just get blasted on tobacco and rum." Number two on the hit parade is "In the Navy" by the Village People.

Playing in movie theaters are dubbed versions of *Superman*, *Death on the Nile*, *Julia* and *Pretty Baby*. The film *Grease* was immensely popular, as evidenced by the glut of John Travolta and Olivia Newton-John T-shirts.

Westernization has crept in among the authentic Indian goods for sale. On market day, one booth on a side street features a monkey that picks your horoscope from a draw and a selection of Viewfinder cassettes including "The Flying Nun," "Project Apollo," "SWAT," "Bonanza," "Mickey Mouse," "Powerful Puss" and "Lassie."

And, among all the bare feet, an occasional pair of Adidas.

Ibarra, north of Quito, is the territory of the Otovalan Indians, living in the shadow of snow-capped volcanoes. Every Saturday, rows of bland, gray, beach umbrella-sized cement mushrooms—a gift of the Dutch government—sprouting from an otherwise barren city block, are reincarnated into a crowded buzzing marketplace, the sight of colorful tapestries mixing with the aroma of authentic native recipes.

The Otovalan Indians are a startlingly attractive tribe—short and squat, with doll-like features—but many seem to be bent permanently forward from carrying heavy loads on their backs. Age and sex are no barriers to that task.

The women's finery always includes choker beads that were

originally Czechoslovakian Christmas ornaments. The men wear white pants, bright ponchos and fedora hats covering long black hair twisted into the traditional single braid. Young boys who don't have braids yet cover their heads with American cowboy bandanas. Their hairstyle will be proof that they are an indigenous people. If one cuts his hair, he will be ostracized.

The Otovalans have had land disputes ever since the Spanish conquest. The Spaniards tried to outlaw anything to do with their old religion. They even forbade Inca clothing style. Thus the Indians were virtually forced into wearing these brimmed hats.

Even when we get to play six-person volleyball with a group of young men in an Otovalan village, the men keep their fedoras on. The game, for which each side puts up 60 sucres, stops so that an

elderly woman may lead a bull through the court—a net strung across a dirt road.

Although masculine and feminine roles appear to be clearly defined—men, for example, operate the weaving loom and women do the spinning—there is, nevertheless, an inspiring dignity implicit in a group of well-dressed Otovalan women washing clothes at a dirt-road intersection who refuse to allow their photos to be taken. In other contexts, they have been eagerly cooperative in posing for our cameras.

Only men can be *brujos* ("witch doctors"), but some women are permitted to perform abortions by manipulating and crushing the uterus. Two days later there will be a miscarriage. If the pregnant woman has been touched by a rainbow, she will give birth to a monster. However, that problem can be avoided if a *brujo* cleanses her. Then she will have a normal baby.

Like Scientology, est and the moonies—it works.

Our bus stops at a marker signifying the exact dividing line between the Northern and Southern hemispheres. I absolutely

cannot resist the territorial urge to pee on both sides of the equator in one bladder-splatter merely by adjusting my aim.

Later on in our journey there will be a billboard proclaiming a NASA tracking station, and as a gesture toward the entire space program, I will be peeing on that too.

Still another Great Moment in Peeing occurs in an old-fashioned bullfight stadium. It is empty, but as I walk to the center of the arena, I can hear a roar or the wild cheering of an invisible crowd of spectators, anticipating my moment of urinary truth.

In between peeing episodes, there is magnificent scenery, a terrible reminder that there are many urban Americans who only see nature when it happens to be the setting for a television commercial. What a pleasure it is now to see snow-topped mountains that aren't pushing frozen foods, waterfalls that aren't the background for a can of beer, rainbows that aren't advertising a savings and loan association.

The *autocarril* is a bus that travels on railroad tracks. We take it for an eight-hour jaunt to the little Pacific Coast port town of San Lorenzo. They have electricity there, but not until 10 P.M.

We stay at an extremely funky hotel that costs 50 cents a night. The toilets are seatless, but the beds have mosquito netting. We wake up to a chorus of neighborhood dogs accompanying the raucous sounds of a recorded marching band playing "Stars and Stripes Forever" over a loudspeaker. We never quite find out if this is a daily morning ritual or just a special welcome for our visit.

Where the Sierra Club leaves off, we begin.

There are no automobiles in the jungle. There are no roads. We travel along remote tributaries of the Cayapa River in huge canoes, each one dug out from a single sandse or wanganipo tree.



Otovalan woman at a street market.

Aron Zisbar

The paddles, carved out of the *conalom* tree, are no longer the tools of mobility for our navigators, though.

A few years ago, Yamaha outboard motors came on the scene, offering the combined enticements of status, speed and low down payments. Thus was noise pollution introduced to the natives, along with a significant change in their lifestyle. For they surrendered to the gravitational pull of civilization, forcing themselves into the contemporary version of the Puritan ethic: increasing productivity in order to meet their monthly installments on a five-year payment plan.

It is the ultimate energy crisis—working hard to support your appliances—whether you are delivering a boatful of bananas or trying to get all the stuff from the in basket into the out basket in eight li'l hours.

It is raining heavily, but we get permission to set up camp inside the Sagra Familia (Sacred Family) Mission. There is, as an appropriate backdrop to the altar, a mural of the Nativity, apparently drawn by children from this village of blacks, who originally migrated from Colombia to get away from slavery. The manger has an added local touch—the birth of Jesus has taken place in front of a palm tree with hanging coconuts.

We entertain ourselves with early rock 'n' roll. Instead of the usual Christian hymns, the strains of "Silhouettes" and "At the Hop" emanate from that church this evening.

A commune of pigs is stationed just underneath the floor our sleeping bags are on, and we can hear them snorting at us through the night.

Next morning I find a corroded, naked-pink doll—a tarnished angel, to be precise—in a trash bin back of the church. It seems to be a perfect souvenir, so I take it.

A couple of weeks later, back in Quito, the specific partner of that doll will appear, just as corroded, in a fancy boutique and antique shop. But it would not be proper to purchase this one; it has to be stolen also, in order to give the set a certain consistency.

"Hey," Holly stage-whispers to a companion, "remember that tarnished angel my dad stole from the church in the jungle?"

I interject: "Why don't you say it out loud for everyone to hear?" But it's a mistake to attempt such light sarcasm on an adolescent who has seen one too many situation comedies.

"Hey," Holly says out loud for everyone, including the clerk who speaks English, to hear, "remember that tarnished angel my dad stole from the church in the jungle?"

A Christian missionary—whose luxurious house and matching yacht on the river edge in the jungle are in shocking contrast to the simplicity of the native shacks—informs us that whereas Indians are into witchcraft, the blacks are into immorality. These, he asserts, are "the besetting sins" of the area.

He tells us with obvious disdain that the shamans drink *pinde* (another name for ayahuasca), and he compares the effects to LSD, which he has never taken. As for the blacks, they "can't stand noise or bad news."

He also warned us to watch out for vampire bats.

The Cayapa Indians live in isolated shacks along the river. The blacks live in small villages. The Indian homes have no walls. The blacks do have walls—the better, presumably, to hide their immorality.

A teenaged black marimba player asks Holly to marry him, but she wants to finish high school and everything.

Our jungle home had belonged to a shaman who died a few months previously. The structure is on stilts and has a sturdy thatched roof but no sidewalls. A raised deck is the kitchen area.

The lavatory is downstairs, third cluster of bushes to your left.

The river is for washing and—if you boil the water for 15 minutes—drinking. The muddy bank probably discourages such kinky activities as toe sucking among the natives.

For almost a week, this is our medialess environment. No television, radio, stereo, movies, telephone, mail, newspapers, magazines. Instead we hear tree frogs imitating the sound of clinking glasses.

Every day, three generations of the dead shaman's family arrive early in the morning. They sit serenely, as though posing for an official portrait. The women are bare-breasted. One plays with the penis of her small child.

Their mores are fascinating. Young Cayapas are required to

live together for six months before they are permitted to marry. At their wedding ceremony, a couple is given 10 lashes each as a sample of the 150 lashes either would receive for marital infidelity.

But a bizarre form of role reversal seems to have entered into the process. We are precisely like a bunch of Martians who have suddenly dropped in on their primitive culture. We are their live TV show. They watch the therapist doing Tai-Chi. They listen to the harmonica player sing, "There's a riot goin' on in cell block number nine . . ." They watch one psychiatrist brushing his teeth and the other taking notes.

So now they have become the anthropologists and we have become the subjects under their careful observation.

As a Zen Bastard exercise, I once trained myself to laugh when I stub my toe. It has become second nature. I did not realize I had been searching for an example of how humor could transcend language, but when I stubbed my toe and laughed out loud automatically in front of this family of primitive anthropologists, they shared the hilarity.

I am the first to dispense with my bathing suit, and soon all of us are swimming nude except for our native guides. Gossip about this strange bunch of naked whites reaches the missionary who, we find out a couple of weeks later, uses his CB equipment to radio the information back to Quito.

Shamanism goes back 50,000 years. The *curandero* ("healer") communicates with those unseen evil spirits responsible for illness. It's also a family business. Built into the overhead costs of our trip was the transfer of enough sucres to insure the privilege of observing and participating in their healing ceremonies.

The Christian influence is evident even in the name of one shaman—Jesusito. He is wearing a long silk shirt with short sleeves; it resembles a baseball uniform. In front of him is a shrine of hand-carved wooden figures—a soldier, a *Mama Grande* (female figure) with white beads, a policeman, a bishop, Atahualpa (the last Inca king)—bronze eagle-head staffs, polished stones, a prehistoric clay cast of an ox head, money and a pair of perfectly incongruous holy objects: a gray, clamshell-like item that opens up and reveals a head of the Virgin Mary that can be lifted out in case you want to make Jell-O in the mold; and, the most sacred of all, a sealed-beam headlight from an old Buick, which, deep in the jungle, is transformed into some kind of mysterious crystal ball.

There are 40,000 Cayapa Indians. Hardly a one has ever seen a car, much less driven a stick-shift model.

Jesusito chants over each individual that he is healing. He waves a wand of leaves as he makes this sound: *woosha, woosha*. He blows cigarette smoke into the patient's face. Would we not think that a doctor who did this was slightly rude?



Jesusito treating his patients.

Annie Zebur

He takes a swig of a perfumey beverage, but doesn't swallow. He spritzes it out through his teeth, in an aerosol mist that helps to cleanse the ill.

A member of our group has a tape recorder, which becomes the subject of an animated discussion between Jesusito and an assistant. At first we are fearful that they resent this technological intrusion. But, rather, they request a playback of what has already been recorded.

Jesusito listens to himself chanting and going *woosha, woosha* with the attention of Mick Jagger at the studio trying to avoid overdubbing on a new release. Then, because he has been ill and is somewhat fatigued, Jesusito uses the tape for his next round of healing.

Is that what Stewart Brand means by coevolution?

Drifting in and out of sleep, we hear Jesusito continue to chant as crowing roosters attempt to harmonize with him.

Earlier, he had asked the physician in our group for a second opinion on a couple of liver and spleen cases. There is, indeed, one hospital that has begun to join forces with local healers.

Up in Canada, the Ontario provincial government has actually granted a hospital \$26,000 for a medicine man, because doctors had complained they couldn't help Indians with emotional problems due to language and other cultural barriers. He substitutes herbs for medication, rituals for bedside manner.

We visit a shaman of the Colorado tribe. The back half of his head has been shaved. The remaining hair has been dyed orange red with the acheoche berry, mixed with Vaseline, and plastered stiff over his forehead. It lasts for eight days.

He does a few sample cleansing ceremonies for us. Cleansing is the first step in the curative process. This shaman has a large magnet—the kind you'd find in a big old '40s Philco living-room console radio—that he hits with a metal cross, just above a patient's head, causing a fusion of sound and vibration that will help dispel a disease that was, incidentally, caused by frogs or worms.

There are 50 *brujos* out of 1,000 Colorados, and the profession is generally passed on to sons. Ours has a 22-year-old son who is also a shaman, but his hair is modish and his clothes Western. He has his own peer group.

But who's to say what's really indigenous?

There is a theory that the Colorados' hairstyle was originally an imitation of the Spanish conquistadores, whose metal helmets had similarly shaped peaks.

More recently, young Indians had gotten into the custom of hanging a bath towel around the neck, but they were actually copying an idiosyncrasy of oil workers.

We visit another shaman who puts on an Indian headdress and displays an outdoor table full of herbs, leaves and roots that are used to heal everything from headaches to rheumatism to severe burns. This is an esoteric counterpoint to the narc-squad representative who used to visit us in junior high with his dangerous-drug display for compulsory hygiene class.

The milk of a cactus *pitajaya* soaked into a piece of cloth serves as a cure for gangrene.

Chanca piedra is an herb that reduces and expels kidney stones.

The leaves of the *juanto* bush cure fractures, while the stems act as an aphrodisiac—so in case you hurt your leg pursuing a potential mate, use both.

The sap of the *incira* tree extracts—that is, crumbles—a decayed tooth, painlessly.

Take shavings from the bark of a large shrub called *hiporuru*, mix with *aguardiente* (the poor person's rum) and steep for a week, then add honey, and you have an effective medicine that has cured arthritis.

Several years ago, a visiting skeptical Harvard physiologist got converted when the profuse bleeding of a machete gash in her arm was halted by drinking the sap of a tree, a *Euphorbia*-ceae, the *Croton salutaris*.

Magical powers are attributed to various species of the cypress vine, used to cure such diverse ailments as an eye infection and diarrhea, as well as to prevent pregnancy. Two doses, each at the end of consecutive menstrual periods, will render a woman infertile for approximately six years.

An herb that causes sterility for only three years is known as *amor seco* ("dry love").

In the late '50s, American pharmaceutical companies combined racism, sexism and imperialism by experimenting with oral contraceptives on Puerto Rican women. Ironically, the properties of contraceptive herbs used by South American Indians were ripped off by the drug monopolies.

As early as 1920, the Canelos Indians of Ecuador were ingesting a medicine prepared from the *piripiri* plant by crushing the roots and soaking them in water. Many tribes also rub such a liquid on their bows to improve marksmanship. The specific methods of preparing this plant—whether for birth control or better aim—still remain among the secrets of the jungle.

What kind of mirage is this? A beautiful hotel in the middle of the jungle? It was constructed from materials brought in via the river. Adorable monkeys roam around and mingle with the guests. A ten-minute walk into the wilderness, and there is an incredibly lush area with a large swimming hole and a place to dive from.

It is the group's consensus fantasy that this is what paradise must be like. For one brief moment, I even entertain the notion of staying.

On the way back to a gourmet dinner, while I'm groping precariously across a huge log that serves as a bridge, somebody behind me starts jumping up and down, trying to make me fall. It turns out to be the playful hotel owner himself. The absurdity of this situation overwhelms me as I attempt to focus total attention on keeping my balance. *Up and down, up and down. If this is paradise, can purgatory be far behind? Up and down, up and down.*

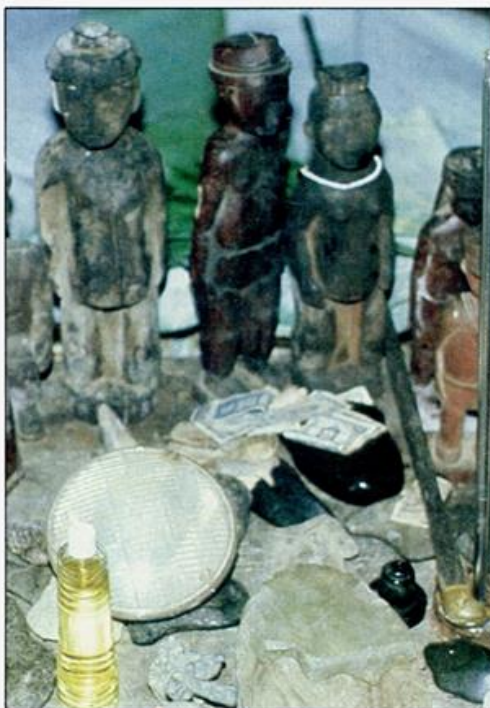
The Zen Bastard rides again!

There are some 20 varieties of ayahuasca. Since it is similar to yagé, I have brought along for everyone to read an article from *High Times* (August '79) by Andrew Weil. Special attention is paid to this particular passage: "Vomiting is the first stage of the effect of yagé. It is not fun, and I say that as someone who likes to vomit in certain circumstances."

Weil suggests fasting after breakfast, but our group eats lunch anyway, rationalizing that as long as we're all going to vomit that night, we might as well put something into our stomachs now to throw up later.

That afternoon, after traveling by truck and ferry, we hike for an hour into the jungle. There are butterflies with a foot-wide wingspread. A steady stream of bright green leaves is crossing our path with the aid of unseen ants.

We are offered plates of boiled manioc, a potato-like root; and bowls of chicha, fermented manioc, ground up and pulverized in water, tasting like buttermilk. We have been told it would be con-



Jesusito's eclectic altar.

sidered impolite to refuse such hospitality.

Ayahuasca means "soul vine." It is innocent looking enough, an inch or two thick, curving into and beyond a complete circle. Who can imagine how its psychedelic use was originally discovered? First it is chopped vertically, then horizontally, and then boiled. In *Wizard of the Upper Amazon*, Bruce Lamb wrote: "Drinking... a carelessly prepared extract would only cause violent vomiting, acute intestinal cramps and diarrhea, he [Manuel Cordova, an old Peruvian healer] said, and he went on to tell me that *ayahuasca* must be handled with care and reverence, simmered slowly in a special earthenware pot over a low fire under constant, proper attention."

However, ours is being boiled in an aluminum pot by a young Canelos Indian couple in the midst of a lover's quarrel. But we can't very well tell them they're doing it the wrong way.

A leaf, *datura* (similar to belladonna), is added to the potion, which is an unappetizing, rusty colored, muddy liquid that tastes so putrid a bottle of rum must be held in your other hand for an instant chaser.

Inevitably, the sounds of violent retching will echo through the jungle. One by one we shall vomit as though we were wet towels being wrung out.

The wizard was right. They should've used a clay pot.

I pass around the butter rum Life Savers I brought especially for this occasion.

When Holly's insides announce that it is her turn to throw up, I accompany her outside. It is a minivolcanic retching that temporarily takes over her body. As she finishes, I begin. The power of peristalsis possesses me so thoroughly that I vomit and fart simultaneously.

Holly's tears turn to laughter at my involuntary duet, and then we return weakly, with our arms around each other, to the shack, where pupils are dilating all over the place.

So the first psychiatrist says, "My thoughts are beginning to become disassociated."

And the second psychiatrist says, "Oh really? Mine are *always* that way."

Under the influence of *ayahuasca*, the local people traditionally have visions of jaguars and anacondas (water snakes). But instead we respectively see elephants and mice, spider webs of memory and a woman in an 1890 gown and large hat eating a loaf of French bread. The corrugated metal ceiling moves like ocean waves. I personally have visions of old Looney Tunes cartoon characters dancing away inside my brain.

"Something's got ahold of my leg," someone shouts. "Oh. It's my boot."

In their healing ceremony, two shamans keep sucking the poisons out of a patient's head, and then, although they don't actually vomit, they do make these awful sounds of regurgitation to get rid of those poisons. All through the night, we are forced to divert our psychic energy away from exquisite visionary flights simply in order not to throw up again.

What was it Tim Leary said about set and setting? How preferable soothing music would be over the continual sounds of fake retching that punctuate their chant:

Spirit of the mountain lake,
Come, come, come, where are you?
Help cure this sick person,
Old spirit man of the forest,
Up at the mountain lake.

A flash of paranoia convinces me for a moment that there is some

kind of sorcerers' trick being played on us. For these shamans are laughing at us whenever anyone succumbs to vomiting. They almost seem to be displaying a playful pride in their catalytic function.

Each member of our group experiences a certain type of auditory hallucination—perceiving spoken English as the shamans chat in Quechua during the healings. This phenomenon is comparable to when you've fallen asleep while watching TV, but the voices from the program keep slithering their way into your dreams, developing a logic all their own.

In the morning we are all thoroughly wasted, but the shamans are up and lively, one playing the harmonica, and both looking like nothing less than Ecuador's answer to the Blues Brothers.

One of the kids' battery-operated radios wakes us up, not with Bruce Springsteen singing "Jungleland," but rather with a schmaltzy rendition of an old song, "Beware, My Foolish Heart."

One of the shamans asks our medical doctor for Lomotil, to be used for diarrhea, and our cultural exchange is completed.

Holly and I have grown closer in the process.

The family that pukes together has visions together.



Do these gods know whether they're coming or going?

There is a current theory that cannibalism among South American Indians is a myth spread by anthropologists who need to feel superior to those they study. Nonetheless, 32 skeletons of children showing evidence of having been devoured were recently discovered in a Colombian jungle. Arms and legs had been almost completely eaten.

Authorities confirmed that this was not the first time members of various tribes have eaten their youngsters. It is estimated that about 500 nomadic Indians in that area suffer from extreme malnutrition

and occasionally eat the corpses of relatives or neighbors, sometimes killing them specifically for that purpose.

It is with this awareness that I returned to civilization: We are of the same species as those cannibals; we merely eat our own children in much more sophisticated ways.

A poster at Los Angeles Airport advises: "A Few Extra Minutes Clearing Customs Saves Others from [in threatening red letters] NARCOTICS!"

I have no problem getting through. I certainly didn't bring back any *ayahuasca*. I do have in my suitcase a tarnished angel, but its mate still reclines on a shelf somewhere on the other side of the equator.

Now we are home again, TV commercials programming us with fear of our own bodies, elevators getting stuck in skyscraper buildings without a 13th floor, MX missiles enjoying an underground amusement-park ride in order to fool the Russians.

How can I explain any of this uncivilized behavior to that primitive Indian family I have smuggled into America, hiding them between the left and right lobes of my brain? They continue to visit with me each day. Their image remains vividly as a buffer to my culture shock. They look over my shoulder every moment, not judging, just observing.

And so my own San Francisco neighborhood has become the site of a new expedition, as I begin to see things through the innocent eyes of my primitive self-witnesses from the tropical rain forest.

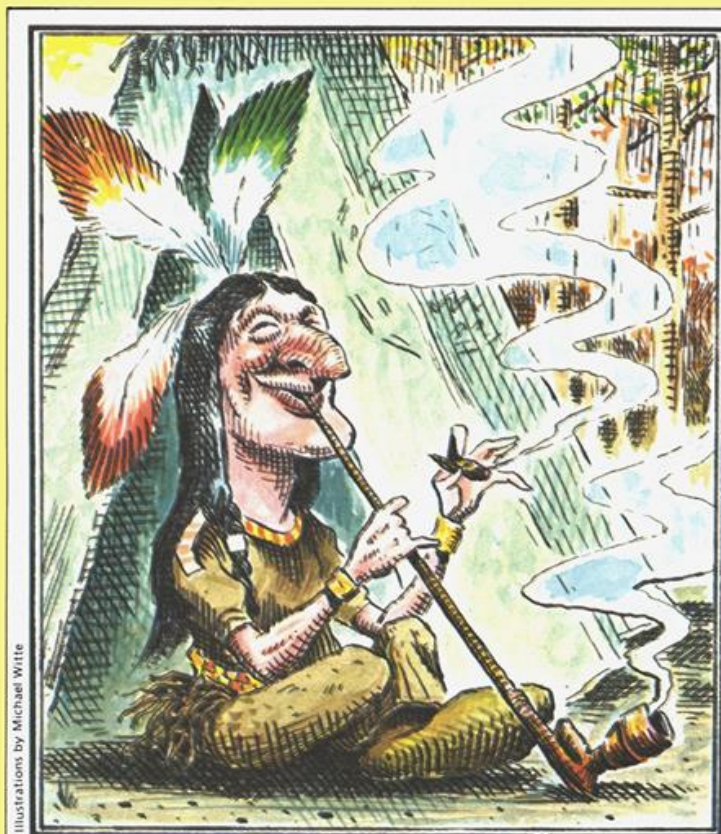
In the jungle, canned dog food was unknown. But here, we actually encounter a man walking down the street holding a leash with a four-legged mechanical pet robot.

Safari, so good. ■

The Acapulco Golden An

How some great poets of the past might have sounded

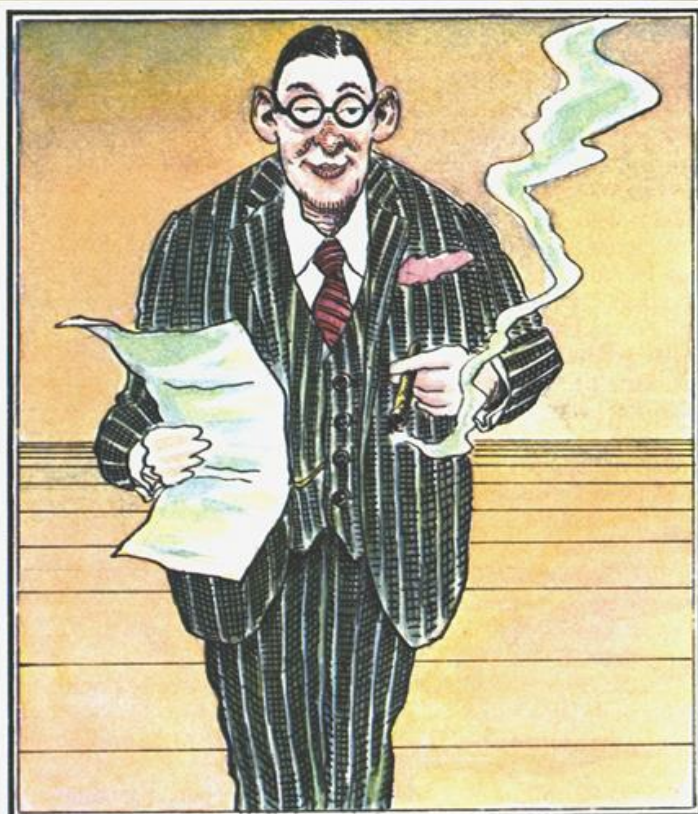
by John Francis Putnam



Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

(The Only Good Indian Is a Stoned Indian)

See the gentle Hiawatha
Take the flimsy wheaten paper,
Tan and crisp, the *La Croix* paper,
Even-burning, edge-gummed paper,
Licking it with serpent's silver
Tongue of quickness, like the adder,
Then with dancing fingers spreading
Happy grass along the paper,
Sifted leaves without the seeds in,
Lovely, psychedelic wampum!



T.S. Eliot

(The part left out of The Waste Land)

Cannabis surprised us, floating over the
Schrecklichkeit in a shower of surmise.
We stopped and felt our fibres glow:
"Ravies avec insolence vers les cieux."
Some shabby Levantine will bless us yet
With unction and a hashish-filled cigar.
The weed was manicured in some drab
Lambeth drive, *quare tristis incedo?*
Wrapped in crisp incunabulae, the joint
Blew up past Wapping and
The cries of lost Phoenician boys. Stoned,
I sat upon the shore and dreamed
I lived in a shanty, shanty, shanty.

thology of Stoned Verse

if they had been inspirationally wrecked on good grass



Emily Dickinson

(Closet Smoke)

An inward grace
To smoke upon
Delights the secret eye:
Pot in the closet stokes
Involuntary sighs.

Blown treasures of
The private mind
Are stoned before they flee:
No joint's too nimble to escape
Hallucinated me!



Geoffrey Chaucer

(The Cannabys Tayles)

A clerke there was, a wantoun and a heade
That rolled hempen weede full fetishly,
Of Canterbury Green yclept it was,
For smokingge hadd it no comparisoun
Wyth London Greye or Calais Red.
Ful wonderly deliver did hee wende,
His eyen steepe and rollinge in his heade,
And swetely did hee dragge and swetely
Floate and eke was turned on as I rode,
Hys minde be-wyched and hys soul content.

Gerard Manley Hopkins

(A Jesuit Joint)

Over the riding kingdom of fair, fond,
Gentled frenzy, aloft in a poise
Of wonder, harbinger senses wilful-wild,
Blasting the hardy, reasoned mind
To hempen hallows adrift and ah...
brightly aware!



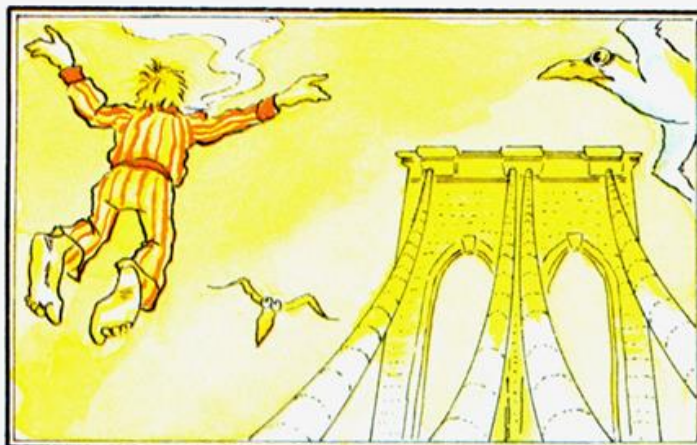
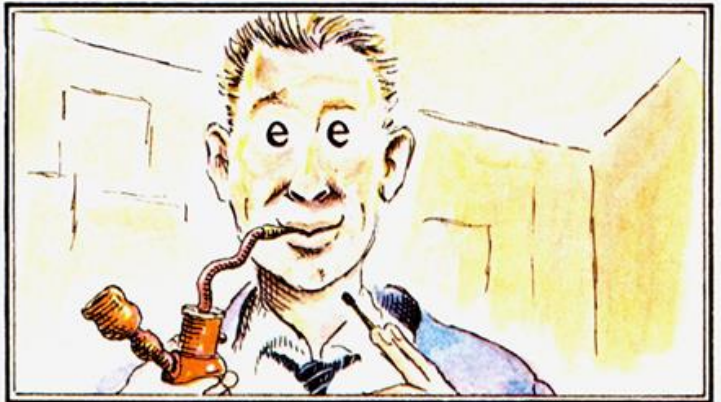
Dylan Thomas

(Portrait of the Artist as a Young Head)

High in the tingle sinew of my years
Stoned on a hill in Wales with rooks
And mad daws screaming, one fine, randy
Morning above the mists, zonked in my
Fibres, I abused the lilies rotting
In my head while foxes bled in the thickets
And Grass shall be my dominion!

e e cummings

never you tickle my hempen brain
nodding through utterly acres of swoon
(in poms of assertion and glories of now)
seasonal cripples exactly zonked
din soft intentions on porches of roach



Hart Crane

(After he had crossed The Bridge)

Bridge of highs above the whirling mist
Now seaward driven, gull wrung with the
Cry heard downward to the swirl of harbors,
Blasted out of mind, my elegant senses
In dreaming Brooklyn awoke to Jersey Silver,
Breached the span of watered images
With smoke a shroud about my head. ▣

Cannabis as a Cash Crop

Here's how to keep them down on the farm

by Pamela Lloyd

HEMP IN KENTUCKY

First crop grown, 1775. From 1840 to 1860, Ky. production largest in U.S. Peak in 1850 was 40,000 tons, value of \$5,000,000. Scores of factories made twine, rope, oakum to caulk sailing ships and cotton bagging. State's largest cash crop until 1915. Market lost to imported jute, freed of tariff. As war measure, hemp grown again during World War II. See over.

Ivergrown with creepers, bushes and eight-foot weeds in white and purple flower, the field danced with grasshoppers and monarch butterflies in the August sun. The sloping metal roof of an abandoned farm building glinted above the tangle of vegetation, and at 20 yards nearly every botanical specimen resembled the object of my search. Despite the 90° heat and the large spider, I plunged deeper into the steamy snarl with each shimmering green promise.

Then, unexpectedly, I spotted what I had traveled to this bend in the Kentucky River to find. Shielded from the midday sun by the bleaching walls of an old wooden shed grew a reminder of better times, when the farmers of ten Bluegrass counties could boast of producing 90 percent of the nation's cannabis crop, which they sold as hemp fiber. Yes, before Hawaii and California, there was Kentucky.

Touring central Kentucky today is like visiting a hemp museum. Granite columns in the state capitol at Frankfort are decorated with a hemp-stalk motif. The Second National Bank in Lexington sports a large

hemp-field mural behind the tellers' windows. And in 1968, the state legislature voted to erect a series of roadside markers to commemorate former hemp-growing and -processing sites.

The road south out of Lexington is paved with hemp historiana. I saw my first hemp marker in Nicholasville, population 5,800, just a block or two past the Hemphill Pharmacy. A check of the Nicholasville phone book revealed a disproportionate number of surnames with hemp prefixes: Hempel, Hemphill, Hempstone, Hempy.

As we pulled into the driveway of a large white Victorian farmhouse not far from Nicholasville, we were welcomed by four enthusiastic canines and a tanned, robust man in his mid 50s. Col. H.M. Nix, USAF (Ret.), flew support for Montgomery in the North African campaign and in the decisive victory over Rommel at El Alamein. Since retiring from the service ten years ago, Colonel Nix has worked the 32 tillable acres of his 50-acre farm, raising burley tobacco as a cash crop, corn for feed, black Angus cattle and a couple of Tennessee walking horses. At about \$1.40

a pound, the colonel's 3,000 pounds of burley will just about pay the rent this year, and he'll sell six or eight head of cattle at \$600 apiece. Colonel Nix's pension allows him a few luxuries like horse breeding, but the average farmer could expect to gross a maximum of about \$10,000 a year from a place the size of the colonel's.

The faded, decaying tobacco barns and shacks that dot the rolling farmland along the Kentucky River are also part of the hemp story. More than half of the farms in Kentucky today were bought with hemp money, but as the hemp market declined, Kentucky farmers switched to tobacco as a cash crop. In an attempt to distribute tobacco dollars among a maximum number of farmers and insure a market for every leaf of brown gold, the government regulates the amount of tobacco grown through an allotment system based on farm size.

The average allotment in Kentucky is 4,000 pounds. But Kentucky lost 1,000 farms a year in 1977 and 1978 through aggregation, and with an increasing number of 120,000- to 140,000-pound growers and

rising farm costs, the small farmers' allotments are hardly worth growing. This year, 50 percent of the state's farmers will earn less than \$2,500 in farm income and will have to resort to moonlighting—or moonshining—to make ends meet. But even the moonshine market is on the downswing, and some still jockeys have already reverted to growing hemp—this time for rope, not dope.

"Whenever two farmers get together it comes up," says Colonel Nix. "'When are we going to lose the tobacco?' 'How much are they gonna cut us next year?' And it looks like we may import more and more tobacco and less and less will be grown in this country. Allotments, of course, will go down, and as they do, why, we'll have to close up shop and move to town. The big corporation farms are going to make it regardless—you're talking about 2,000 or

In better times, the farmers of ten Bluegrass counties could boast of producing 90 percent of the nation's cannabis crop. Yes, before Hawaii and California, there was Kentucky.

3,000 acres of prime crop land. There's one in this area owned by an Arab. But it's the little family farm—the 100-, 120-, 160-acre types that are looking for something other than tobacco."

Colonel Nix thinks hemp could be successfully introduced as a cash crop in Kentucky, and he knows that he's sitting on some prime hemp land. His neighbors used to grow it, and the river bottom on his farm was their hemp field. "I tell everybody around here I'll be glad when they legalize marijuana because I'm gonna grow it," boasts the colonel with a smile. "I have no qualms about that at all. I think it would be a real good substitute for that tobacco crop and I'll quit smoking."

Marijuana should be controlled, he says, the way liquor is supposed to be controlled. "You can't control it completely or you've lost it, because somebody's going to cheat. If you legalize it, they'll still get around it, but it won't be as free to the younger kids as it is now. And we, the people, would get a taxation from it into our government and could at least make some use of it, if the politicians didn't get it all."

Mary Frances Nix, an outspoken native Kentuckian who "always harbored the idea that Mr. Johnson had a great deal to do with Jack Kennedy's assassination," recalls that when they lived in west Texas, Lubbock County and the six counties circling it were all dry. "Your ten-year-old kid could call up a bootlegger and within five minutes get an order of booze, at a premium



Colonel Nix needs Blue Grass sinsemilla, shown on page 69.

price of course." With regard to prohibition, Mrs. Nix thinks "somebody's getting paid off at a high level and that's what keeps it all going." And she knows firsthand that Prohibition was bad for the country. "When Repeal came, that was the beginning of prosperity," she remembers. "That's when the building industry was rejuvenated here in Kentucky, when they needed new distilleries and warehouses."

"The area that's now known as Kentucky," she explains, "was composed of land grants given by the king to those who served him well. The rest were kept poor and ignorant. That's why they say in Kentucky, thank God for Arkansas. The education level there is even worse."

The cultivation of cannabis in Kentucky dates back to the Revolutionary era. In 1775, as Daniel Boone was founding the wilderness town of Boonesboro, Kentuckians were sowing their first cannabis seeds at Danville, 60 miles or so upriver. From 1790 to 1860, Kentucky grew more *Cannabis sativa* than any other region in the United States. Production peaked in 1850 at 40,000 tons, worth \$5 million to Kentucky farmers as hemp fiber. Scores of cordage factories throughout the state processed the long bast fibers of the hemp stalk into twine, rope, oakum and bagging for raw cotton. In 1840 there were 14 cordage factories in Jessamine County alone.

Separating the fiber from the stalk with

a hand-operated hemp brake was hard, dirty work, and with the abolition of slavery a cheaper substitute for hemp was found in jute. But despite the shrinking market, Kentucky produced 90 percent of the national output in 1879 and 80 percent in 1909. Hemp remained Kentucky's number one cash crop until World War I, when the market was lost to imported jute, freed of the tariff, and leadership in domestic production passed to Wisconsin, where machine-powered hemp brakes had come into use.

In 1916, United States Department of Agriculture (USDA) Bulletin No. 404 predicted a resurgence of the hemp industry due to increased use of the machine brake and reported positively on the considerable merits of hemp hurds—the woody inner portion of the stalk and a waste product of the hemp fiber industry—as papermaking material. And in the late 1930s the invention of the hemp decorticator, which could separate hemp hurds from hemp fiber without a prohibitive amount of human labor, looked like just what the USDA had ordered. According to a February 1938 article in *Popular Mechanics*, the revolutionary machine promised depression-ridden American farmers a "new cash crop with an annual volume of several hundred million dollars" and American industry a durable new raw material for "more than 5,000 textile products ranging from rope to fine laces" and more than 25,000 cellulose products "ranging from

dynamite to cellophane." Even then, a full six months after President Roosevelt had signed the Marihuana Tax Act of 1937 into law, few observers realized just what sort of new deal was in the cards.

As representatives of the Treasury Department explained it to the House Ways and Means Committee, their proposed occupational tax would "render virtually impossible the acquisition of marijuana by persons who would put it to illicit uses, without unduly interfering with the use of the plant for industrial, medical and scientific purposes." The major dissenting voice allowed to address the committee was that of Dr. W.C. Woodward, legislative counsel for the American Medical Association. Woodward testified that scientific evidence did not support Treasury Department claims that marijuana use caused insanity and violent crime, and pointed out that the Harrison Narcotics Act of 1914 had failed to halt the spread of opiate and cocaine use. But the opinions of the medical establishment were overshadowed by the lurid testimony of professional lobbyists representing new interest groups spawned by the repeal of Prohibition in 1933. The Interstate Narcotic Association and the Foreign Affairs Policy Association, representing the law-enforcement industry, and the Consolidated Brewers Association, representing the newly legitimized liquor industry, parroted Bureau of Narcotics reefer madness propaganda in

support of the tax act, but the full text of their statements before Ways and Means will remain sealed until 1987.

Buried in section 15 of the bill was the unexplained stipulation that the tax act would apply to all U.S. territories and possessions except the Philippines. Given the more dramatic details of the debate, it is not surprising that this innocent-looking clause escaped question. And given the powerful constellation of economic interests that would be seriously threatened by widespread cannabis cultivation—the tobacco, alcohol, pharmaceutical and new synthetic textile industries (four synthetic textile trade associations had sprung up since 1930)—it is not surprising that what was left of the American hemp fiber industry died with the passage of the act allegedly designed to protect it. By 1940, the Philippines had become America's main source of hemp.

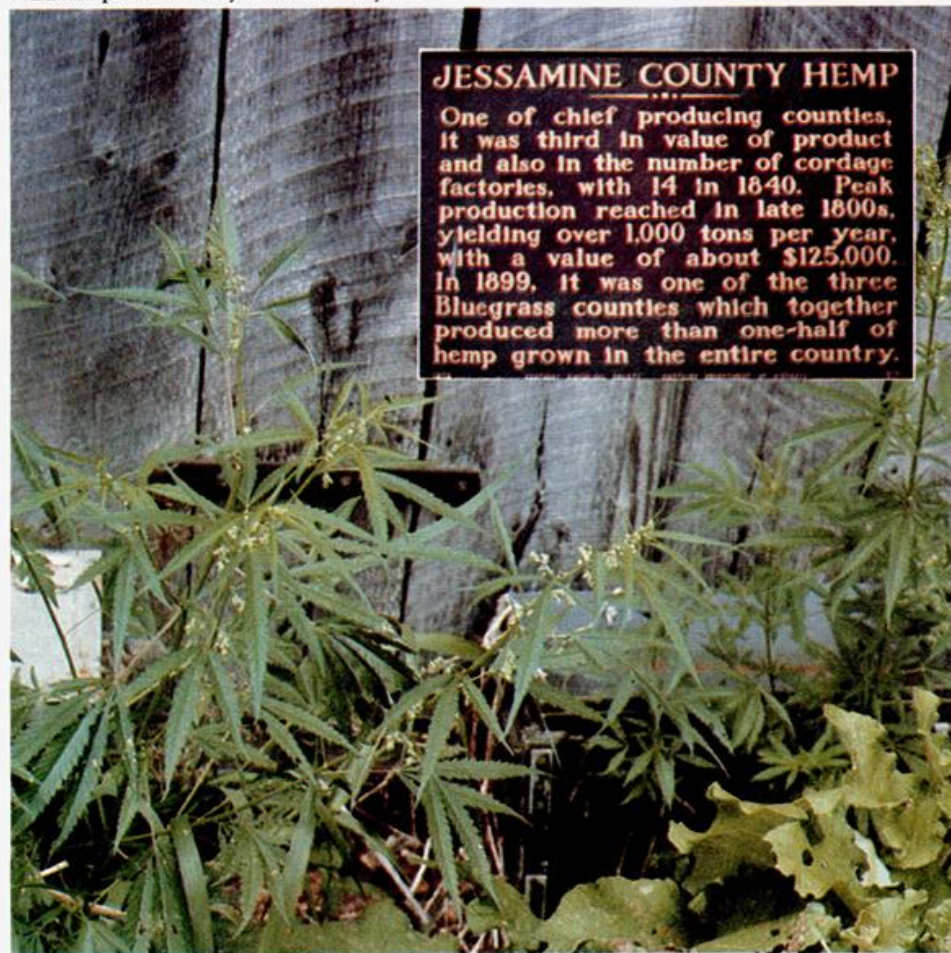
But in 1942, when the Japanese occupied the Philippines and cut off vital fiber supplies, hemp became a strategic war crop, and the Department of Agriculture advised farmers in Minnesota, Iowa, Wisconsin, Illinois, Indiana and Kentucky that by growing hemp they could "serve their country," "have good prospects of profits for themselves" and avoid the draft as a fringe benefit. In fact, Fred E. Coulter of Grundy County, Iowa, said he made "more money than has ever been made before on an equal number of acres of land in Grun-

dy County in one year" when the government paid him nearly \$20,000 for his 270-acre 1944 hemp crop.

While a few years earlier the government had reviled marijuana as the "assassin of youth," it now encouraged 4-H clubs to grow the "demoralising dope." And in 1943 the University of Kentucky College of Agriculture Extension Service obligingly published leaflet number 25, *Hemp Seed Project for 4-H Clubs*, encouraging youngsters to grow hemp and telling them how to do it. "Uncle Sam has asked Kentucky to produce . . . the hemp seed for the nation," it began. "Growing hemp gives 4-H Club members a real opportunity to serve their country during wartime. It requires a small amount of fertile land and little or no special machinery; labor requirements do not interfere with school work. . . . Grow at least half an acre; one to two acres would be better."

Forty-two cordage factories were built across the United States to manufacture rope, netting and thread from the strategic hemp crop, and one Kentucky grower was told by officials at the Clark County seed-processing plant that the army also used hempseed oil as a lubricant in high-altitude aircraft. But when the war was over, the government lost its appetite for home-grown hemp. The boom went bust, and the farmers who had served their country went looking for another cash crop. In Kentucky, they never found it.

Wild hemp reclaims a failed tobacco farm.



Legalization would shore up the value of the dollar itself by discontinuing the circulation of large amounts of unregulated, untaxed currency.

Across the United States a new political power base is rising out of the economic need for cannabis as a cash crop. This year, 40 percent of American farmers will gross no more than \$2,500 from the sale of farm products. Under one plan for legalization, however, many of these same farmers would have the opportunity to quadruple their earnings. With the legalization of marijuana, the \$25 billion generated each year by domestic black-market sales could be taxed, generating an additional \$2 to \$2.5 billion in government income annually. The total amount of tax money currently wasted on marijuana law enforcement at home and abroad is difficult to estimate but certainly runs into hundreds of millions a year. With legalization this money could be rechanneled into domestic health and education programs or back to taxpayers as income

tax reductions. Legalization would shore up the value of the dollar itself by reducing errors in economic planning that inevitably result from the circulation of large amounts of unregulated, untaxed currency and by helping reverse the staggering balance of trade deficit by reducing the outflow of American dollars for clothing, paper, oil and pot.

"The Canada Report," compiled in 1979 by Alexander Sumach of Ontario, is the most comprehensive summary of the uses of the cannabis plant to date and includes economic projections for a hemp denim industry to alleviate Canada's near total dependence on imported textiles. Under current black market conditions, world demand for marijuana far exceeds supply.

fabric for all types of clothing, upholstery and industrial use. Unlike many synthetic textiles, it does not require coal or petrochemicals in its manufacture.

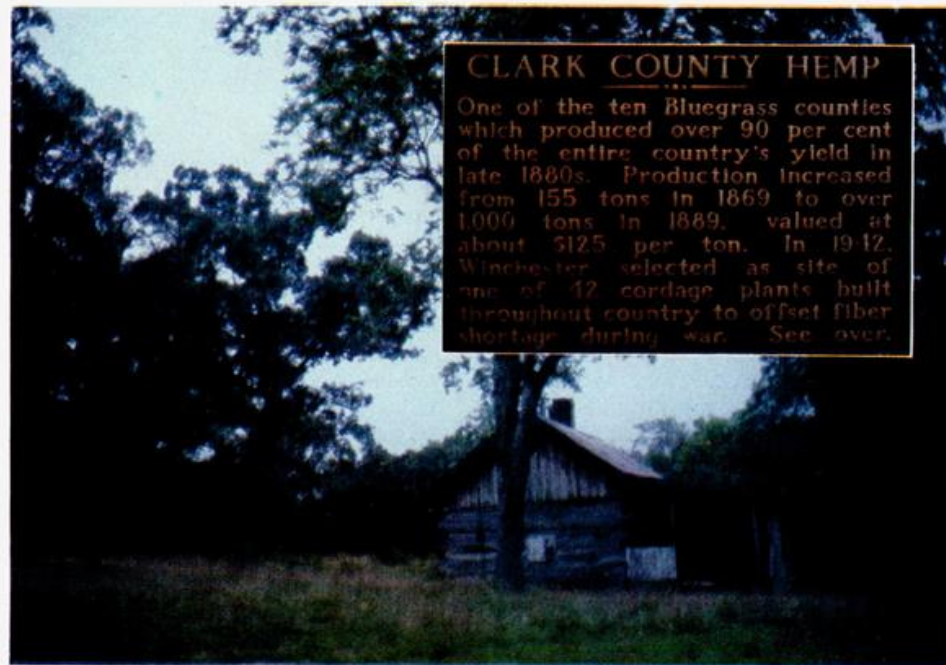
The semicommercial tests conducted by the USDA in 1916 in conjunction with a paper manufacturer produced paper made from hemp hurds that corresponded "very closely with No. 1 machine finish printing paper, according to the specifications of the United States Government Printing Office." The same experiments determined that hemp paper has greater flexibility and is up to 16 times stronger than wood pulp paper, which is why the federal government continues to import it for special uses. Moreover, researchers noted, "every tract of 10,000 acres which is devoted

equivalent of more than 100,000 barrels of oil a day.

The seeds can also be sprouted like beans for human or animal consumption. Hempseed is ideal feed for domestic birds. Long-time canary fanciers report that the popularity of the yellow songbirds declined along with their singing abilities when hempseed was removed from commercial feed. If it were legal, hempseed could provide a nutritional noncarcinogenic substitute for the synthetic growth promoters now used in chickenfeed. Mixed in the food of domestic animals, hempseed will safely evacuate worms, relieve colic and chronic diarrhea and induce milk flow in dairy cattle. In the past, farmers have burned crude dried cannabis as smudge to disinfect barns and drive out vermin, rodents and pests.

Cannabis farming does not require specialized equipment, interrow cultivation, pesticides or herbicides. Unlike tobacco, cannabis is not soil exhaustive, since its penetrating taproot brings nutrients to the surface after harvest. Finally, cannabis fits well into a crop rotation system.

Few plants are as useful and beneficial as cannabis. The maguey cactus, which once formed the basis of Aztec civilization, has been used by Mexican Indians for fiber, paper, food, medicine and the intoxicating drink pulque and is totally legal. So are many downright harmful plants. The dangers of tobacco are acknowledged on every cigarette pack. Fermented hops, grains and fruits are directly responsible for thousands of deaths each year. The leaves of certain common houseplants and the ever-popular tomato are hallucinogenic, fatally toxic or both. Yet the official rationalization for the total prohibition of cannabis in all its forms remains the possible harmfulness of ingesting its leaves. Although habitual heavy smoking of any kind is undoubtedly carcinogenic, none of the many other dangers frequently ascribed to cannabis have been proved, despite years of the most intense scientific scrutiny any plant has ever received.



CLARK COUNTY HEMP
One of the ten Bluegrass counties which produced over 90 per cent of the entire country's yield in late 1880s. Production increased from 155 tons in 1869 to over 1,000 tons in 1889, valued at about \$125 per ton. In 1912, Winchester selected as site of one of 12 cordage plants built throughout country to offset fiber shortage during war. See over.

Inset: C. Bowen

Pothibition is killing small farming in Kentucky.

But according to Sumach, also author of the Canadian best-seller *Grow Yer Own Stone*, one acre almost anywhere in the United States or Canada will yield a minimum of 1,800 pounds of resinous leaf, or one kilo of select female flower tops per square meter. The chemical properties of this resin have been proven effective as an analgesic and in the treatment of glaucoma, asthma, nausea due to chemotherapy and other causes, alcoholism and other addictions, depression, anxiety, insomnia and loss of appetite. And it is the cannabis resin that produces the mild euphoria associated with its worldwide use as a social stimulant for the past century and a religious sacrament for thousands of years.

But Sumach emphasizes that all parts of the cannabis plant are useful, and it would provide a cash crop in any of its forms. Under favorable conditions, one acre of cannabis will produce an average of 1,000 pounds of hemp fiber and 2.5 tons of hemp hurds. Hemp fiber is half as strong as silk, three times as strong as cotton and one third stronger than flax. It is suitable for the manufacture not just of rope, but of

to hemp raising year by year is equivalent to the sustained pulp-producing capacity of 40,500 acres of average pulp-wood lands." In addition, hemp is easier to plant, grow and harvest than wood. Fire can destroy years of forest growth, but since hemp is an annual crop, fires pose a minimal threat. Because hemp fiber contains up to 77 percent cellulose, it would be an efficient and economic source for thousands of high-grade paper products from filter paper to sanitary napkins. But because of its superior quality, hemp paper would not compete with the newsprint industry.

Hempseed is one-third oil by weight. One acre will yield 15 bushels, or 660 pounds, of seed. Hempseed oil is rich in natural sugars and protein in the form of albumin and is an excellent salad and cooking oil. It requires no deodorizing and can be hydrogenated to form a solid shortening. It can be used in the manufacture of paint, varnish, plastics, linoleum, lamp oil, soap and lubricants with a wide range of applications. It is estimated that the cultivation of several million acres of hempseed could supply the

From the economically depressed hills of central Kentucky to the economically depressed coast of northern California, agriculture-oriented activists have come forward with plans to remedy the situation. In the Bluegrass, pot smokers, pot dealers, pot growers, small farmers and civil libertarians have found a suitably genteel but firm voice in Gatewood Galbraith, 32-year-old graduate of the anti-Vietnam War movement and the University of Kentucky Law School, author of the most progressive plan for legal marijuana to date (see sidebar on page 77) and the first declared candidate for Kentucky's 1983 gubernatorial race. Besides legal marijuana, his platform includes a Kentucky Derby Sweepstakes and a \$5-a-ton severance tax on coal, which represents the state's biggest industry.

Galbraith went public in 1976 with two nonprofit corporations chartered to develop a system for regulating and marketing legal marijuana. Then, with the "Kentucky Study" to stand on, he founded the Kentucky Marijuana Guild, a membership organization that publishes the quarterly Kentucky Hemp Break, sponsors and attends agricultural conferences and carries on a multifaceted public information campaign. Guild codirector Mark Brennaman conducts ongoing investigations of the origins of the Marijuana Tax Act and the status of government cannabis research through a series of Freedom of Information Act requests to the Treasury Department, the FBI, the Army, the Department of Agriculture, the Department of Health, Education and Wel-

"Marijuana establishes in the user's head that there is indeed another valid perspective," says Galbraith, "and that scares the hell out of a government that wants you to be predictable."

fare, the Department of Commerce and the General Services Administration.

Galbraith's coalition politics and oratorical skills are reminiscent of the great Kentucky statesman Henry Clay. With poetic cadence and prophetic fire, the imposing six-foot-two small-farm-machinery distributor speaks of the marijuana issue as a weapon with which to "beat back government intrusion into lots of levels of personal choice and personal lifestyle. It is, biblically speaking, like using the jawbone of an ass to slay the fascist philistines who would like to put us in cages for such basic things as our personal relationship with the plant kingdom."

He urges marijuana users, farmers and antinuclear forces to "band together in the face of the really devilish and malicious and deadly things that the government's trying to push down our throats due to the economic interests of a few. They are altering our lifestyles, killing us in fact with their own forms of death, trying to dictate that we fit into buying patterns set out for us years in advance. Marijuana is illegal because of corporate decisions made 40 years ago. The weight of carrying them is getting heavier and heavier, and in the name of self-preservation we are going to have to cast off the yolk."

But is his campaign strictly rhetorical? Not, says Galbraith, when you consider the fact that there are more marijuana users than Republicans in the United States, which could make them the second largest political party. And not when you consider that at the present rate, nearly 5

percent of the population will have been arrested for marijuana by the 1983 gubernatorial elections. "Marijuana establishes in the user's head that there is indeed another valid perspective," says Galbraith, "and that scares the hell out of a government that wants you to think and act and be predictable in only one way."

Dean Charles Barnhart of the University of Kentucky College of Agriculture and the editors of the Lexington Herald are leaning Galbraith's way, along with grass roots supporters like Colonel and Mrs. Nix. And as Galbraith himself is well aware, "the granddaddies of Kentucky know more about marijuana than the daddies do. And the government has never been able to make them afraid of a plant. The

farmers are really independent, and we see marijuana as maintaining political independence for everyone involved."

Galbraith's sentiments are echoed in the coastal counties of northern California, where marijuana cultivation currently brings over \$300 million a year to the grower alone. Last fall, when the sheriffs of Humboldt, Mendocino and Del Norte counties convinced state and federal officials to give them \$250,000 for stepped-up pot-law enforcement, Humboldt County executives actually rejected the funds and the scheme fell through.

In Mendocino, pot farming is the third largest industry, after logging and tourism, and the largest farms are estimated to

(continued on page 97)

The Kentucky Study

Under Gatewood Galbraith's model plan, marijuana would be totally legal to grow and possess for personal use. Individuals could cultivate a specified number of plants—say, 10 or 20—without raising the presumption that they were growing for sale, and they could give any or all of them away without government interdiction. Cultivation for sale would be regulated by the state department of agriculture through the elected representatives of a state marijuana commission.

A staunch opponent of unnecessary government intrusion into the private lives of citizens, Galbraith nevertheless emphasizes the inevitable hazards and inequities that would result from turning marijuana marketing over to "private enterprise." With corporate interests like the tobacco industry poised to dominate the market once it becomes vulnerable, consumers could expect a commercial product that would be stale and "standardized" at best and laden with synthetic growth promoters and DDT at worst. To encourage its habitual and unconscious use, the sugared, chemical-laden monster would be hyped in the mass media and pre-rolled. "Prerolling," says Galbraith, "would be the giant step toward eliminating marijuana's spirituality."

The Kentucky plan would authorize the state to enforce standards of purity and quality and assure broad distribution of the economic benefits of legalization. Galbraith and his supporters are dedicated to the proposition that "there are ways to raise money without polluting the air and water," and he would rather see a million people make \$5,000 a year than 5,000 people make \$1 million dollars a year from marijuana. Through the existing system of county agents, each state would educate farmers to grow quality marijuana, and the marijuana commission would license them to grow

100-pound allotments for sale to the state. Prices would depend on the potency and appearance of the crop. Prior to delivering their crops to the state warehouse, farmers would remove the seeds and stems for sale to private industry. Current and prospective marijuana dealers would be incorporated into the state-licensed retailing system after a character hearing to determine that they were reputable businesspeople. Existing records of marijuana-related crimes would be expunged. "There are good, qualified people already set up," reasons Galbraith. "Why turn them out of a livelihood by giving marijuana to the liquor or tobacco or pharmaceutical industries? The marijuana business has attracted the best entrepreneurial minds of our generation."

Under the Kentucky plan, income from marijuana would be distributed to the state, the small farmer and the marijuana retailer. Allotments of 100 pounds—the figure Galbraith proposes as the limit for marijuana-type cannabis—would gross \$100 to \$125 per good-quality pound, or a total of \$10,000 a year. Sixteen ounces would wholesale for \$175, the state grossing \$75 and netting \$70. Pot that retails for \$45 today would cost \$15 under the Kentucky system. Galbraith estimates that every state in the union would be called upon to handle about a million pounds by 1985. Profits, ranging from \$30 to \$50 million a year per state, would be earmarked for health programs.

Anyone 16 years of age or older could purchase an ounce of fume for approximately one-third its current black market retail price. (While studies have shown that driving an automobile is only minimally affected by marijuana use as compared to alcohol use, the practice could be regulated by laws similar to those against drunk driving.) The produce would be stored in suitable airtight containers, and customers would purchase fresh, unpackaged marijuana in bulk or by the ounce.





The Secret Drug Life of Howard Hughes

by Frank Browning

It was the ultimate high. Propelled aloft in a private jet at several hundred miles per hour, some 30,000 feet above the surface of the earth, his soul began to peel apart from his body, gliding gracefully in tandem with both machine and flesh. There below lay the expended pouches of flab shrouding the frame of what had once been one of the richest and most handsome men in the world. Now, the only glitter left was the occasional reflection of several broken hypodermic stubs embedded in his legs. He had reached his final euphoria, leaving in his body a sluggish stew of codeine, Valium and aspirin that, along with chicken soup and French pastries, had constituted his diet for several years. And then he was dead. Howard Hughes, the foul-smelling, reclusive billionaire, had died a junkie.

Throughout his life, Howard Hughes was the sort of man who inspired legends: as a playboy to beautiful actresses; a daring pilot who flew solo around the world; a tycoon, a manipulator and a dreamer. And, more than once, a failure of mammoth proportions. He was, indeed, one of the epic mythological figures of 20th-century America. In a nation whose people depend upon drugs and exotic chemicals to wake themselves up, get themselves to work and put themselves to sleep, who could be surprised that a man like Howard Hughes would finish his life through the sweet ecstasy of the hypodermic needle?

When Henry Luce, the late founder of Time magazine, decided that taking drugs was essential to understanding the modern world, he opted for a strictly first-class trip. Under the supervision of Dr. Sidney Cohen, a Los Angeles physician and world-renowned expert on LSD, Luce and his wife popped the best acid tabs money could buy. She reported finding a brilliant new intensity in her recently completed paintings. He, overcoming lifelong tone deafness, heard music so entrancing that he wandered out into the cactus gardens of their Phoenix home to conduct an imaginary orchestra. A half dozen more trips followed, and shortly afterward Luce persuaded his editors at Time to print their first major story on the acid generation.

For Henry Luce drugs had provided a transcendent experience. For Howard Hughes, who, after all, had established the famous Hughes Medical Institute, one would have expected no less. Yet of all the uppers and

downers and exotic opiates he might have tasted, Hughes's drugs of preference were the most pedestrian available: Valium and codeine. By the end it was not even pure codeine, but Empirin—the pills taken by millions of old people to soothe arthritis and rheumatism—reinforced with codeine. Why Hughes took these drugs, how his doctors maintained his habit, and how the nonnarcotic elements of his injections slowly corroded his vital organs remain key questions for unlocking the mystery and the mystique of Howard Hughes's life and death. At the same time, the circumstances of his peculiar drug life have provoked federal investigations, indictments, lawsuits and unending speculation that Hughes was the victim of a sordid conspiracy to fleece him of his financial empire.

Hughes began taking morphine injections in 1946, during a long and painful recuperation from an airplane crash. (The plane, an F-11 fighter of his own design, proved to be one of the great disasters of Hughes's military-aircraft projects.) He was 41 years old then, already one of the richest men in the world and yet he was sufficiently compulsive to test-fly his own fighter plane. Though he may have been in his prime, Hughes had already begun to suffer mental and emotional lapses. Two years earlier he had checked into St. Vincent's Hospital in Los Angeles for what was described as a nervous breakdown. He began to show signs of hypochondria. As with many men, his early 40s were accompanied by traumatic fears of failure and death that would profoundly affect his personality, until eventually he would be consumed by the dark, brooding thoughts from which a needle was his only escape.

No detailed record of Hughes's drug habits was made until he reached his 60s. None of his aides, confidants or doctors has described any real addiction before 1966, when he was 61. But a memo written to his personal staff in 1958 shows that his preoccupation with drugs was advanced even then.

On October 2, 1958, Hughes issued a three-page, single-spaced memo outlining procedures to be followed in filling any prescription for himself or his wife, actress Jean Peters. All prescriptions were to be paid for in cash. If possible, they were to be phoned into a pharmacy. Public messenger services were to be used exclusively for filling "triplicate" prescriptions, special three-part order forms for narcotics that were then issued only in California. Within his personal staff, Hughes outlined a specific pecking order of who was to handle his medicines, and he chose the aliases that were to be provided to messengers and that were to appear on the prescription labels. His language throughout the memo carries the tone of subterfuge and recalls the melodramatic intrigue that

marked the movies he had produced a generation earlier:

If Kay or Bill [personal aides] is masterminding the deal, then have Roy handle the delivering and filling of the prescription. (Make sure that nobody knows the name or address that is connected with the prescription, or the company's name.) When you are talking to the messenger service, tell him, "This is Dr. Hawkin's secretary calling (do not use Roy's or any of our people's names), would you please go to such and such address and pick up a prescription and take it to Horton & Converse drugstore at such and such an address. They will pay you and just put the amount on our bill."

In selecting a name to go on the prescription, if it is for me, then use the name that

At the apparent peak of his drug use in 1974, Hughes was injecting between 25 and 45 grains of codeine a day, supplemented by 70 to 150 milligrams of Valium.

Roy has been using. I think that has been Mrs. Lee Murrin. If it is for Mrs. Hughes, then I would use the name of her aunt, Mrs. Melba Doss, if it is a prescription that can be telephoned in. If it is one of those triplicate-type prescriptions, then I would use Mrs. Lee Murrin.... As this thing goes now, we have three people that can do the telephoning—Roy, Bill and Kay, and we have two people who can do the pickup and delivery—Kay and Bill's man.

Hughes had always been eccentric and secretive, traits that intensified after the 1946 plane crash, when he withdrew from the Hollywood limelight. Some self-appointed Hughes watchers have attributed this to the modest disfigurement he suffered in the crash, such as the bad scar on his upper lip that he attempted to conceal by growing a mustache. He was, they say, merely another captive to Hollywood-style vanity until he gradually declined into isolation and squalor. It's a neat explanation, but hardly adequate. If there is a reason for Hughes's narcotic degeneration, it more likely comes from taking in the entire fabric of his existence, a complex patchwork of childhood remembrances, celebrity posturings and the conflicting self-images of a very public life plagued by a ceaseless private insecurity.

The addictive drive that brought Hughes to his sorry end was in evidence long before he turned to narcotics. For it was in compulsive pursuit—of women, money, fame, respect, importance, power—that he seemed to find solace. The forces that drove Hughes resembled those of habitual gamblers who protest that it is only during

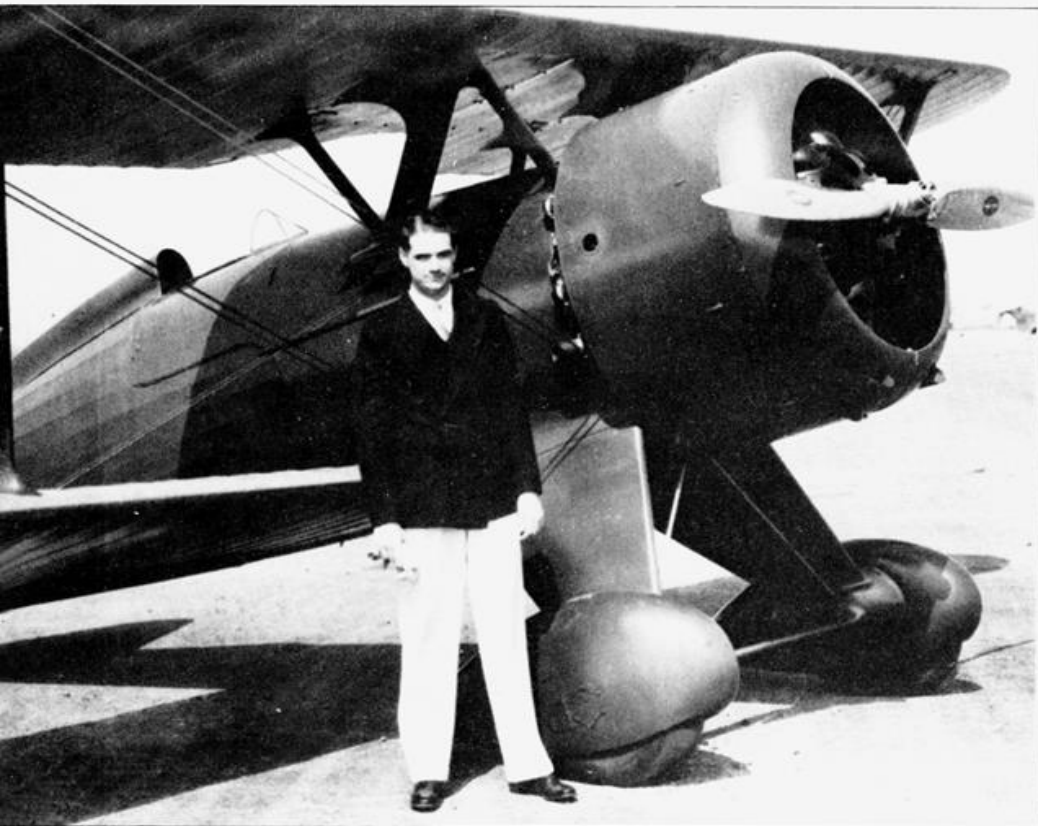


Hughes in 1932: A fondness for high flying and high fin

the run of the dice that they can find the momentary peace to forget the fact of their own mortality. And so, a bright and ingenious man, Howard Hughes determined to play all the tables in the casino. He walked point with the mobsters of Las Vegas. He played tag with the James Bonds of the CIA. He acted the bully against all the amalgamated might of the federal empire, ignoring court orders, tax investigators and Justice Department attorneys. He cut deals with tinhorn Central American dictators. And he hired friendly doctors to keep him supplied with a steady cache of codeine.

Despite the grisly accounts of his final years, Hughes seems to have maintained a remarkably active life while taking heavy codeine doses. If one theory is that he used drugs to test fate, another is that the double downers of codeine and Valium were the very tools that enabled him to continue to function. Given the fact that he left no intimate journal of his thoughts and feelings and that his aides have provided only the most superficial insights into his life, we have been left with educated speculation at best. Dr. Forest Tennant, Jr., a Los Angeles physician and drug-use specialist, is probably the most knowledgeable commentator on Hughes's drug habits. Working as a consultant to investigators of the federal Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA), Tennant compiled Hughes's medical history, concentrating particularly on the billionaire's last 30 years. Tennant does not see Hughes as the pitiful junkie.

"Look," he explained to me recently,



ance.

"Hughes may simply have found that the drugs did something for him that other things didn't do. We do know that throughout his later years Hughes had a tendency to suffer from what psychologists call 'thought disorders'—bizarre thoughts and sensations, even fixations, like his constant preoccupation with germs being everywhere. Many people find that narcotics control these thoughts. I know of some studies that show that as many as 15 percent of narcotics users are doing it for exactly that reason. Personally, I suspect that he got to taking these drugs because he would become consumed with these dark, bizarre thoughts. It's hard to say, but Hughes's drug habit may have kept him functioning and productive for many more years than otherwise would have been possible. Remember, he was still a very sharp businessman well into his 60s."

Tennant is clearly not an apologist for the drug usage that eventually turned Hughes into a dying addict. He is quick to point out that Hughes received careless medical care at best. Two Hughes aides, Dr. Norman Crane and John Holmes, pleaded no contest to federal charges that they had provided him with controlled substances. Another physician, Dr. Wilbur Thain, was acquitted of federal charges that he had illegally supplied codeine to Hughes from August 1974 to April 1976.

According to testimony from eight former Hughes aides, Thain was the source of the tycoon's codeine supply during these final two years of his life. One aide remarked at Thain's trial that Hughes would often complain that he was sick, and he would

call for Thain to ask when the next "message" would arrive. The "message" referred to envelopes of codeine, which Thain ordered by telephone from Logan, Utah, to be delivered to the billionaire's Freeport retreat in the Bahamas. Gordon Margulis, also on Hughes's staff, testified that he and his cohorts never called them drugs: They called them "the old man's goodies." The goodies were kept in a small metal box along with bottles of other drugs that Hughes "would paw over like he had great jewels in there." The syringes were hidden under his bed and pillow. "They were in a green Kleenex box, so they couldn't be very clean," added another aide. Hughes would inject codeine into his arm, thigh or groin.

There was a plaintive note to part of the testimony about Hughes as recounted by one aide. "Dr. Thain told me Mr. Hughes did not drink, Mr. Hughes did not consort with women," the aide said, "but he was not going to give up this, the drug." It seemed that as Hughes grew more isolated from the world and approached death, his "messages" were his only private pleasure.

Hughes's aides claimed that despite his eventual addiction, their boss was "well organized" and "lucid" during his working periods. "While working, he was alert," one testified. "But he spent more time relaxing or sleeping."

Certainly in the last years of his life, Hughes was very seldom alert. At the apparent peak of his drug use in 1974, Hughes was injecting between 25 and 45 grains of codeine a day, supplemented by 70 to 150



1938: ticker tape for speed-flying ace.



Hughes as a 21-year-old oil tycoon.



With Ava Gardner, 1946.



With Ida Lupino at Palm Springs, 1935.



About to parlay Hughes Aircraft into TWA, Hughes appeared before congressional trustbusters in 1947.

milligrams of Valium a day. By then Hughes had been using a syringe for several years, Dr. Thain testified at his trial. In reviewing a log of those final years, Dr. Tennant found that Hughes's dosages were wildly erratic. For the most part, Hughes was getting his codeine in tablets of Empirin 4, a prescription drug containing codeine, aspirin, phenacetin and caffeine. In a single day, the log recorded, he took 25 Empirin, or 1,500 milligrams—twice his usual dose. For most people a single dose of 500 to 800 milligrams would be lethal.

Hughes's heavy use of drugs began in 1971 and grew substantially worse in 1973, when he fell and broke his hip. After the hip fracture he would never again walk, which in turn contributed to his steady physical decline. Still, however, he continued his life of flight, as he was spirited from one high-rise luxury apartment to another. From Las Vegas to the Bahamas to Nicaragua to Vancouver, back to Nicaragua to London and finally to Acapulco. His life was confined to a single sterile room in each place. His preoccupation with germs had grown to a morbid extreme. He would touch nothing directly with his hands, keeping a box of tissues close by to be used as insulation between himself and any germ-infested object he might have to pick up. Each time he was moved, aides would hoist him onto a belted stretcher or into their insulated arms for trips up and down sequestered fire escapes in the dark of night. Always he would clutch to his body his precious metal

box of "messages" from Dr. Thain or another of his suppliers.

What Hughes felt, what he saw, what he imagined under the megadoses of codeine and Valium—all that is unknown, for he was either unable or unwilling to share such intimacies with his hired help. But there is an external portrait of those years in the log kept by the aides between 1971 and 1973. It recounts some of the moves, his famed telephone conversation confirming the fraud of Clifford Irving's autobiography hoax, and the petty details of an old man's daily existence. Typical are the entries for New Year's Day and January 2, 1972.

January 1, 1972

6:25 A.M.	B/R [Bathroom]
7:25	Bed. Asleep.
11:00	Awake. B/R
11:35	Chair. (He took 6 of the 25 #4s [Empirin].)
12:15 P.M.	Screening <i>Gunfight in Abilene</i> .
1:30	Food: Chicken only. Screening <i>Midnight Lace</i> .
2:40	Finished eating.
3:30	B/R
3:45	Chair. Resumed screening <i>Midnight Lace</i> .
5:45	B/R
6:05	Chair. Screening <i>Midnight Lace</i> . Again. Completed. Screening <i>Daring Game</i> .
7:30	Chicken.
8:30	Finished chicken only. Screened <i>Daring Game</i> .
9:50	B/R



If there was much euphoria in Hughes's codeine stupor, his aides recorded little evidence of it. Aside from eating chicken and chicken soup—which one aide complained he had to continually reheat because Hughes dawdled over it so much—Hughes spent the bulk of his time staring at a movie screen on which were projected old romance and adventure films. After movies, the next biggest block of time was spent in the bathroom, the result of chronic constipation brought on by the massive ingestion of codeine. In the first two days of 1972, some seven hours were spent in the bathroom. Elsewhere in the log are references to the "Big E," referring to the enemas he took almost daily. Once, an aide recalled, he spent 72 hours on the toilet,

**At one point
Hughes's hair and
beard had grown
down nearly to his waist,
his teeth had become
rotten snags, his
toenails turned into
brittle, yellow corkscrews.**

10:10 Chair. Screening *Topaz*.
January 2, 1972
12:30 A.M. B/R
12:45 Chair.
3:10 B/R
3:45 Chair. Screening
Gunfight in Abilene.
4:45 B/R
5:15 Chair. Finished *Gunfight
in Abilene* and *Once
Upon a Time in the West*.
6:20 B/R. Note: *Once Upon a
Time in the West* can be
returned. HRH says not
to get any more Italian
westerns.
6:45 Chair. Screening *Break-
fast at Tiffany's*. After
one reel HRH said we
could return. Started
screening *Topaz*. He said
he likes this one.
8:00 B/R
8:50 Chair.
9:10 Started eating. Chicken,
napoleons, milk.
11:00 Finished *Topaz*.
11:15 Finished eating.
11:30 B/R
12:00 P.M. Bed. Asleep.
5:10 Awake. B/R
5:45 Chair. Screening *Topaz*.
6:45 20-1-1.
6:50 B/R
7:15 Chair. Completed *Topaz*.
9:40 B/R
10:10 Chair.
11:50 Chicken.

propping himself against a chair so he could doze.

Most of the tabloid rumors about his personal filth turned out to be true. At one point his hair and beard had grown down nearly to his waist, his teeth had become rotten snags, his toenails turned into brittle, yellow corkscrews. On rare occasions a barber would be called in to cut his hair, trim his beard and clip his nails. Probably the last time was in 1972, for a visit with Nicaraguan dictator Anastasio Somoza. Later, and especially after he broke his hip, he would reject all attempts at maintaining his personal hygiene. More often than not he refused all clothes except a simple pair of drawstring shorts.

Hughes's final days provided the sort of scenario—of filth, disease and degeneracy—usually performed by the played-out junkie for whom death is the inevitable destiny. It is an easy conclusion to draw, and indeed some investigators believe, that Hughes's aides and medical advisers formed a diabolical conspiracy to deepen his drug habit so that he would suffer an early death, enabling them to steal his financial empire. Both serious journalists and some federal agents apparently continue to adhere to that theory. It may be true. But it may also be a solution that fails to acknowledge in Hughes a man possessed by a lifetime of intensely driving needs, a man whose parents both died in his adolescence and who as a result had to manage a massive fortune that would eventually consume every emotional and physical resource he possessed. If so, his

bizarre dependencies on narcotics would appear to be of secondary importance in a life that was filled with bizarre episodes.

Forest Tennant, the final doctor to assess Hughes's condition, tends toward the second view. And ironically, he points out, while it was medication that may have killed the billionaire, it was neither Valium nor codeine that was most damaging. Rather, it was other medicinal compounds, notably the aspirin and phenacetin in his Empirin prescriptions, that eventually destroyed Hughes's kidneys.

There is further irony in the fact that the Hughes Medical Institute has done world-famous research into the treatment of kidney diseases. That research, according to Dr. Tennant, might have saved Hughes's life had he been hospitalized only a few days sooner. Had Hughes wanted sophisticated medical care, he certainly could have had it. As late as 1972 Hughes had Dr. Lawrence Chappin, a prominent Los Angeles surgeon who had treated him frequently before, flown into Vancouver for consultations. But the events of Hughes's final years do not suggest a man interested in the miracles of modern medicine. Rather, they show a man whose life had become a burden to him and who no longer had any use for the wondrous technologies that had been the hallmarks of his life.

According to the death certificate, Hughes spent his last few days in shock and confusion. He was put aboard his private jet nearly comatose, under the care of three doctors. At 1:30 P.M., April 5, 1976, after crossing the international border into Texas, all vital signs were lost. Yet Hughes had kept up his codeine habit to almost the very end.

James Thelan, in his book *The Hidden Years*, recounted Hughes's last "message" on April 3, 1976. The once burly billionaire was propped up in bed, movie screen at his feet, projector over his head, with a special amplifier to control the sound at its side. (As with all other pursuits, Hughes was a fanatical movie watcher and had seen his favorite film, *Ice Station Zebra*, over 150 times.) By then, Hughes's massive six-foot four-inch frame had shrunk three inches, and he weighed just over 90 pounds. Hughes reached into a Kleenex box with his thin brittle arm and took out a hypodermic syringe filled with clear liquid. He held the apparatus in his left hand, contemplating it, turning it, tilting it as though he doubted it contained its payload. Then he reached across his bony chest and inserted the needle laterally into his right arm alongside the shrunken biceps, trying to depress the plunger but without success. He tried several times, then gave up. The syringe hung from his right arm, then dropped to the bed.

"I didn't get it," Hughes called out feebly to his aide, George Francom, gesturing toward the thirsty vein. "Give it to me, George."

His aide refused. ■

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The Subliminal Sell

(continued from page 54)

while this behavior is often frightening to parents, it is not new. Plato wrote of such potentially lethal antics among the young in Athens around 400 B.C. Such behavior may serve positive maturational goals, establishing sexual identities or autonomy from parental domination.

Advertisers may have simply appropriated a normal biological growth phase on behalf of marketing alcoholic beverages. Thus the senator certainly should entertain some second thoughts about a warning label that might turn out to actually induce consumption.

One thing is apparent at this point: The alcoholic beverage industry knows a good deal more than its consumers and the medical profession knows about why individuals continue to drink.

Just Look out the Window

It would not be an exaggeration to describe contemporary America as a highly repressed culture, blinded by the narcissistic indulgences promised by media and in virtually total conscious ignorance of the grim social and economic issues that embroil the world. The result is a dehumanized, cynical society of alienated, often desperate individuals, each competing to get his.

No nation has ever survived when its people became strongly oriented around self-indulgence. When material acquisition becomes an end in itself—as it clearly has for so much of the United States—the society is in deep trouble. But then, maybe this one will continue to flourish; perhaps it will be the first to refine human and corporate greed into a viable philosophic perspective.

But the question should at least be considered: Can America afford, in terms of long-range survival, to be at the mercy of information screened through powerful commercial profit motives?

For decades, ad hucksters have claimed that advertising results in better, more competitive, less expensive products; this is one of the least defensible myths of American business. If anything, the large corporations' massive ad expenditures restrain competition, establishing virtual monopolies among small groups of giants who often produce poorly manufactured junk. The heavy investments create images of quality and individualized preferences, since ads invariably look better than the real thing.

Consumers in the United States are not more naive than anyone else, but they have not been informed that they pay dearly for this torrent of banality. The mammoth sum of \$43 billion invested in advertising during 1978 was added to the price of virtually

everything bought—a costly and inefficient marketing system in terms of price and quality, though it is effective in increasing consumption. In 1979, ad expenditures were expected to exceed \$50 billion.

As is hammered out repeatedly in every basic study of economics, there is no free lunch. Consumers subsidize the media in the same way they subsidize government institutions, and they have a right to know what they are paying for.

During November 1978, I served as script consultant on *Agency*, a feature film under production in Montreal to star Robert Mitchum and Lee Majors. A typically violent, bloody and sexy spy epic, the story line featured a large U.S. ad agency that had been purchased by some unknown alien power. The plan was to corrupt and destroy American society through the use of subliminals embedded in the agency's ads!

The film's producers, nervous about their multimillion-dollar investment, kept asking about the plausibility of the subliminal idea in the plot. Apparently they were frightened that American audiences might laugh at the idea. Their most frequently repeated questions were: (1) What messages would you embed subliminally in ad media to destroy North American society? and (2) What would be the long-term effects—say, over a 20-year period? Each time I answered, they looked at me more and more incredulously, as though they didn't believe me, thought I was kidding, or didn't want to believe me. An hour or so later, they would work the same questions into our discussion again.

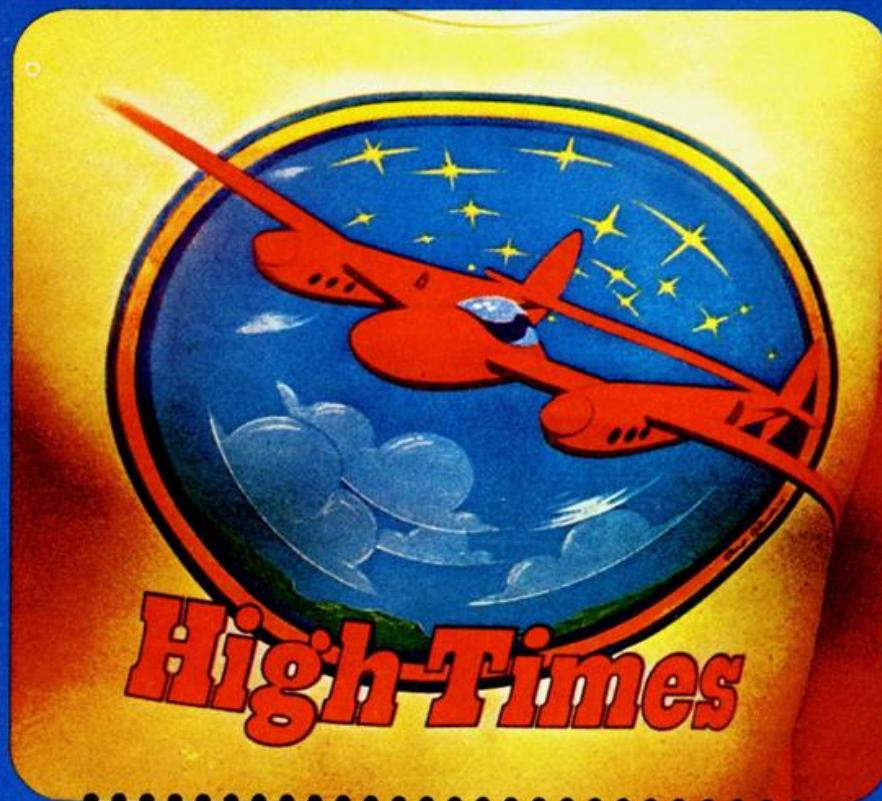
My answer was simple. U.S. society could be corrupted, disoriented, and very possibly destroyed by doing precisely what the mass media are currently doing with subliminal embedding. I showed them the Johnny Walker rocks and several other examples.

So much for the subversive content. As to long-term effects: I suggested they simply look out the window. The effects of massive subliminal indoctrination are already highly visible. The U.S. family is a disaster area with over half of the marriages ending in divorce. Men and women are alienated and distrustful of each other, their reproductive behaviors shunted through masturbatory fantasies of uninhibited sexual indulgence. A population anesthetized by immersion in endless hours of mind-deadening pap—a perverse, destructive manipulation of high technology toward instant gratification and sensual indulgence.

One thing apparent from world history is the low survival rate of cultures who repress their vulnerabilities and imperfections by constantly repeating to themselves how perfect, beautiful, noble, inspired and great they are. The Greek youth Narcissus never realized even at the point where he was destroyed by his self-adoration, that the magnificent being he had fallen in love with was his own reflected image. ■

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THE POLARIS

Rock 'n' Rolling on Wind Power



by Harry Wasserman

Rock 'n' rollers have paid lip service to the cause of alternative energy via media-grabbing events such as the series of No-Nukes concerts at New York City's Madison Square Garden, but now for the first time rock 'n' roll itself has been powered by an alternative energy source. The world's first wind-powered rock concert was held recently in Madison, Wisconsin, at James Madison Park, where three local rock bands (Rowdy Yates, Sun Blind Lion and Falcon) were powered by three Entertech 1500 wind generators.

The Entertech 1500s are high-tech windmills distributed by Bror Hanson's Solargy Corporation of Detroit. A local electric power source is needed to get the blades to start twirling, but

the wind turbines start generating their own power at a wind velocity of 10 mph. At 25 to 30 mph, optimum power of 1500 watts apiece is produced by the wind turbines.

The three windmills were rented for the sunny afternoon for \$6,000 by the Wisconsin Student Association (WSA). "A wind-powered rock concert is a good showcase piece just to show what alternative energy can do," says WSA vice-president Leon Varjian, who's also the mad genius promotional wizard behind Madison's annual toga party, the largest in the nation.

Will this landmark concert usher in a new era of practice-what-you-preach activism? In the words of a famous born-again prophet, the answer may indeed be blowin' in the wind.

Elderly Delinquents Plague Florida's Retirement Cities

by Rasa Gustaitis

FORT LAUDERDALE—On the anniversary of her husband's death, a gray-haired widow boarded a bus here for a nearby shopping center, walked into a department store and came out with a dress she had not paid for. Later, after the security guard stopped her, she could not explain or even remember why she took it. She did not want it. She had the money to pay.

To Peter Vallone, counselor at the Broward County criminal justice division's pretrial intervention program, the case was all too familiar. Retail theft and petty larceny by the elderly are becoming chronic problems in southern Florida. But unlike a 91-year-old San Antonio woman who recently stole food to survive, the offenders here are predominantly middle-class.

"They rarely do it out of economic need," Vallone said. "Seems that a lot are acting out against the establishment. They're lonely. They lost a mate. So they strike out against society." Most seem to suffer from medical and psychological problems, he said.

Sociologist Gary Feinberg sees shoplifting as part of what he calls elderly delinquency, a pattern similar to juvenile delinquency. It grows out of the lifestyle of the aged here in southern Florida, where they are a larger proportion of the population than in any other region of the country.

Feinberg points to FBI statistics showing that other crimes, such as aggravated and simple assault, have also risen among the elderly, although to a lesser extent.

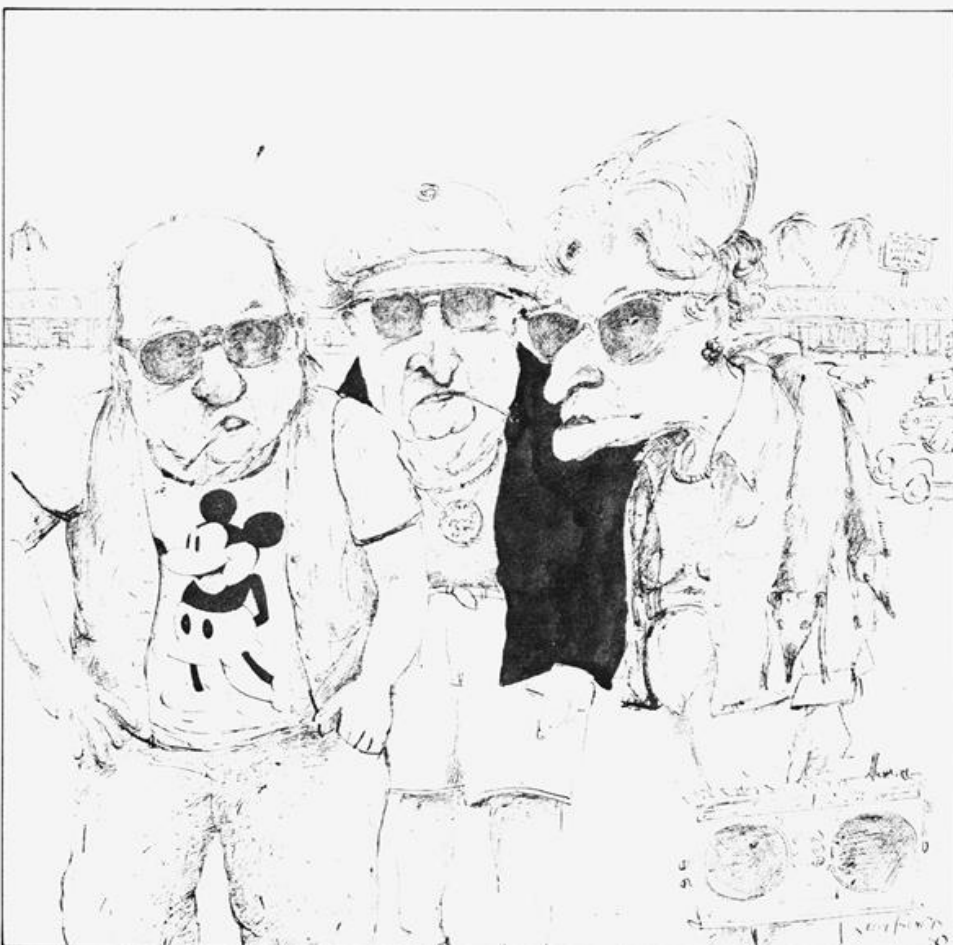
In this densely populated, fast-growing county, almost 30 percent of the population is over 65, most being white immigrants from colder climates. About a third of those arriving annually are elderly, and often they are disappointed at what they find. Instead of carefree rest and relaxation, many discover a rootless loneliness, with TV in air-conditioned rooms, solitary meals in cafeterias, streets devoid of walkers.

"A friend from Germany came and she kept asking: 'Where are the people? Why are the streets without people?'" said a widow who seldom leaves her small house about half a mile from the ocean.

Driving is just about the only way to get around in this fragmented patchwork of suburbs without a downtown. The county has only 100 public buses, and routes are limited. "A lot of old people worry about passing their next driving test," said a 77-year-old former grocer from Cleveland.

Among the few attractions are shopping centers. The elderly drift to them because buses sometimes run there, and they can mingle and watch the flow of life.

"They wander out of their condominiums. A lot are on drugs, and they're spacy. Nothing illegal about the drugs, of course," said Jacob Messina, a planner in the criminal justice division who is gathering statistics on elderly offenders. "Some shoplift to get attention or from boredom."



"At least when they are arrested somebody asks their name," commented a local psychologist. "Nobody else, in all likelihood, had asked them anything all day."

For many, arrest turns out to be a blessing in disguise. First offenders are usually assigned a counselor and repeaters are given parole. "Rarely are they jailed," said Sandra Hunter, supervisor of the county probation department. "Our facilities are so bad they would die."

"Having a counselor is great for them," said Hunter, who estimates that about 500 of 2,500 adult probation cases are over 60. "For the first time in a long time, someone is paying attention." Counselors refer offenders to agencies that serve the aging.

"One man was stealing five wallets a day. He had a quota. He didn't need the wallets, but he did have a need," she said. "One of our volunteers got him involved in building doll-houses. He doesn't steal anymore."

Sperm-Count Drop Laid to PCBs

TALLAHASSEE, FLORIDA—Industrial pollution may be behind the dramatically plummeting birthrate in advanced countries, if a study at Florida State University here is duplicated elsewhere. Running sperm tests on 132 students, chemistry professor Ralph Dougherty determined that the median number of active sperm cells in each sample was 60 million per milliliter of semen—down from a 90-million median in 1929. And 23 percent of the students showed fewer than 20 million sperm per milliliter—a level generally considered to indicate functional sterility.

Going over the samples with mass spectrophotometry, chemists further discovered "ex-

cessively high levels" of polychlorinated biphenyls (PCBs), pervasive industrial by-products that are nonbiodegradable. PCBs have been banned in the United States since 1976, but since they concentrate in the food chain, people everywhere are still imbibing them. Dougherty suspects that the PCBs suppress cell division at some point in the eight-phase production of sperm.

Sperm studies in Europe and Japan, both heavily industrialized, have consistently matched the U.S. cell-count decline through this century. The Florida researchers intend next to study factory workers exposed to extremely high PCB levels.

Specimens of Endangered Plants Go in Deep-Freeze

LOS ANGELES—Cryonics has come to botany. Noting that an estimated 200 plant species per year are being wiped out by human-caused environmental disruption, Dr. Harold Koopowitz of the UCLA botany department has begun collecting seeds and spores of such

endangered vegetable life for preservation in liquid nitrogen and other deep-freeze apparatus. There they could conceivably be preserved, still fertile, for thousands of years, in case any of them are needed by future generations as food or medicine crops.

World Backgammon Champ Is a Robot

MONTE CARLO—The new world backgammon champ is a four-foot-tall robot named Gammon 2-X, who won the title by besting the world's human backgammon champ, Luigi Villa, in a recent bout here. The electronic android won four out of five games and a \$5,000 award. "The machine was lucky," muttered a broken Villa.

Gammon 2-X is the brainchild of Hans Berliner, a computer-research scientist at Carnegie-Mellon University in Pittsburgh, who programmed into its circuits all the backgammon experience and expertise of a former world champ.

The robot broadcasts his desired moves on a TV screen in his chest. A human assistant makes the moves and rolls the dice for him. Gammon 2-X has the ability to simulate the chance result of a dice roll by using his random-access number generator, but most opponents are suspicious of that method and demand a real roll of the dice.

Instead of saying "tough luck" or "congratulations" at the end of a game, the only sound emitted from the robot is a series of electrical impulses that relay a play-by-play account of the match to a master computer at Carnegie-Mellon.

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The Sandy Hook, Long Island, chapter of the Christian Voters for Decency has unanimously voted to ban all magazines carrying Voyager I close-up photos of Jupiter's red spot, after Christian Voters chairperson Robin Morrigan said she felt "exploited and raped" after viewing it. The spot, you see, looks too much like a vagina. "Think of the children," said Morrigan.



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SOUTH A



Yanks Find Gusher

BELÉM, BRAZIL—It may sound like a modern El Dorado pipe dream, but it's true: Fuel oil grows on trees in Brazil. Jungle folk call the tree *copaiba* (genus *Copaifera*), and have traditionally tapped its thick, golden sap for use in perfume base and as a healing ointment. Now a U.S. botanist has shown that the stuff runs automobiles: Melvin Calvin says he "put it in a car directly out of a tree, and it ran fine."

Calvin, a past president of the American Chemical Society, has been experimenting for years with various species of rubber plants that turn atmospheric carbon dioxide into hy-

\$50G Reward Nazi Death-

ASUNCION, PARAGUAY—The naturalized citizenship of Dr. Josef Mengele has been officially revoked by the supreme court here on the grounds that he has evidently been absent without cause for longer than two years. Mengele, the former chief physician at the Auschwitz concentration camp during World War II who is credited with personally supervising the deaths of approximately 400,000 people, was granted Paraguayan citizenship in 1959; according to the government, though, he hasn't been seen in the country since 1960.

The denaturalization of Mengele, 68, was brought about after sustained international pressure on the regime. "Mengele is the most heinous of all the Nazis still at liberty and he must be found," declares Austria-based Nazi

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Robert Shapiro

in Brazil's Oil Trees

drocarbons. When he heard about copaiba, he linked it to petroleum. "Nobody realized it was diesel fuel," he modestly comments, "until I got there." The best copaiba plants, which are abundant from the Amazon to Rio de Janeiro, tend to be about 30 meters tall and about 100 years old. One tap, two inches in diameter, can yield about 15 liters of highest hydrocarbon oil in a couple of hours.

But it's not yet known how many separate taps a tree can survive. Says Calvin, "Nobody I talked to ever drilled more than one hole in a tree."

Offered for Camp Doc

stalker Simon Wiesenthal, who put out a \$50,000 bounty on Mengele last fall. Besides having presided over the execution selections at the Nazi death camp—where an estimated 4 million people were murdered in seven years—Mengele also is charged with performing "genetic experiments" involving sexual mutilations and sterilizations by radioactivity, often upon children.

Wiesenthal, who tracked down Nazi deportations chief Adolf Eichmann in Argentina, will pay the \$50,000 for information leading to Mengele's arrest (through a lawyer, to ensure anonymity). Moreover, Wiesenthal's Documentation Center, headquartered in Vienna, will donate \$10,000 to the police welfare fund of any country in which Mengele is caught.

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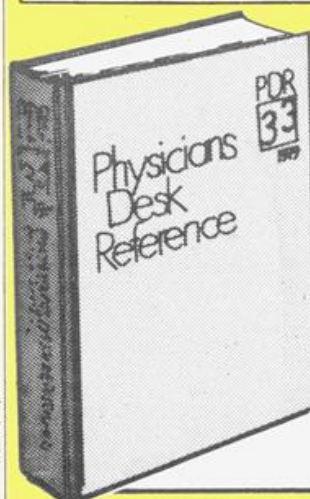
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Holland Goes All Out for Arab Tourist Money

SCHEVENINGEN, THE NETHERLANDS—This venerable resort city is currently engaged in a massive and expensive urban makeover to provide a North Sea mini Mecca for Arab tourists. Throughout the '70s the Dutch have closely watched and coveted the Arab tourist boom in Great Britain, while Holland's own tourism racket has ebbed slowly into the red: Last year Dutch tourists spent nearly \$2.3 billion more abroad than the domestic tourist industry generated.

So now the Hague parliament itself has proposed launching a five-year plan to refurbish Holland's holiday industries, with about \$12 million slated for new casino resorts, on which Arab tourists notoriously dote. Grandiose new gaming halls are already under construction here and at the Zandvoort and Valkenberg resort towns. A new high-speed railway is being laid straight from Scheveningen through the Hague to Schiphol International Airport, to trim the journey down to 55 minutes nonstop; and the celebrated duty-free arrangements at Schiphol have been even further liberalized, turning the whole

airport into something like a Colombian smuggler's bazaar.

Amsterdam itself, of course, should need only minimal public relations to pick up on the Persian Gulf tourist trade. The experience of London has shown that oil-rich Arab visitors, once safely away from the ultrapuritanical restrictions of Islamic society, become absolutely mesmerized by gambling paraphernalia, expensive electronic gadgetry, and live sex-show exhibitions, (although, oddly, they don't seem powerfully attracted to outright prostitution.)

Thanks to the decline of the Concorde supersonic scheme, nonstop Bahrain-to-Britain flights are no longer feasible. And thanks to deft Dutch bargaining, Gulfair now holds thrice-weekly stopover flights in Amsterdam, to coax the sheikhs out for a look at the town. Kuwait Airlines and Alia-Syrian Airlines have been offered seductive terms for package tours of Holland, and the government itself has chipped in, opening official consulates in the minuscule (but oil-soaked) Gulf emirates of Dubai, Doha and Bahrain.

Pollution, Earthquakes May Spell Final Fall of Roman Empire

ROME—Last fall's sharp earthquakes dropped "the last straw" on numerous ancient monuments already weakened by generations of smog and traffic vibrations, says Adriano La Regina, a city supervisor of antiquities. The eight granite columns supporting the 497 B.C. temple of Saturn on the via della Consolazione were shaken very nearly to the point of collapse. The A.D. 81 temple of the emperor Vespasian, which has only three columns remaining, was also damaged in the major quake that hit Italy last September.

Fire crews who arrived at the via della Consolazione after the quake found fragments from the temples all over the streets, including the remains of a complete frieze. Small but dangerous new cracks also appeared in the gigantic Roman Coliseum, 1900 years old, and the Arch of Constantine, 235 years younger. "The temples of Saturn and Vespasian stayed erect," says La Regina, "only because of the metal keys we have placed inside the structures." The supervisor closed down the monuments for several weeks so that new supporting devices could be installed, but he's



The venerable Coliseum is cracking up.

pessimistic about whether they can stand up much longer against air pollution.

Radiation Whodunit Unsolved in London

LONDON—Firemen checking out their radiation-detection equipment last fall inexplicably picked up a massive burst of radiation emanating from the building right next door—the Israeli Embassy. The Greater London Council and the National Radiological Protection Board were instantly alerted, but shortly after they got to the scene the radioactive emissions ceased. The officials initially assumed that the radiation must have emanated from the embassy's X-ray machine, which is used to scan incoming mail for letter bombs.

However, later that afternoon another massive burst of radioactivity was suddenly monitored at the fire station; the measured intensity of the radiation, one millirad every ten seconds, was far too high to be accounted for by the embassy's X-ray machine. Only a small but highly radioactive isotope, deliberately being controlled by a removable cobalt shield, could account for the phenomenon. The burst lasted five hours and suddenly ceased; the London Fire Brigade monitored the embassy for months afterward, but no repeat bursts occurred.

To this day, nobody's sure if the radiation came from some device within the embassy, under the staff's control, or was beamed into it from outside.

Press accounts of the incident were scanty, and the National Radiological Protection Board neglected to say precisely what kind of radiation they had monitored—alpha, beta or gamma rays. Speculation is therefore divided over whether the Israelis were using the isotope to monitor high-gain radio signals, or whether their political enemies were poisoning them with microwave emissions.

Nonsurvival of the Kinkiest

LONDON—Sexual fetishes for improbable objects like shoes, clothing, leather, feathers, photographs of nude people and so on may well be determined less by social factors than by biology, suggests a British psychologist.



Sexual fetishes: monopoly of male heteros?

Most object-fetish obsessions are exhibited by men, and rarely by women, points out Dr. Glenn Wilson, and this has been so in virtually all cultures throughout history. Since neither heterosexual nor homosexual women commonly go as berserk as most men over objects with no practical erotic utility, Dr. Wilson looks to basic bisexual differences.

In the British Psychological Society Bulletin, Dr. Wilson notes that men are naturally outfitted with millions of sperm cells requiring very frequent distribution efforts, whereas an individual woman most often produces only one egg cell per month. Thus women are free to be more selective and rational in their choice of arousal objects, and men seem to feel a kind of evolutionary imperative to distribute their genetic material as broadly and abundantly as possible. So acute is this imperative felt by most males, particularly in youth, that if they are rejected by women or prevented from sexual contact, they're very liable to "imprint" on such absurd substitutes as old-fashioned lingerie, pornographic photos, prepubescent children or the like. Frustrated women may develop mild tendencies toward sadomasochism or vivid masturbation fantasies, but these typically stay well within the range of accepted social behavior and rarely achieve the obsessive intensity of most male object fetishes.

Thus women, for all the socially imposed sexual oppression they endure, are largely spared the extreme sexual lunacy that a sizable proportion of men suffer. This also has evolutionary benefits, points out the London Observer: "In evolutionary terms, it doesn't matter if a few men concentrate their sexual attentions on peeping or flashing and are lost to sexual circulation, because sperm is at a fairly low premium."

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CIA Doomsday Report Spurs Soviet Energy Boom

MOSCOW—According to the International Herald Tribune, the U.S. Central Intelligence Agency has succeeded in encouraging a new burst of petroleum development in this country and a vigorous search for energy alternatives. The USSR is one of the world's largest oil producers, drawing approximately \$6 billion per year from its exports, mainly to Eastern Europe. This is a prime source of incoming capital for Russia, and when the CIA predicted two years ago that it was about to dry up, work feverishly commenced all over the Soviet Union to avert the prospect.

According to the 1977 CIA analysis, Soviet oil fields were at the point of depletion, and by 1982 Russia would be importing oil to the tune of 700,000 barrels per day. When this news reached the Kremlin—which had previously downplayed the need for basic energy development, concentrating instead on building factories and space junk—it clearly shook up the Red bosses. They anxiously consulted the petroleum ministry, which happily responded that it had known for years of vast untapped Soviet oil deposits, mainly in remote and offshore areas, but had gotten no encouragement to actually drill anywhere.

The CIA report changed all that. Before the end of the year, a government contract was out for a drill-bit factory and a new plant for producing secondary-recovery chemicals, and \$220 million was budgeted for development of an entirely new pumping system. The largest natural-gas fields in the entire world happen to lie under the USSR, and production has been increased by 10 percent each year since the CIA doomsday memo.

Lately, a massive propaganda campaign has been launched to sell Soviet citizens on the virtues of atomic energy as well. Agitation against nuke development is portrayed



as unpatriotic at best, and probably subversive. According to Pravda, the antinuke movement in the United States is a purely capitalist conspiracy: The "real reason" for the antinuke noise, according to the party yarn spinners, "is that the development of large nuclear power stations could endanger the profit of the fuel-producing monopolies."

Meanwhile, CIA propaganda notwithstanding, the Russian oil wells have maintained a steady output with no signs of diminishing. Last May, speaking before Congress in Washington, a CIA flack guaranteed that Soviet

production "hit a record 11.7 million barrels daily in April, and has been declining steadily ever since." This was true: Oil production takes a dip every May, probably since even Russia doesn't need as much oil in the summer as in winter.

A U S T R A L I A

Escaped Swine Go Ape

TOOWOOMBA, AUSTRALIA—"A woman and six neighbors had been trying to find the pig after someone saw it," related a police spokesperson here, "and when it charged them they had to leap into their five-meter sailboat, parked in the backyard. The pig was bashing its head against the hull and rocking it from side to side. Some other people, attracted by the noise, had to hang from a clothesline when the pig charged at them. Eventually a couple of policemen shot it."

This is only one episode of the swine terror that has afflicted Toowoomba, a town of 78,000 west of Brisbane in Queensland, in recent months. Local butchers, it seems, herded several score of wild swine out of the local bush and penned them up for slaughter, but the pigs broke loose and, finding urban vegetable gardens and garbage piles a fatter venue than the outback, decided to stay in town. "One man was attacked in his backyard by a huge boar and was slightly injured," noted a cop. "We are terrified that someone could get killed, and children are in particular danger."

Currently the Toowoomba constabulary's project is to shoot as many of the rampaging swine as possible before mating season begins, after which it might be too late. "It's a race against time," said one cop.

A F R I C A

RSA's Melancholy Dutch Turn from God to Mandrax

PRETORIA—White people in this country currently consume 130 million doses of tranquilizers per year, according to the South African Medical Post, which averages out to 28 downs per person per annum.

This represents a fourfold increase in national trunk consumption since 1976, when whites averaged seven pills per year; in 1969, the average was less than two. Over this period the total population of whites in the Republic of South Africa (RSA) has been stable at about 4.5 million, indicating that more whites here expect things to get worse before they get better.

The Medical Post didn't do a demographic breakdown of trunk use, but hinted that the highly *verkrampste* ("reactionary") Boer farmer elite, the principal exponents of fascist apartheid, are the fastest-blooming batch of down freaks. A loss of faith in the hyper-Protestant tenets of the Dutch Reform Church was cited as a salient factor behind the general rush to chemical calmatives.



Downs help white minority cope.

Chinese Kids Bash Blacks and Arabs

SHANGHAI—A dozen African and Arab students had to be treated for injuries last fall as the new term at the university here commenced with three days of race-inspired street fighting between Chinese and foreign youths. The fighting, mostly in the vicinity of the harborside Textile Institute, was sparked when a Chinese student ordered an Arab dormmate to turn down his radio and was insulted in return. A brawl ensued, and was resumed the next day when a campus wall poster went up, rudely denigrating all non-Chinese. Chinese casualties in the fray were not counted.

This is not the first account of campus xenophobia in the People's Republic. In the spring term last year, repeated brawls occurred at the Nanking Hydraulics Institute.



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Killer Cars Sell Big to Cheshire Hepcats



Santa Salem, a used-car dealer in Cheshire, England, has out-Avis'd Avis—and made a bundle doing so. People respond in a big way, Santa has discovered, to promises that any auto they may buy from him will be the most dangerous, cranky and altogether ornery critter on the market. "A real boneshaker and a misery to drive," reads the tag on a 1968 Triumph Spitfire. "Guaranteed not to have been in more than five crashes," Santa promises of a 1973 Viva. And if anyone dares come by for a test cruise in any of Salem's lemons, he cautions, they should "inform our breakdown department, giving time of departure, exact route and expected time (ha, ha) of arrival." Business had been tepid, Santa Salem reports, until he initiated the new horror-show ad campaign; but once word of his spavined inventory got around, "the phone never stopped."

Taiwan to Sell Out Taiwan?

The Republic of China may be bounced again from Olympic competition this year, simply because it's not *the* Republic of China in many people's opinion. Most people, including the International Olympic Committee (IOC), conceive of "China" as the big fat bulge that comprises nearly all the lower right-hand half of the continent of Asia on any reliable post-1948 world map, labeled the *People's Republic of China*. However, hardly a howitzer's cast off the mainland of this bulge is a rather small island named Taiwan that insists on calling *itself* the Republic of China, causing no end of confusion and embarrassment on occasions like the quadrennial Olympics. In 1976, the Canadian government refused to let the Taiwanese compete at Montreal, and now the IOC itself is saying they'll have to change the name of their nation, and even reword their national anthem, before they can get into the Moscow competitions next year. Neither the U.S. government, traditional allies of Taiwan, nor the Soviet Union, traditional enemies of Peking, is visibly objecting. "Frankly," says

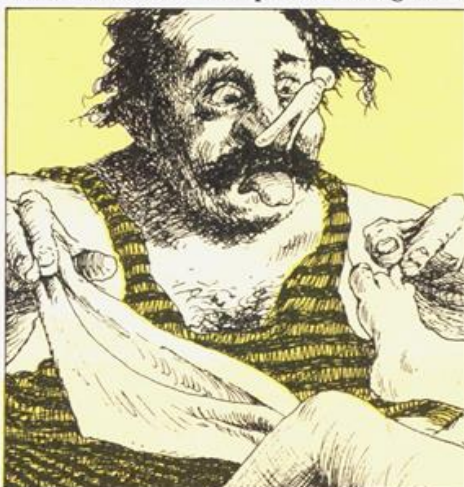
Taiwan's Olympics spokesperson Dr. C.S. Shen, "I do not think our chances for participation in the games are very good."

Women in Labor

The election last year of French feminist-legislator Simone Veil to lead the new pancontinental European Parliament hasn't changed things much, reports the Wall Street Journal. In West Germany, in 680 companies covered by the Journal, only 1 percent of the top execs were female, as were only 2 percent of the middle-management personnel: shocking figures for a country with a work force that is 40 percent female. Moreover, a Common Market poll shows that only 28 percent of European women feel they have any real chance of promotion in their jobs, while 41 percent of men are confident of getting ahead.

Mamma Mia, Atsa Shitty Didy!

It seems the further north you go, the more help your hubby will give you with the housework, at least in Europe. According to a



study commissioned by the European Economic Community, about 85 percent of all British husbands polled were perfectly happy to do the dishes, and one-third were even prepared to change a baby's diapers if requested. By sharp contrast, only one out of five Italian husbands would dirty their hands with dishwater, and only 13 percent could stomach the notion of changing shitty didies.

Archaeological Terrorism?

Maurice Devine of Warminster, England, has been busted repeatedly by the army for his honest obsession with the prehistoric monuments on the famed Salisbury Plain. If it were only Stonehenge that fascinated the 43-year-old ex-teacher, that'd be okay; but no, Devine's particular fancy focuses on the dolmen sites of various even *more* ancient hill

forts (never properly investigated, in fact) that happen to lie within the precincts of top-security British army military bases.

Devine has been repeatedly nailed by security forces for sneaking up to the mounds both at night and during the daytime. Finally they took him to court for being a nuisance: They claimed Devine threatened to take photos of the military installations and mail them to the IRA if they didn't leave him alone. Devine could only point out that they'd unnecessarily wrecked his bike several times. He was fined £110. "I have every intention," he declared after sentencing, "of returning to the hill forts this very night."

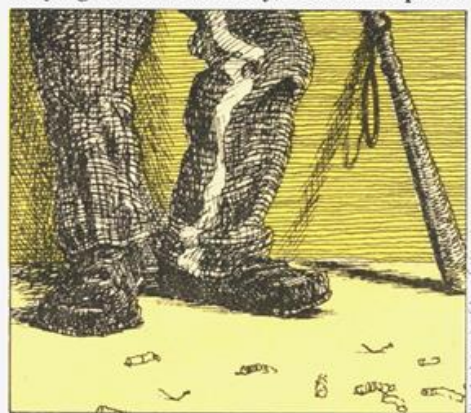
Revanche 'n' Roll?

Rock 'n' roll music has now come under heavy attack from the Left. Melodie und Rythem, an East German youth magazine, has alerted its constituency that many rock tunes recorded in capitalist nations may conceal insidious "right-wing influences" within their lyrics. As an example, the magazine holds forth the U.S. disco ballad, "In the Navy," by the Village People, as a blatant incitement to impressionable male youngsters to enlist in the imperialistic U.S. Navy. God only knows *what* the godless Communists must think about "YMCA."

With U.S. antidope outfits calling for the extirpation of all drug references from rock music, and a religious embargo on *all* music in Iran, things are starting to look decidedly gloomy for Tin Pan Alley.

Shock: Cops Obey Law!

Brazilian police are trying out a novel job-action slowdown to gain pay raises: They're obeying the law. Normally, Brazilian cops are



allowed and expected to pad out their bust quotas by nailing anyone they wish, right off the street or out of their homes, no evidence or warrants needed. Under the new slowdown, though, the cops in southern Brazil have restricted themselves to bringing down busts only when they have reasonable cause—a warrant, or observation of a crime in commission—to do so. To say the least, results have been conspicuous: Busts in the area are down 90 percent.

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Interview: Frank Zappa

(continued from page 43)

In other words, a person who is biologically prone to disco music may like country-western music, but probably not as much. Still, there would be some appreciation of it if he had heard it. The same goes for things that are a little bit more avant, you know. If you heard it, you could come to a conclusion about it and decide whether or not you like it. But if you never hear it, how are you gonna know? The American people receive a very narrow spectrum of musical information via radio, so they don't always get a chance to hear things that are different from the mainstream of AOR music.

High Times: What kind of person is biologically disposed to disco?

Zappa: I think that there are people who are biologically disposed to disco in the same way that there are people who are biologically disposed to bluegrass. I'm biologically disposed to Bulgarian folk music. It cracks me up every time I hear it. I love it, but I'm not a Bulgarian. There's no reason to assume that in my youth I would have responded that way to that kind of music, 'cause I didn't hear it until a few years ago. I heard it and liked it right away. It's the same kind of response that I got the first time I heard *Ionisation* by Edgard Varèse. I just automatically liked it.

High Times: Have you ever thought of doing solo performances?

Zappa: Just walk onstage with a guitar? I can't sing and play at the same time. In fact, I can't sing and I have a lot of trouble playing, so that's kind of out of the question.

High Times: What do you mean, you have a lot of trouble playing?

Zappa: What I like to do best on the guitar is something that requires an accompaniment. I can't sit down and play chords and lines at the same time on a guitar—like a classical guitarist—and make something musically coherent out of it. I do either one or the other. I don't do 'em at the same time. And I don't have the coordination to strum chords and sing lyrics on top of it. I just can't do it. I've got a vocal range of just about an octave. So actually, I'm pretty limited in that framework. If I were going to go out and tour, or do anything by myself, the only thing I could do is lecture. I have had offers to do that.

High Times: Have you always been so soft-spoken?

Zappa: Yeah.

High Times: It's not something I would have expected. When you look at the words that you say on paper you just don't imagine them coming from...

Zappa: Somebody who talks softly?

High Times: Yeah.

Zappa: I don't need to talk loud. If you listen, the words do the work. You don't have to have them yelled in your face. ☐

Cannabis as a Cash Crop

(continued from page 73)

bring in \$1 million a year. No wonder, then, that Dist. Atty. Joe Allen willingly prosecutes pot-patch thieves. It's the thieves, not the growers, he says, who threaten the welfare of the local community.

This June, marijuana activist attorney Ed Frey will run for presiding judge of the Mendocino County Superior Court. If elected, his first priority will be "getting the government off our backs and out of our lives" through sweeping judicial reforms that would place defendants, plaintiffs and juries—not judges and lawyers—at the heart of the judicial process. For the past four years, Frey has been challenging pot laws through the existing court system, and later this year he will argue in defense of Willits, California, grower Jim Davis before the state supreme court. Meanwhile, growers and smokers in Mendocino have organized to fight overpricing with a voluntary \$1,000-a-pound price ceiling, and to support Frey in his bid for the presiding judgeship. Most of the county's propot voters are registered, since many of them went to the polls last year to fight the use of herbicides by logging companies.

Undoubtedly, growers in many states have organized for mutual protection and political action, but such groups are not yet connected through a national organization. In fact, a number of the rugged individualists building the domestic industry from the ground up report that the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws (NORML), the largest American marijuana lobby, seems out of touch with many sectors of the marijuana movement. Until 1978, NORML worked not for legalization but for decriminalization, which did not affect the criminality of the grower. Even today, its literature stresses the constitutional and medical arguments for legalization, and the group does little to educate policymakers and the general public to the full economic potential of the crop.

But the primary responsibility for providing such information lies with the United States Department of Agriculture, whose duties include the development of new crops and ways to market them. While Dr. Arthur Barclay of the USDA Research Center at Beltsville, Maryland, agrees that it would be in the best interests of the American farmer to study cannabis as a cash crop—and he is well aware of its many uses—he warns that the higher you go in the administrative hierarchy the less sympathy you will find with this opinion. Indeed, Secretary of Agriculture Bob Bergland does not take the crop seriously enough to be prepared to comment on it. At present, the USDA publishes one flimsy pamphlet on the subject, entitled, ironically, *Wild Hemp: How to Control It*. Until legalization, that is something the "government of the people" will not be able to do. ■

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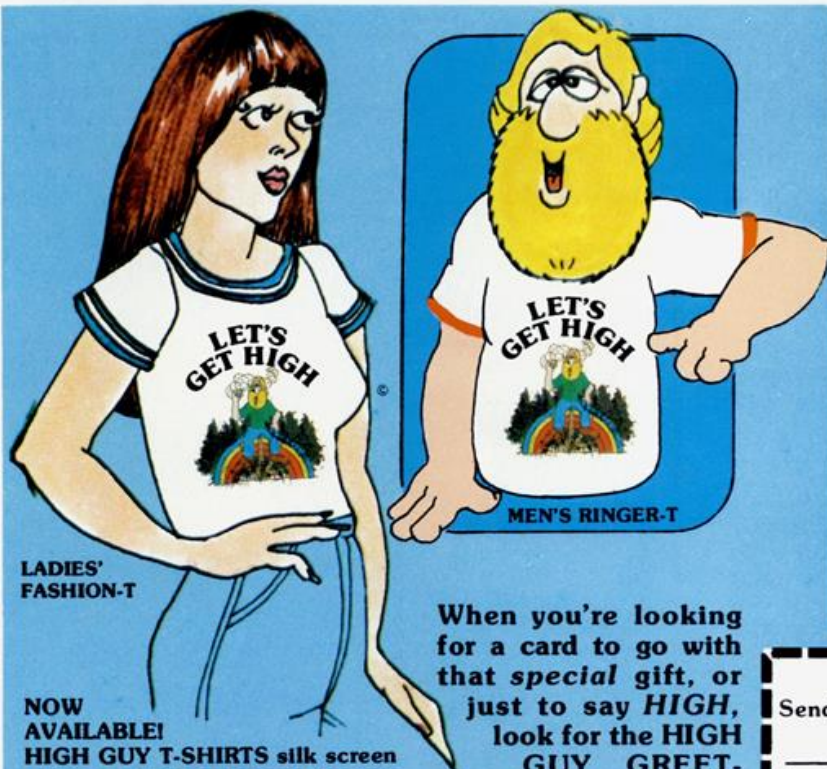


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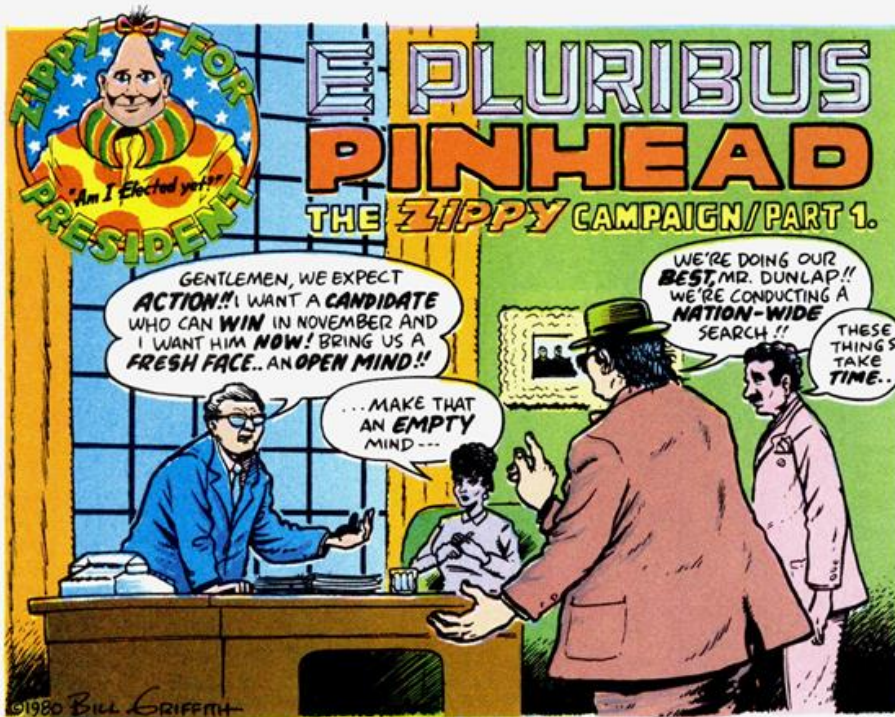
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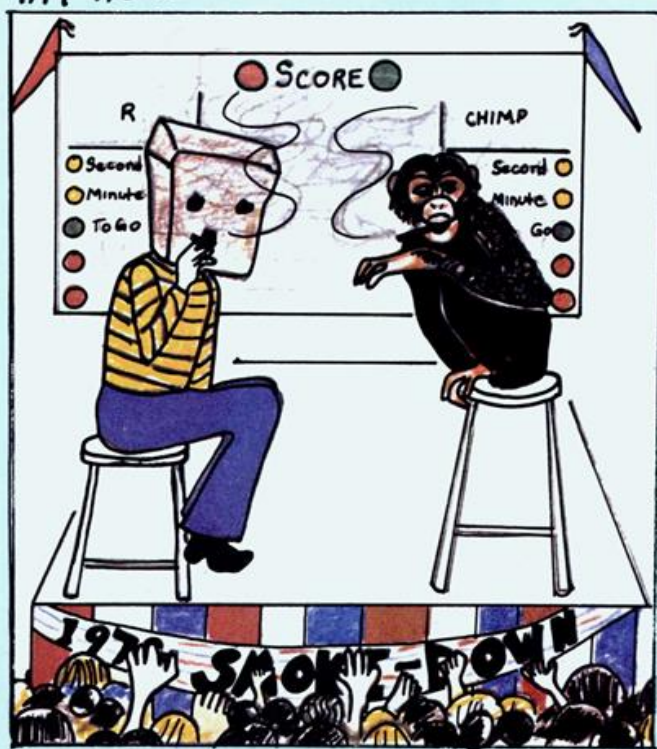
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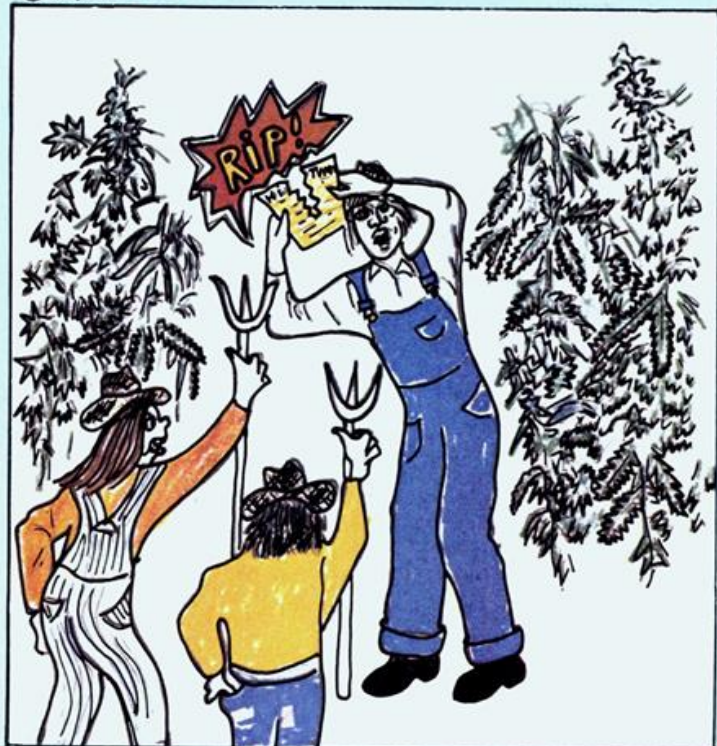


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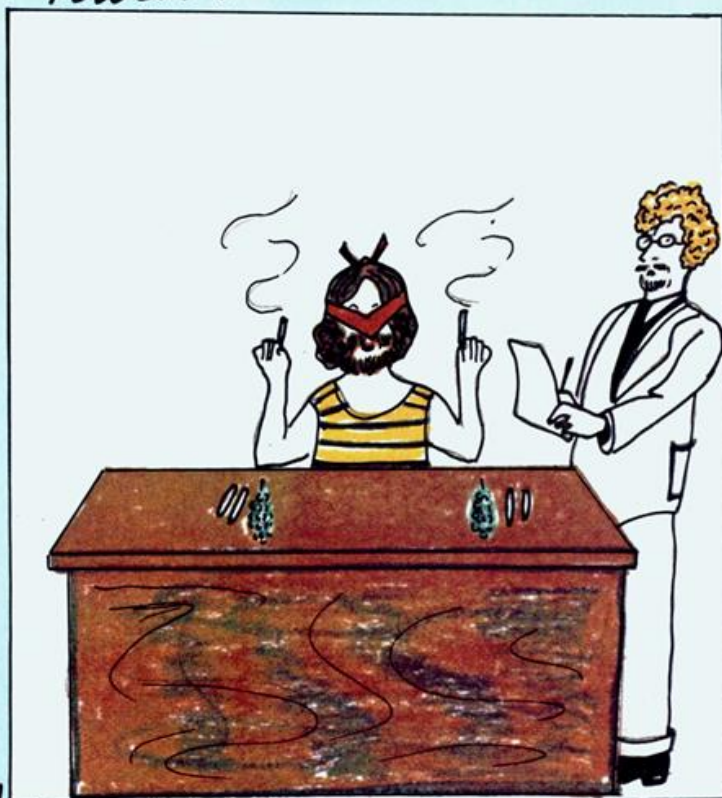
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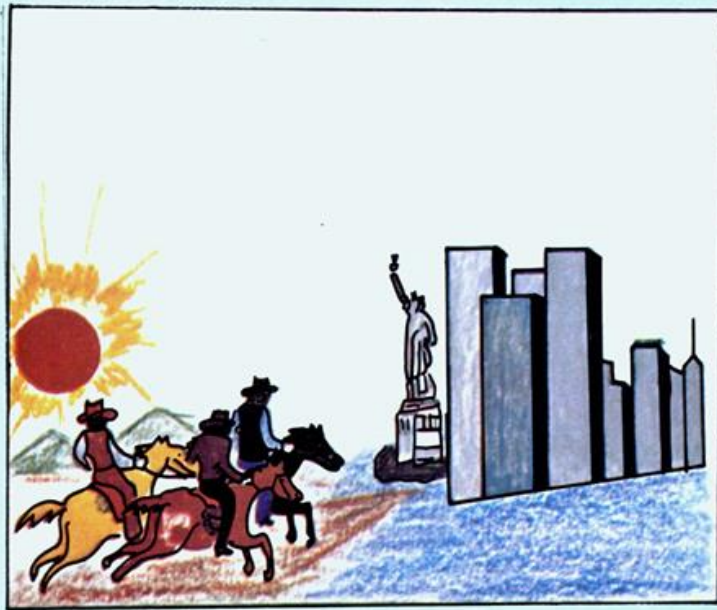


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AIRFREIGHTED DOPE IS ILL-FATED DOPE

DENVER—People who move dope around by commercial airfreight services are not protected from warrantless search and seizure by airfreight-company employees. Magistrate Joseph Kane of the Colorado



Even if that bale of Colombian boo absolutely must get there the next day, parcels sent via commercial express-mail services can be opened and searched and summarily detained.

district court here, ruling in a cocaine bust, has regretfully concluded that although an oversight in a 1974 law governing air traffic allows "self-appointed policemen or vigilantes" to freely violate others' privacy, "the current fashion in legal analysis suggests that this is acceptable."

The case under Judge Kane's review began at the Continental Airlines Cargo Service in Miami, where an unidentified man brought in a package to be shipped to Denver. While he was filling out the airfreight bill, which said the package contained a device called an "autobar dispenser," several Continental employees loudly admired his custom-made Cadillac parked out front; and he paid the shipment fee with a \$100 bill. As soon as he was gone, the Continental shipping supervisor opened the package—afterward claiming he thought it might have contained an "incendiary device"—saw what he assumed was coke and called the Drug Enforcement Administration. When the resealed package arrived at a Denver airport, the man who came to claim it was busted.

Judge Kane nixed the defense move to have the evidence suppressed, although he

pointed out that if a narc had done the same search, it would have been illegal. "Any expressed concern for the safety of passengers and aircraft" by the supervisor, said the judge, was clearly belied by the way he briskly opened the package himself, without calling in the bomb squad. "The proffered reason must be considered an afterthought," Kane ruled. However, since the supervisor wasn't a government agent, and since airfreight isn't included as a protected zone of privacy (apparently by accidental omission) in the Air Transport Security Act of 1974, the search was inadvertently legal.

FLAG SWITCH MAKES DOPE SHIP FAIR GAME

WILMINGTON, NORTH CAROLINA—Vessels under pursuit by U.S. dope chasers on the high seas have nothing to gain by switching nationalities, the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Fourth Circuit has held.

Local boatman Wade Bailey, who puts in time working for U.S. Customs, was involved in a rendezvous between his cabin cruiser, the *Osprey*, and a grass-laden Bahamian vessel some 40 miles off Albe-marle Sound in the Atlantic in November 1977. When the *Osprey* broke down and missed the meeting, the Bahamian crew of the *Sea Crust* got suspicious and headed for international waters.

Using Bailey's description of the *Sea Crust*, a Coast Guard cutter and a Customs plane located the vessel, determined by radio contact that she was bound out of Nassau, and saw her flying a Bahamian flag. The Coast Guard, via the State Department, obtained permission from the Bahamian government to board the *Sea Crust*, by which time she was 200 miles at sea. However, when the Coast Guard reported to the *Sea Crust* that Nassau had given boarding permission, the captain responded that the ship was actually of British registry and kept on steaming ahead. A couple shots across the bow, though, brought her about smartly.

The Coast Guard's seizure of the fume on board was upheld by the court, which pointed out that the *Sea Crust*'s change of nationality on the high seas rendered her a "stateless vessel" under 1948 international law. Besides the *Sea Crust*'s crew, various Wilmington acquaintances of Bailey's—including several former high-school classmates—were charged with scheming to import the six tons found aboard the vessel. □

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FUNK BEYOND THE CALL OF DUTY



Commander in Chief Clinton—he wants you for a new recruit.

Funk, according to George Clinton, is the life rhythm of the universe. It's the real Force. Whatever part of your body is ailing you, just lay it on the radio. "Funk not only moves, it can re-move."

Anyway, as Mr. Clinton, referee and chief medicine man of the Parliament-Funkadelic funk conglomerate, has thoroughly explained, these rhythms have power. They can make you dance, make you feel good, maybe cure what ails you. And they've been doing it for thousands of years. Of course funk is alive, and so it goes through changes, comes up with new moves. But you always know it when you see it, hear it and feel it.

Funk, as we all should know, is not disco. But disco can be funky. That's because funk is the root of disco. And the best disco is funk—but most of the "product" in the disco bag is altered, reprocessed funk. You might say it's been watered down. You might say it's been cut. That's what George would say. And that's why the stuff that P-Funk puts out is the P. The P stands for pure. "Make my funk the P funk, I want my funk uncut."

Parliament and Funkadelic have been making nothing but the P for years, carrying on the high standard of funk practiced by James Brown, Joe Tex, Sly, Kool and the

Gang et funky cetera. And these two groups in one have also spun off numerous recording and performing groups that function independently and as a part of the main P-Funk Force: Bootsy's Rubber Band, the Brides of Funkenstein, Maceo and the Macks, Fred Wesley and the Horny Horns,

**Clinton provides a
rock-solid dance context
conductive to cooler moves
than those occasioned by
amyl nitrite-inspired
disco.**

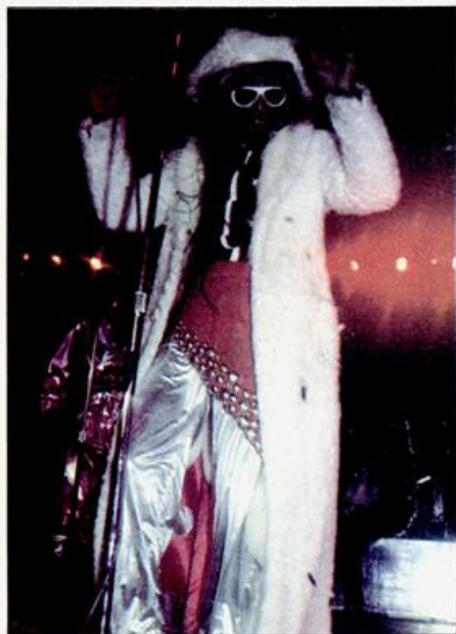
Parlet, and Bernie Worrell et P cetera. And the standard for them all has been P.

The latest Funkadelic album, *Uncle Jam Wants You* (Warner Bros. BSK-3371), is another funky step forward. It features a new improved groove that bears no resemblance to disco thump but that solidly syncopates straight ahead providing a rock-solid dance context conducive to much cooler moves than those occasioned by disco of the amyl nitrite-inspired beat variety. Actually this album is so funky that it seems to

be more of a Parliament platter than a Funkadelic disc, but the difference is all mental anyway. And the sound is actually a new one for the group—growing out of recent grooves, but much more textured and layered. A vast array of great singers functions as a soaring, floating chorus, chanting and answering the various lead voices. P-Funk may be operating in a mode similar to that from which Greek staging techniques were derived. There's also at least one great new voice here, but one that everyone knows. It's Philippe Wynne, the great scattin', testifyin' master vocalist of the Spinners, who is now a full-time member of P-Funk.

This is a great album: one sensational dance side with "Freak of the Week," a funky answer to disco monotony, and the force-you-to-the-floor hit song, "(not just) Knee Deep"; and a wonderfully crazed wild side with lots of surprises. "Uncle Jam" is the funkier march ever composed, an anthem that takes the idea of "One Nation Under a Groove" and plays with it till it smokes. "Field Maneuvers" is a boppin' rocker that is the principal Funkadelic item. (You see, Funkadelic is where they show that they can do all that heavy-rock shit with the best of the vanillas.) This band can outdo the Allman Brothers et

electrically cetera on their own turf, and this one is a real showpiece of guitar interaction kept neat, clean and inspiring by staying on top of a totally catchy riff cycle. The nuttiest number of all is Mr. Clinton his-self singing a tender cocktail ballad,



Lynn Goldsmith

Remember, this is National Funk Month...

"Holly Wants to Go to California," over simple plaintive piano and a track of heckling and catcalls. It's very nice and funny and healingly disturbing. George has his tongue in cheek for sure, but whose cheek?

—Glenn O'Brien

ANOTHER SIDE OF POPE JOHN PAUL II

'Tis the season. First Arlo Guthrie, then Dylan, then Van Morrison make the move from the secular to the sacred. Roger McGuinn becomes a Christian and resurrects his career. So it's not surprising that the Holy Father has decided to make his



Camera 5

...Please worship at the turntable of your choice.

move. *Pope John Paul II Sings at the Festival of Sacrosong* (Infinity INF9899) is an encouraging first album. Recorded live in Poland (without any studio overdubbing, so common to live albums) before the start of his world tour, John Paul moves briskly through a repertoire that is eclectic and ecumenical at once.

On "Queen, Black Madonna," John Paul shows his debt to the Rolling Stones' "Sweet Black Angel": "Oh, Queen./Black Madonna./How good it is to be/your child!/ Oh, Queen./Black Madonna/In your arms to hide."

Also worthy of note is a beautiful love song, sung by one of the pope's backup singers, "Do Not Be Afraid, Mary, You Lily," and a Paul Simonesque ditty about alienation, "We Are Never Alone Like Skipping Stones."

What was odd about the American swing of John Paul's world tour was that he really didn't perform much of the material from this album, which is moving rapidly up the charts. But with *Sacrosong* under his belt, John Paul can be expected to grow dramatically as an artist. And, for now, we can look forward to his upcoming studio album, "Christmas in Krakow," with the Singing Nun. Are you listening, Brian Eno?

—Ratso Sloman

REASONS FOR A LUBE JOB, PART I

Frank Zappa is a crank and a corrosive satirist. He's always been out of step and always will be. Widespread popularity, hit singles, AM airplay and equal billing with Fleetwood Mac would be more humiliating for him than to be gang-banged by the United States Senate.

Back in the '60s, when we thought we could change the world, Zappa poked nasty fun at everything we believed in. He held up the mirror and showed us what self-indulgent, deluded fools we were. Now no one can look back at the naiveté of that decade and not shudder with embarrassment. Zappa shuddered first, but with disgust and contempt.

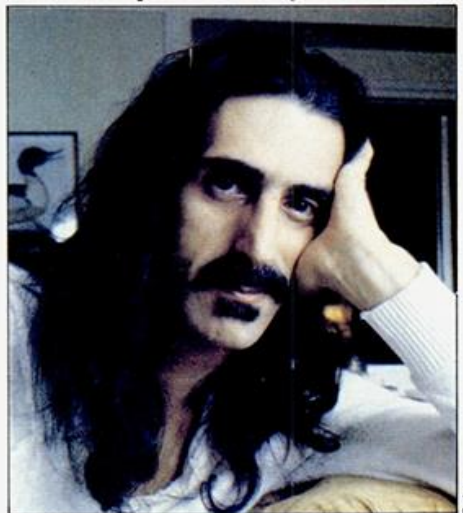
He's still at it. In fact, his new album, *Joe's Garage* (Zappa/Phonogram SRZ 1-1603), may be the most vicious social satire he has ever launched. Since this is just the first in a three-record trilogy (rock opera?), it's impossible to say where he's going. But the conflict seems to be between the forces of repression (somewhere in the near future)—who want to suppress music because it's subversive—and all of us who believe in freedom, art and good times.

The problem is that Frank may not be on our side. In this first act, the music scene seems to be as bad as its critics claim. Pathetic working-class women are degraded and humiliated in wet T-shirt contests and crew buses. The love of romantic young working-class musicians leads to new venereal diseases: "My balls feel like a pair

of maracas." Musicians are ripped off by record companies. And successful music depends on one riff played over and over, decade after decade.

The only positive force on the album is Zappa's music. It's as lucid and hard as a fine piece of crystal. In composing the record (the whole opus), Zappa listened to hundreds of hours of his own live concerts. He took the best guitar riffs, rhythms and solos and built his songs around them. The result is some of the strongest guitar playing I've ever heard. It's like an acetylene torch, as destructive and creative as his satire.

The real question is, why, after all these



Retna

A hirsute Zappa: The new improved 1980 model features shorter hair and more jibes to the album.

years of relatively benevolent activity, has Zappa come out storming against the evils of the world? Why has he once again turned misanthropic?

I don't know. But I suspect that the same forces that are bringing out the Jonathan Swift in Frank Zappa are causing others to turn to old-time religion and strange cults. (The next installment of the trilogy will take on that issue.)

As the record ends, Joe, the diseased musician, in an attempt to free himself from the "cesspool of his own desires," has paid big bucks to L. Ron Hoover and the First Church of Appliantology. Stay tuned, the worst is yet to come. —Jake Poobah

TOM PETTY IS STILL A HEARTBREAKER

You never know where to put Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers. Petty is like a Jackson Browne in flash clothes, a rock-folkie who somehow keeps getting filed away in the punk section of your local record store. So what's the deal? *Damn the Torpedoes* (MCA5105) is his third LP, and he sounds just as confused as his image.

Okay, when he's got his head on straight Petty can be mean and lean as a rattlesnake. "Refugee" opens the record burning with the desire of old, guitarist Mike

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Campbell firing lead salvos that could singe somebody's eyebrows off. "Don't Do Me Like That" funkifies a jerky stutter rhythm made famous by the Band. Nice. And "Even the Losers" is great power pop, sinister while loving, a West Coast Springsteen in disguise. But the guitars still jangle most of the time; they don't crunch. These



Lynn Goldsmith

Petty on the rebound.

guys would like you to believe they eat Bee Gees for breakfast, but there's filler on this record that could've come from any reunion of ex-Manassas sidemen.

A while ago Petty was so down and out he had to file for bankruptcy. But there he is on the cover, every hair in place, velvet jacket cleaned and pressed. What happened to the delicious mystery and promise of "Breakdown" on that first album? Well, the media blitz is over, and Tom didn't wind up a star. So all that's left now is the music, and either he gets down to it or gets off the train. Tom's opted for hanging in there, so let's just say he's in a holding pattern with this record. If he ever stops posing and starts sweating, we're in for some sweet stomping stuff, but this ain't it.

—Albert Scé

TURNING PLASTIC TO GOLD

There's this certain Sound. It's a Sound that guys like Bob Welch have down pat, and it's so successful that Welch admits unashamedly that he makes all his records with The Sound in mind. It's "Ebony Eyes" done to death; it's all compression and no bite, compressed sound for AOR (album-oriented radio) playlists, music EQ'd to sterility. Michael Young believes in The Sound. Young has produced and arranged Richard Lloyd's first solo effort, *Alchemy* (Elektra 6E245), and it could have been a great record the same way the Byrds' *Younger Than Yesterday* or the Stones' *Aftermath* were great records. But when Lloyd isn't being compressed like a sardine, he's being Beatle-ized and sixtified beyond recognition. It's a good album, make no mistake, but it's got precious little to do with Richard Lloyd.

The reason: None of RL's humanity comes through. His producer, Mr. Young, has thrown in bundles of hooks, riffs, catchy breaks, eccentric middle-eights, quotes from "Black Is Black," "Needles and Pins," "I'm a Loser," "Rescue Me," synthesizers,

everything, and they disappear almost before you realize what's happened. It's a clever game called Name That Riff, but it's all form and no substance.

Television was a sublime guitar band, sparking electricity between two charged-up players, Tom Verlaine and Richard Lloyd. While Television was Verlaine's band, much of its greatness came from the humanity and personality of Lloyd, a player many of the band's fans considered to be the real guitar genius.

Richard Lloyd in his natural state is a rock 'n' roll firebrand, a riverboat gambler who shoots from the hip, spearheading a triple-guitar onslaught. But that explosive guitar playing takes a back seat to The Arrangement and The Production, and those aren't the altars a True Believer should be worshipping at. Posing as a singer-songwriter makes his best material sound half-baked (or maybe overbaked.) Perhaps he didn't want to follow in the footsteps of his old band, Television, which failed to generate record sales despite compelling, original, passionate music, because it couldn't get that music on the radio.

The Stones proved with *Some Girls* that sameness of sound needn't be boring. (Hell, most of that album was in the same key!) And beyond all the tinkering there are some real beauties here. "Misty Eyes" opens the record with power and grace; "Number Nine" is a jet-propelled adrenalin blast that probably blew by Young so fast he didn't have time to mess with it, and the



Diana Lemay

Richard Lloyd: *The Great Work* is still to come.

combination of "Blue and Grey" and "Summer Rain" back-to-back on side two is exhilarating, the first time everything clicks. Teamwork, it's beautiful. But when it's not, well...

Take "Woman's Ways." Lloyd used to shoot laser bolts of guitar hellfire behind a Dylan-harmonica smokescreen on this one. The effect was riveting. The album cut is a wimpy bore. And "Alchemy," usually Lloyd's signature of sonic beauty, has been turned into a weird reggae cha-cha with a terminal case of the cutes. Lloyd's exquisite fiery demo of this could have been number one. But the album transforms it into a novelty. This, boys and girls, is known as Having a Producer.

Of course, Richard could wipe the slate clean with a few live shows on his old fiery level, on-the-edge and intense. He's a lot like Nils Lofgren: You know he can do it,

and you also know he hardly ever does, but you want to be there when and if it happens, 'cause those nights hold everything that's sacred in rock 'n' roll. Get this record and keep your fingers crossed.

—Albert Scé

BYGONE BLUES

Rare Gems (Roots/T.K. TR1005), a two-record, 21-song anthology of previously unissued Chicago blues, is rarer than rare. Unearthed by Michael Bloomfield from the private collection of Norman Dayron, this set serves as an alternative to the electric blues bands of the mid '60s. The artists are captured by themselves in small groups.

Rare Gems features many old-timers as well as some young white blues upstarts in interesting pairings. For instance, on "So



Glad I'm Living," James Cotton's most mellifluous vocals and sharp harmonica textures float over Elvin Bishop's tender back-ground guitar. Add Paul Butterfield to the duo, and "Diggin' My Potatoes" chronicles an early electronic "white" Chicago blues period with Cotton's vocals full of emotional restraint. And add harpist Billy Arnold to form an intriguing quartet for "Three Harp Boogie."

Part of the beauty of this volume rests in the spontaneous nature of some of the selections. Robert Nighthawk is captured on the streets with his bottleneck guitar oozing all over "Murderin' Blues," while Otis Spann's mournful "Blues for Martin Luther King" was taped in a storefront church.

On the other hand, some tracks are of studio quality. Big Joe Williams's meaty "Screamin' and Cryin'" is the most polished in terms of studio production; Little Brother Montgomery offers some easy-riding piano blues; Rev. Robert Wilkins gets down with the inspired gospel-folk "Glory, Glory Hallelujah" and Robert Pete Williams's humorous "Ugly Man Blues" is performed in his inimitable Louisiana country-blues style, a nice contrast to the overabundance of urban blues.

While *Rare Gems* is far from a definitive anthology, these artifacts will be cherished by the blues collector. If you can't find it, write T.K. Productions, 495 S.E. 10th Court, Hialeah, Florida 33010.

—Bob Grossweiner

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ANDY WARHOL IS A CAMERA

ANDY WARHOL'S EXPOSURES, photographs by Andy Warhol, text by Andy Warhol with Bob Colacello, art direction by Christopher Makos (New York: Andy Warhol Books/Grosset & Dunlap, \$25.)

Andy Warhol's Exposures is a big book of photographs and stories about Andy's friends: Mick Jagger, Salvador Dalí, Muhammad Ali, Jackie Onassis, Joe Strummer, Liza Minnelli, Elizabeth Taylor, Truman Capote, Ted Nugent. . . . There are 681 names in the index, which begins conveniently on the inside of the cover.

Andy has been producing books since he began his career as an artist. First he published them himself. Later, when he was famous and everyone in the publishing industry was trying to figure how to make money out of all these new famous people, Andy was asked to do books. His current book comes out under his own imprint at Grosset & Dunlap. His books have always been as original as his films, paintings and conversation. Two of the very best are *The Index Book* (Random House, 1968) and *A: A Novel* (Grove Press, 1969). But none of these books were commercially successful because they were as simply inexplicable as his early pop art paintings and all the critics said "You can't do it like that: That isn't right." Andy was laughing. As inexplicable as his beautiful films about the Empire State Building and sleeping, about time and space.

In the '70s, Andy's work became more



Andy: *Exposing the Beautiful People.*

available. His films *Trash* and *Frankenstein* were successful; he was asked to do portraits of presidents and kings; his magazine *Interview* became a major influence on American journalism; and his book *The Philosophy of Andy Warhol—From A to B and Back Again* was so straightforward and funny that magazines like *Oui* and *New York* ran whole chapters of it and everyone, including the *New York Times*, said it was great and at last accepted Andy as an author. Andy was surprised that it

wasn't a best-seller (particularly after he had gone to 200 cocktail parties for it). I remember interviewing him a few months before the book came out and he said it taught you to drink negatively. He thought that people wouldn't like his philosophy because it was a negative philosophy. In a way, it still seemed hard to understand what he was saying.

Exposures is completely positive and the funniest book Andy has ever written. You can read about him telling Muhammad Ali to shut up. He is the only person who ever told the champ to shut up without getting decked. Or about the time he took Bianca to the White House to do an interview with Jack Ford and it turned into an international scandal. Or the time Salvador Dalí's wife punched out his social secretary, Bob Colacello, at lunch and threw Andy's tape recorder into the flowers. Every time Andy tries to do something properly it goes wrong, which is what makes it the *Andy Warhol Moment*. This book is about a million Andy Warhol Moments.

"I have Social Disease," he writes in the introduction. "I have to go out every night. I will go to the opening of anything, including a toilet seat." What I like best about this book is the sense of fun that you can feel went into making it. "You really have Social Disease when you make all play work," says Andy. "The only reason to play hard is to work hard, not the other way around like most people think. That's why I take my tape recorder everywhere I can. I also



The Warholian lens captures Bianca and Liza, victims of terminal Social Disease.

take my camera everywhere." Andy taped this book in restaurants, bedrooms, bathrooms, nightclubs, taxis, limousines and backstage at rock concerts. In between taping it, he whipped out his camera and took pictures of what everyone around him was doing. Then he took the writing and hundreds and hundreds of pictures and put them all into this book.

**"I have Social Disease,"
Warhol writes. "I have
to go out every night.
I will go to the
opening of anything,
including a toilet seat."**

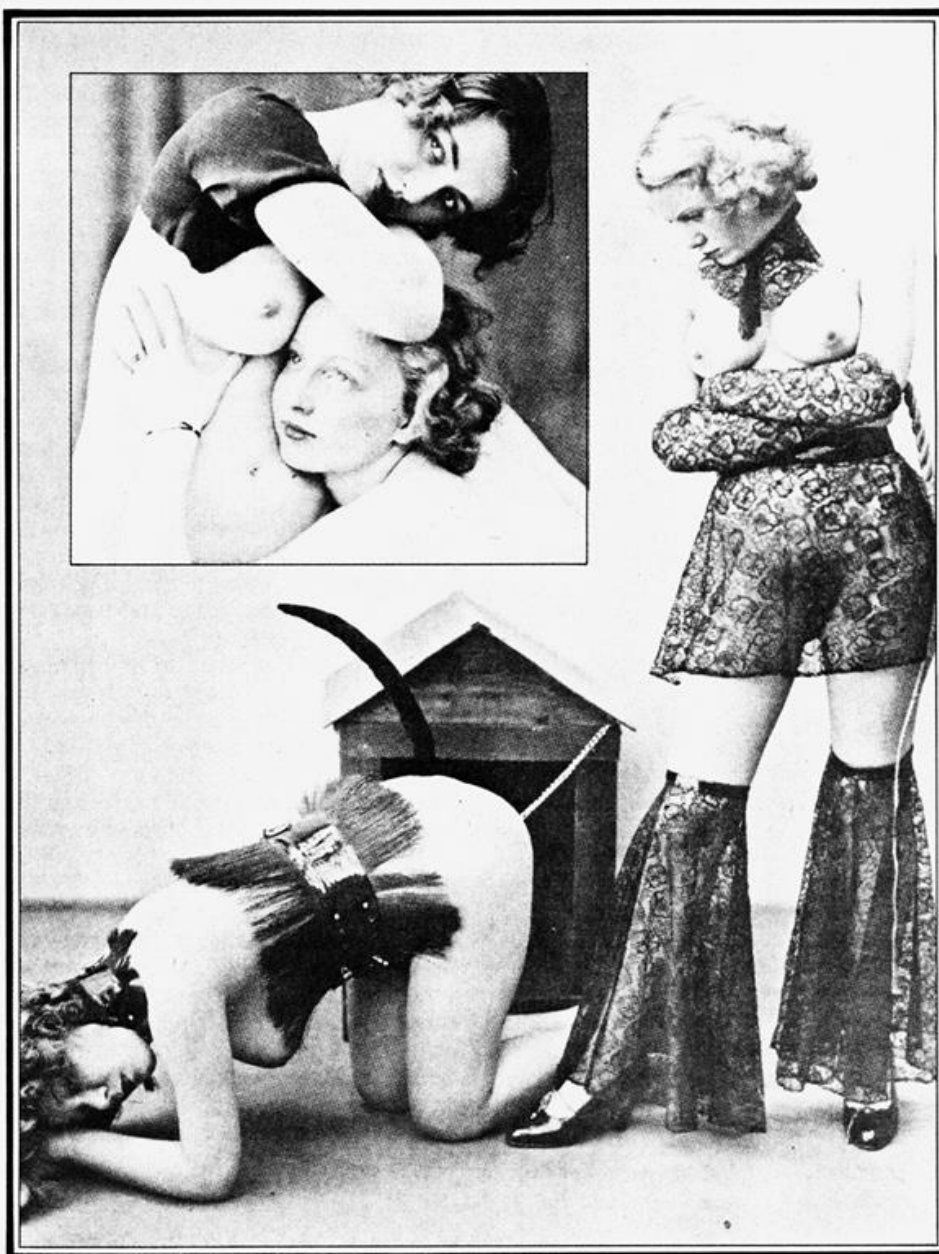
Andy Warhol is consumed by an intense interest in the activities of his contemporaries. He is essentially a portrait artist. Everything he has done in painting, film, magazines, books, television, photographs, interviews, et cetera has portrayed the people in the scenarios around him. But Warhol is more than a witness. His presence has always played a large role in any gathering he attends because he brings to it a new perspective. He makes us, as Susan Sontag has pointed out, see things differently. In *Exposures*, he takes us with him into the night, every night, in the glare of the flashlights, getting in and out of limousines, hugging and kissing, singing and dancing—the way Andy has always wanted everyone around him to sing and dance to make up for his missed career as a tap dancer—where everyone has social disease. "It's the bubonic plague of our time, the black and white life and death," he concludes.

There are portraits of the most famous people in the world. "My prediction from the sixties finally came true," he writes in a chapter on Studio 54. "'In the future everyone will be famous for fifteen minutes.' But I'm bored with that line. I never use it anymore. My new line is, 'In fifteen minutes everyone will be famous.'"

This will elicit taunts. But if you read the book, and see what Andy has to say about Bianca and Mick and Halston and Truman and Jackie and Muhammad and everyone through his own tiny 35-mm cameras (he has 14), you will receive the same high level of information you can get out of any Warhol work. "If you want to know about Andy Warhol," he said in Stockholm in 1969, "just look at the surface of my paintings and films and me, and there I am. There's nothing behind it."

The celebrity media mill in print and on television never says anything about what the stars really look like. Andy, being an astronaut, has taken a closer look and shows us. The curtain is drawn aside briefly. The surfaces are exposed. —Victor Bockris

VINTAGE SMUT



Samples of Merkin's old-fashioned porn: Grandpa was drooling.

VELVET EDEN: THE RICHARD MERKIN COLLECTION OF EROTIC PHOTOGRAPHY, text by Richard Merkin and Bruce McCall (New York: Methuen, \$17.50).

At last, a coffee-table smut book. There's something downright endearing about this turn-of-the-century soft-core, a sort of feeling that the folks who produced it were sincerely devoted to turning on their contemporaries by holding tightly to the rather murky but exceedingly formal conventions of Edwardian sexual fetishism. Nowadays you only have to toss a couple young women and a well-upholstered male on a water bed, set the cameras to grinding and you got pornography. But back when these people were working, they obviously felt challenged and professionally obliged to set up exquisite, elaborate fantasy scenarios

that would inflame their consumers by going Too Far, but would not affront them by going Too Far Out. Compiler Merkin, who selected these shots from a collection that he says stretches from 19th-century erotic engravings to mid-'60s Scandinavian hardcore, creates a theme with *Velvet Eden*.

S and M back then, for example, employed elements much more subtle than simple physical thrashing and enforced oral sex, which is all they seem to do with S and M today. My favorite sequence here depicts an exceptionally lovely blond girl, indescribably decked out in peekaboo black lace pajamas, daintily brandishing a dog whip over another young lady, who is on all fours, bare-arsed with an upcurving dog's tail affixed to her coccyx and big leather collar, scuttling in and out of a medium-sized doghouse. This scenario

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alone is sweet enough, but the expression on the dominatrix's very pretty face—a strict frown obviously pasted there by main force between convulsions of irrepressible mirth—is veritably moving. No contemporary smutmeister would take a tenth this much trouble to create and maintain a freeze-frame fantasy S and M tableau.

And speaking of tableaux, a lot of these ancient silver-salt artifacts actually represent the last ever recreations of Victorian tableaux vivants: "living sculptures," in which nude youths and maidens held elaborate erotic postures for hours on end, unmoving, for the aesthetic entertainment of the well-heeled clients (of both sexes) of the very best bordellos. Beyond the obvious element of mild S and M involved, chances are that these exhibitions were genuinely beautiful, if these shots are faithful examples. The photographers really knocked themselves out on these living still lifes, taking good 120-second exposures that make every model an absolute Venus de Milo with arms and legs—and what arms and legs!

Once upon a time, presumably, these smut shots set people abroil with a delectable tumult of prurience, shame, covetous anguish and all the other psychobiological antecedents to masturbation. For this, they were confiscated and burned by the Law, which perennially seeks to interdict any shortcut to personal gratification. And today it's a cute coffee-table conversation gimmick.

A respectable proportion of my own creative efforts, it so happens, has wound up in one police smut bin or another. I can only hope that 80 years hence, when it winds up all cute and sentimental on trendy folks' coffee tables, some sensitive soul will pick up on the bottom-line filthiness behind it, and choke the chicken over it. I got off good on a few of these feeble daguerreotypes, proud to say.

—Dean Latimer

COCAINE: LEGAL AND TECHNICAL DEFENSES, edited by Dominic P. Gentile (National College of Criminal Defense Lawyers, Bates College of Law, University of Houston, Houston, Tex. 77004, \$50).

Everybody likes a good courtroom drama—unless you happen to be the defendant. This enormous volume, 300 full-folio pages, consists mainly of court transcripts from top coke cases of the last few years, and so reading

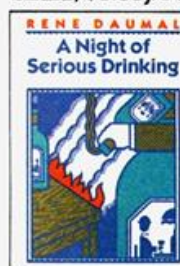
it is as weirdly entertaining as watching a disaster movie (it could just as well be you on whose behalf these lawyers are performing such brilliant pyrotechnics, but thank God it's some other poor beggar). But should you yourself wind up in the dock someday for some mild white powder, having all this in your head could

be the difference between a quick acquittal and several years on ice. If there were any sanity in the world, this book would be a chartbuster right now.

But sanity's at a minimum in the area of dope law, where you can pull 15 years' hard time for moving an ounce of coke and get three months on parole for moving its pharmacological equivalent—one quarter ounce of crystal meth. The law and head culture alike vigorously promote the illusion that cocaine is some kind of super-dope, a strange and powerful mind-bender, and this is what keeps people going to jail for it. Actually coke's merely a mild upper a couple of notches heavier than coffee, as these transcripts repeatedly point out, and far from altering the mind, coke promotes a decided centeredness. There's no sane reason it should be either so damned illegal or so much in demand, but as long as things stay this way, there'll be lots of terrific courtroom drama like this.

—Dean Latimer

A NIGHT OF SERIOUS DRINKING, by René Daumal, translated by David Coward and E.A. Lovatt (Boulder, Colo.: Shambhala, \$8.95). Paris in the 1920s—perhaps



this century's most explosively creative place and time. Cubism, surrealism, Dadaism and futurism vied for supremacy in the arts, and a new movement was born every day with all the ceremonial hoopla, banquets and manifesta-

tos its devotees could summon. In the midst of this creative frenzy, a quiet, fragile, thoughtful young genius, René Daumal, set out to link the spirit of the avant-garde to Eastern mysticism—a link that would be translated and expanded by the beats in America 30 years later, and is very much with us still. Daumal was at the same time a disciple of Alfred Jarry—who scandalized turn-of-the-century audiences by introducing the word *shit* into the theater vocabulary—and G.I. Gurdjieff, the Russian mystic and Orientalist. But the motivation behind Daumal's experimental mysticism was individual and simple: "just to see." In his teens, just to see, he huffed carbon tetrachloride "in order to study just how consciousness disappears and what power I had over it." And his search eventually produced several volumes of poetry and criticism, translations of Suzuki's pioneering writings on Zen Buddhism, Hemingway's *Death in the Afternoon*, and two slim novels, before he died of tuberculosis in 1944 at the age of 36.

Daumal's linking of avant-garde and Oriental sensibilities is immediately apparent in the first of these novels, *A Night of Serious Drinking*. The book is both a burlesque clown show and a serious attempt to decipher the secret nature of what it means to be human. "Philosophy teaches

how man thinks he thinks; but drinking shows how he really thinks," he writes, a maxim that well illustrates the central theme of the novel. To drink or not to drink, to think or not to think: These are the fundamental questions that preoccupy the revelers on Daumal's mystical bender.

A Night of Serious Drinking begins in the haze of a smoke-filled room, where everyone is drinking, singing, brawling, plotting



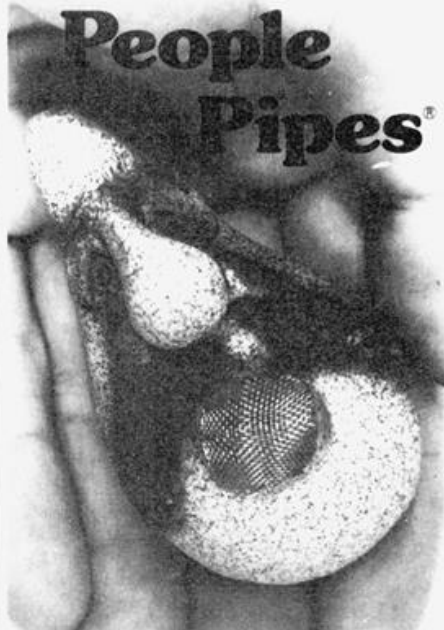
René Daumal: On a mystical bender.

and discoursing on the meaning of life—though never quite succeeding at living or quenching a prodigious "thirst." There are only three exits: death, madness and Sick Bay, the phantasmal room at the end of the stairs, where the Escapees—those who will not or cannot drink more—are lodged in a papier-mâché paradise, passing around illusory drinks until "everything is forgotten, even the word 'thirst' itself."

Here we meet the "Fabricators of Useless Articles" who busy themselves making paintings that no one can understand, houses that no one can live in, books that no one can read—in short, art for art's sake; the "Scientists" who chop, dice, measure, remeasure and summarily reduce reality to a pile of dust; the "Clarifiers of Clarifications" who tirelessly pursue mathematical proofs that the weather is fine. In this sober place, there is endless explanation and no time to think for yourself. Downstairs at least, on the verge of passing out, one thinks about thinking even if one never thinks! The point of this boozy allegory emerges at the conclusion, with Daumal hinting at drinks more potent and real, but "which must be earned with the glow of your brow, the anguish of your heart."

A Night of Serious Drinking appears in America 40 years after it was written. In all likelihood, it will barely ripple the literary frog pond—the book is a mere 75 pages long, and the author, being 25 years dead, is not available for book-signing parties. Prior to this, his only book available in English was *Mount Analogue*, about a party of cosmic adventurers who set out to climb an imaginary mountain. Not exactly the stuff of thrillers. Still, those who undertake to sift through Daumal's philo-fiction, his charming puzzling and poetic word games and jokes, will encounter one of the century's only genuine magicians.

—Jeff Goldberg



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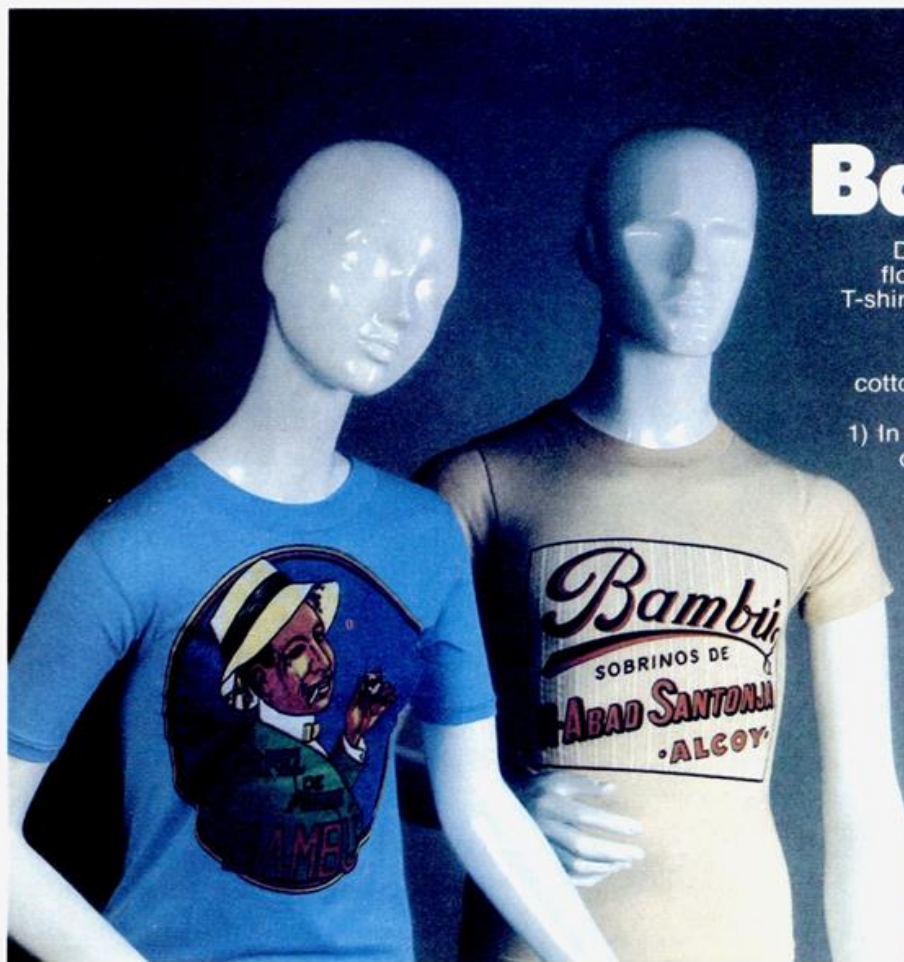
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All photos: Jack Abraham

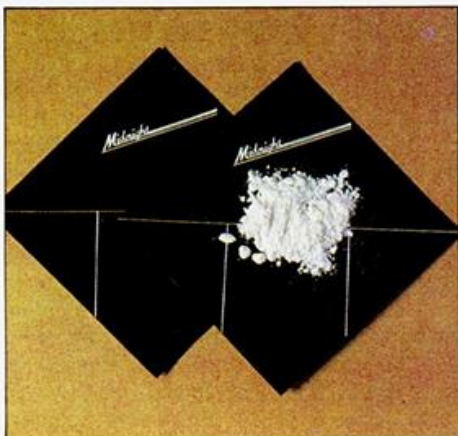
That's where you'll want to put these colorful posters commemorating last fall's series of all-star concerts sponsored by Musicians United for Safe Energy (MUSE). Six internationally renowned artists have donated their talents to create a stunning col-

lection of graphics that convey the threat of nuclear power and promote safe energy alternatives. Pictured: Jan Sawka's foreboding tableau of a man struggling to grasp a nonnuclear future, Seymour Chwast's celebration of a solar-energy

Uncle Sam and Bernard Bonhomme's joyful vision of a safe, verdant environment. The project was conceived and directed by designer Lynn Hollyn, and posters are available for \$5.95 each from MUSE, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10011.

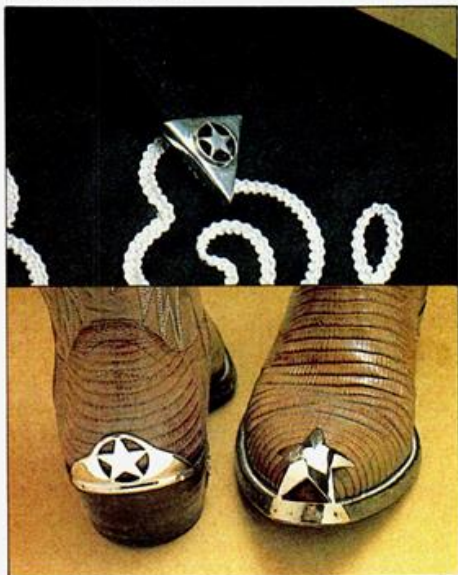
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THE BLOB'S RETURN

by Jeff Goldberg

FRISCO, TEXAS—Two purple blobs that Sibyl Christian found on her front lawn have defied analysis by space scientists, who say they haven't ruled out the possibility they could be a rare form of meteorite.

"It's kind of like plum pudding," according to geochemist Doug Blanchard of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration near Houston. "It has round, solid chunks in it that remain after the goo goes away. We don't know what it is."

M.B. Christian said that on August 11 his wife noticed three blobs "about the size" of an old box telephone on their front yard in this farming town north of Dallas, "but one of them just faded away."

Sibyl Christian said that when she found the blobs they "looked like smooth whipped cream, purple. I stuck this stick into the object. It went in easily, very easily. I punctured it. On the inside it was the same thing—just like whipped cream, and it looked like it was melting."

On September 25, 1979, the above article appeared in the New York Post under the headline PURPLE BLOBS BAFLE EXPERTS. While space scientists nervously asked where they had come from and why they were here, we at *High Times* pondered another question: Why were they back? And why in Texas again? Our files yielded an International Herald Tribune clipping from May 26, 1973—UNIDENTIFIED BLOB DEFIES DESTRUCTION in Dallas. It relates the strange tale of one Marie Harris, who found the cute, white, foamy, cookie-sized critter in her garden one morning.

"I sliced the thing with a garden hoe and it was blackish mucus inside," she told Reuters. "I cut it up and spread it out. Two mornings later it had returned... as big as a platter, foamy, creamy and pale yellow." When Mrs. Harris sprayed it with a nicotine-based mixture, "it appeared to be bleeding red and purplish fluids."

"The spray appears to be restraining the blob," the clip concludes, "but it has not gone away."

There are those who naively believe that blobs are a myth invented by Hollywood in a 1958 Paramount horror quickie appropriately titled *The Blob* and starring what appeared to be a monstrous bale of Handi-wrap. Blobs, however, are no strangers to the planet, returning periodically over the centuries, often to the accompaniment of mysterious aerial lights—lights undoubtedly similar to those that two Frisco citizens (a man and a woman) and two other parties north of town reported to the Frisco Chronicle the Saturday



"I sliced the thing with a garden hoe and it was blackish muck inside. Two mornings later it had returned, as big as a platter, foamy and creamy."

night that the blobs appeared on Mrs. Christian's front lawn.

The first recorded blob was described by Chladni, in his *Annals of Philosophy*, as a "viscous mass" that fell with a "luminous meteorite" in Italy, 1652. It was 66 years till the next blob, a mass of "gelatinous matter," reportedly fell with a globe of fire on Lethy Island, India, in 1718. Then, no blobs for over a century until, on August 17, 1841, according to a contemporary report in the *American Journal of Science*, field-workers on a Tennessee tobacco plantation were splattered by drops of what appeared to be blood, raining from a red cloud overhead, and went to fetch the owner, Professor Troost. When they returned they saw the field strewn with nascent blobs—foul-smelling bits of animal fat and muscle tissue. The journal concluded that the slaves had scattered a decayed hog over the fields to put a hex on massa Troost. Several other blob sightings are chronicled by John Michell and Robert J.M. Rickard in their expansive book of wonders, *Phenomena* (Pantheon), all with "rational" explanations that are no less inventive.

Science has done everything in its power to explain blobs away, most often as "nostoc," the freshwater alga that grows in colonies of bluish green slime on the lakes and streams of Hometown, USA. How it arrived on Mrs. John

Doe's doorstep, however, is rarely considered, and generally everyone concerned goes along with the scientific view. Nobody, it seems, cares all that much for blobs. In part, this may be attributed to the fact that blobs are among the shyest of phenomena, appearing very infrequently and most often dissolving quickly.

They made a brief reappearance on November 11, 1846—Scientific American records that a bright object, four feet in diameter, became or left behind a mass of "foetid jelly" at Loweville, New York—and did not make another show in the United States until 1950, when purple blobs (the variety that dissolved when touched) were found in Philadelphia.

Perhaps people just got more blob conscious around the time of the movie, or perhaps blobs got star-struck, but with uncharacteristic bravado they've made five stateside appearances since 1950. Oahu, Hawaii, 1955—"yellow blob washed ashore." Philadelphia, again, March 1957—"green slime covers everything in house." Surrey County, North Carolina, 1961—local epidemic of "molds," people leave homes. Buffalo, 1963—"jellylike creatures found living in colonies." Dallas, May 1973—the indestructible blob previously mentioned.

In October, last year, NASA scientists finally reached a verdict on Mrs. Christian's purple blobs. Not nostoc, they said: "caustic soda." Specifically, caustic soda from Gould Inc., a plant on the west side of Frisco that manufactures the lead components of batteries. It's kind of purplish, and kind of foams when it's exposed to water, and probably these ten-pound hunks of it got stuck in the tires of a Gould Inc. delivery truck, or fell off the back end.... "Anyway," concludes Terry White of NASA's public information office, "they're definitely not extraterrestrial."

This for the most part is fine by Sibyl Christian. "I'm not gonna worry about it," she told *High Times*, "but one thing they can't figure out is why the dang things had traces of uranium in 'em."

However, according to scientists who inspected the blobs, the amount of radioactivity was "not significant" enough to topple the caustic-soda theory. So for now we have nothing to fear, right? Well, maybe. White claims that once NASA was satisfied the blobs were not from outer space, they were sent back to Mrs. Christian. They never arrived. ("What would I want them in my freezer for anyway!" she says.) The blobs are gone, but they'll be back. ■

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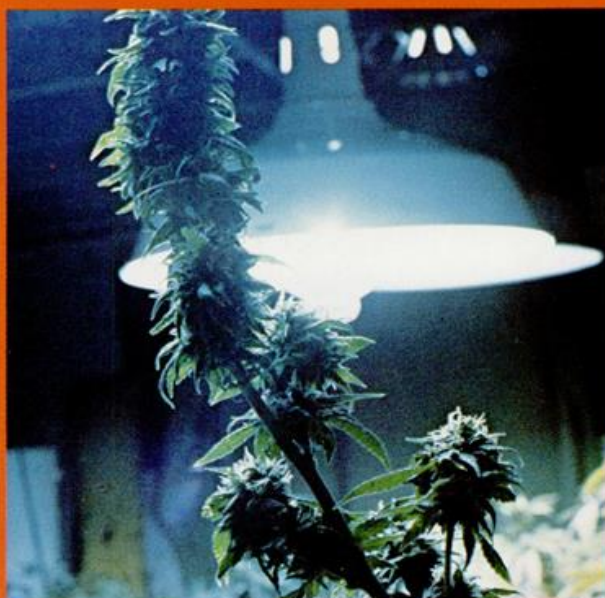
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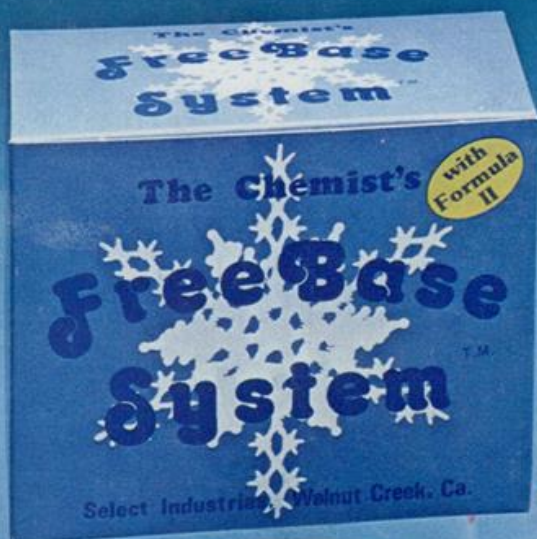


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